The Saturday Evening
POST
June 27, 1959 - 15¢

JUN 2 2

Bob Kennedy's "Holy Crusade":

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

By John Bartlow Martin

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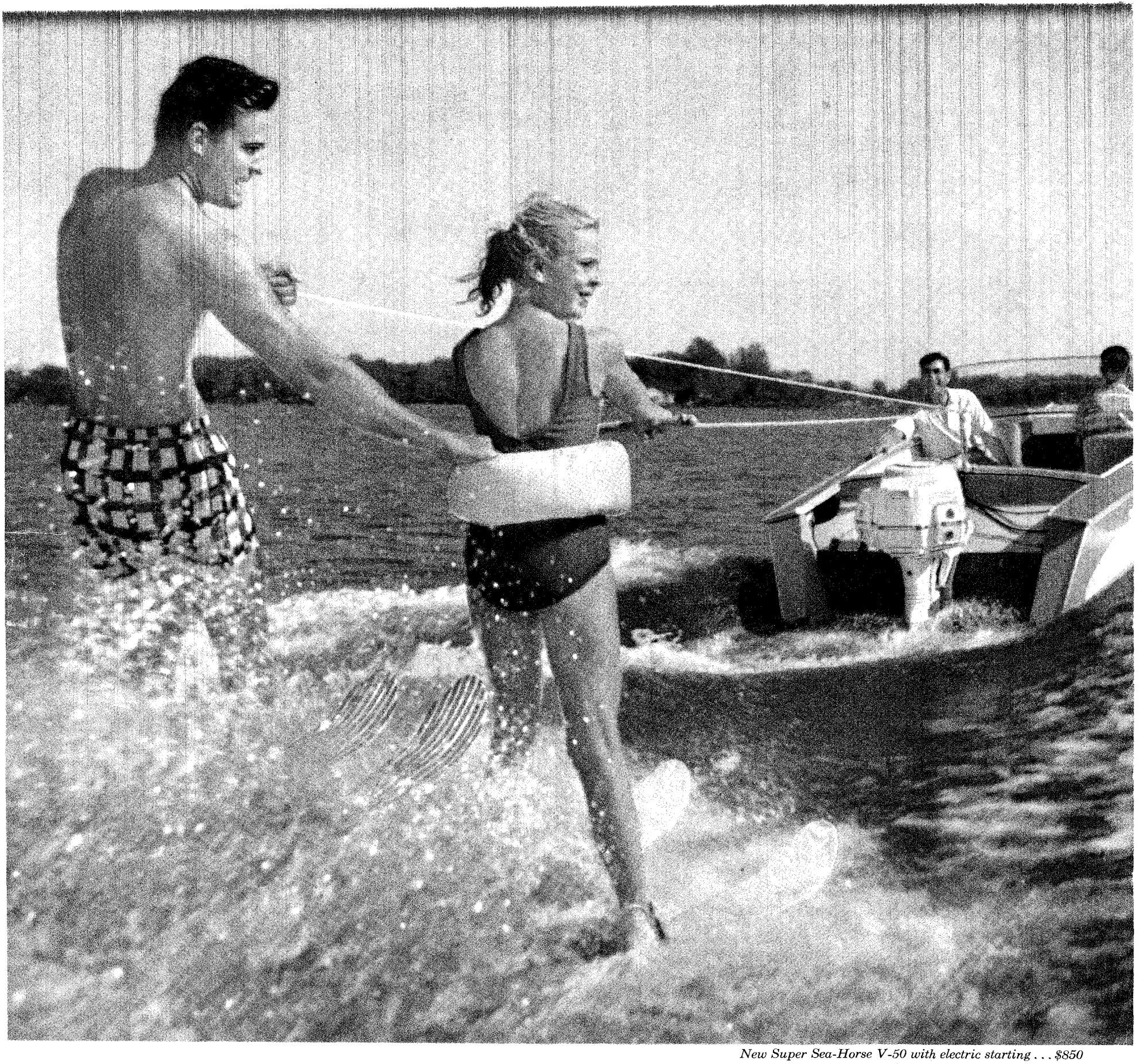

New Super Sea-Horse V-50 with electric starting . . . $850

Skiing's a breeze . . . with a smooth-pulling '59 Sea-Horse!

THE ONLY OUTBOARD MOTOR WITH Dynautical Design

A strong, steady pull makes it easier to water ski. That's why a new Johnson will make skiing so much fun for you—even the first day you try! Its instant, eager power lifts you up and keeps you up.

Only a new Sea-Horse has Dynautical Design. Inside as well as outside these beautiful new motors have all the newest improvements to go better with your boat *and* make your boat go better. For example, seven models of the new Johnsons now have thermostat-controlled cooling, for smoother performance at all speeds and for longer engine life.

Whatever your pleasure, there's a new '59 Sea-Horse to add to the fun. Ski size Sea-Horses are 18, 35 and 50 hp. (In a recent test of pulling power a pair of Johnson V-50s pulled 21 water skiers at one time at Cypress Gardens, Florida!) Other sizes down to 3 hp are priced from $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

Your Johnson dealer has them all. You'll find his address listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. Remember, this is the year of Johnson's two-millionth motor. *More boatmen buy Sea-Horses than any other make!*

FREE CATALOG! Write Johnson Motors, 526 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. In Canada, Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario. Div., Outboard Marine Corp.

Johnson

FIRST IN SALES
FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

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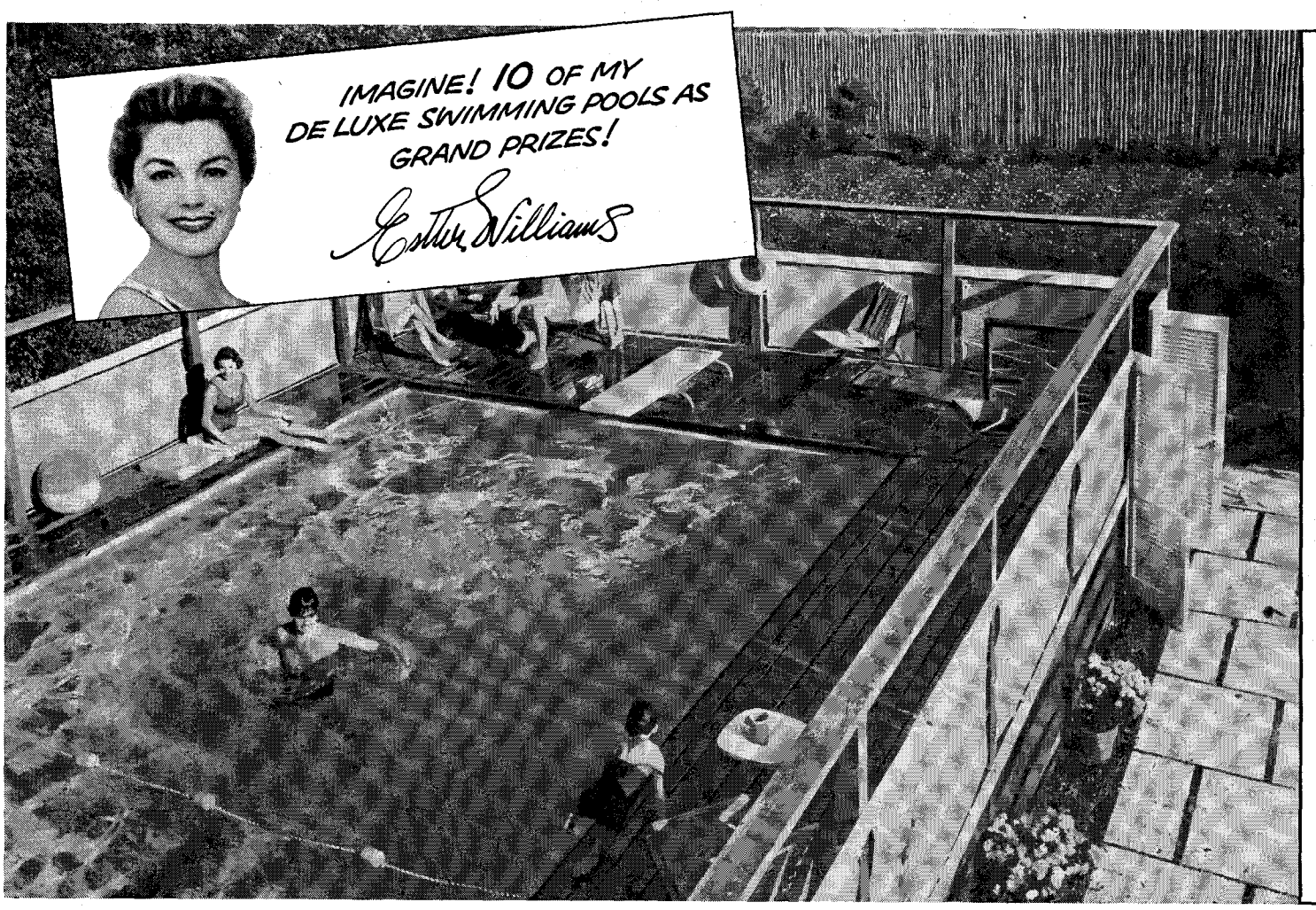
$50,000.00 WORTH OF SWIMMING POOLS —HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES— IN LISTERINE'S COLOSSAL CONTEST!



ALL THESE FEATURES

Superb Filtration System with vacuum pump removes leaves and dirt.

Vinyl Poolskin—Heat-sealed, water-tight. Aquamarine color.

513 Square Foot Living Area of Prime California Redwood.

Aluminum Vacuum Cleaner to take care of routine pool maintenance.

Accessories—Self-locking safety doors; stainless steel ladder; "Welcome" flag and 14-foot pole; vinyl weather curtains; underwater light, etc.

Storage Space of 510 feet under sundeck for garden furniture, tools, etc.

Warp-Proof Diving Board—6 feet long with stainless steel stand.

200 ADDITIONAL PRIZES

Esther Williams Special Life Preserver Rings. $12.00 value.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I use Listerine because . . ." Write your entry on one side only of any plain sheet of paper, and clip it to an official entry blank obtainable from your Listerine Antiseptic dealer. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by the end-seal of a Listerine Antiseptic wrapper (any size). Be sure to print plainly your name and address and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased Listerine Antiseptic.

2. Mail your entry, with end-seal of Listerine Antiseptic wrapper, to LISTERINE CONTEST, P.O. BOX 10-D, MOUNT VERNON 10, NEW YORK.

All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight AUG. 15, 1959.

3. Anyone living in any U.S. state, including Hawaii, is eligible except employees of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name.

4. Prizes will be awarded as listed on the official entry blank. Each of ten top winners receives Esther Williams "LIVING POOL" shown. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. Only one prize will be awarded in a family. Delivery of prizes can be taken at any time winner designates between announcement of winners and September 30, 1960.

5. All entries become the property of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company to use as it sees fit and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

Finish this statement in 25 words or less: "I use Listerine because..." Get entry blank today at your dealer's!

Hurry! Get in your entry today for the biggest consumer give-away contest ever featured by Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Listerine is your No. 1 protection against bad breath . . . your No. 1 protection against infection. Make it a habit; reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine for Summer colds.
Listerine kills germs by millions on mouth and throat surfaces.

Reach for Listerine for vacation cuts and scratches.
Apply Listerine directly. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions.

And, of course, reach for Listerine to stop bad breath
(stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste).

Reach for Listerine

....Your No. 1 Protection Against Infection

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Another customer for Royal Welcome Service

Sometimes all a customer wants is gasoline.

Most people, though, want the extra assurance that comes from *complete* service . . . knowing that things that *might* go wrong have been checked and caught in time.

It gives you a good feeling. A sure feeling.

BE SURE
WITH PURE

PURE

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

June 27, 1959 *Vol. 231, No. 52*

4 Short Stories

The Dark Forest . . . . . *Ronald Sercombe* 25
The Girl in the Window . . . . . *Robert Fontaine* 32
The Mystery of the Master Safe-Cracker . . . . . *Robert Standish* 36
Crisis on Blue Beach . . . . . *Malcolm Stuart Boylan* 43

7 Articles

The Struggle to Get Hoffa, Part I: Kennedy Sets a Snare *John Bartlow Martin* 19
Laziest Star in Tennis . . . . . *Will Grimsley* 22
The Untold Story of Little Rock, Conclusion: The Darkest Hour . . . . . *Virgil T. Blossom* 24
The Face of America: Social Gathering . . . *Photograph by Jack Fields* 26
I Bet My Shirt on Thin Air . . . . . *Eric Hatch* 30
She Knows What Women Will Wear . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 34
Learning the Ways of Mountains (A Post Picture Story) . . . . . *Photographs by Bob and Ira Spring* 38

2 Serials

Death Walk (First of six parts) . . . . . *Arthur Mayse* 28
Island of Hate (Fourth of five parts) . . . . . *Ward Hawkins* 45

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 50, 61, 82, 106
Hazel 110
Keeping Posted 112

THE COVER

A basic rule for successful operation of the internal-combustion engine is to have something inside to combust. This demands unfailing mental alertness before embarking on a voyage, else one may wind up looking bad on a Post cover. Pitiable papa, there, may have had previous gasoline droughts, judging from the aura of nonpity emanating from his crew, especially his son's well-here-we-go-again mien. What papa is thinking can't be printed, partly because it would be impolite to invade his mental privacy just now. Artist Amos Sewell would have been kinder if he had made a smaller lake with at least one other boat on it. Well, help will come chugging along eventually, to the relief and embarrassment of the paddling engineer—a happy ending, but not very.

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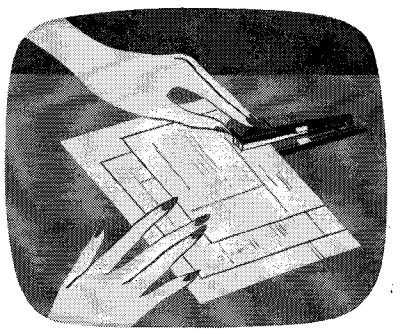
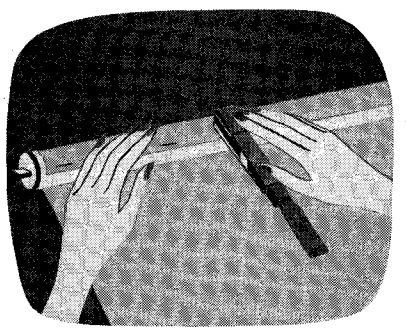


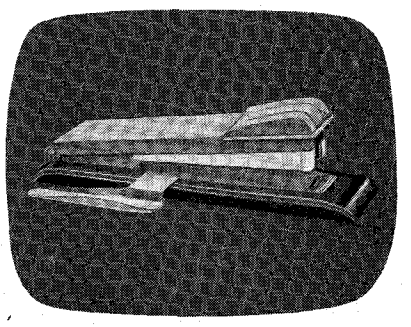
The Bostitch B8R helps you do hundreds of home fastening jobs better and faster . . . from sealing children's lunch bags to filing recipes and monthly bills.

HANDY



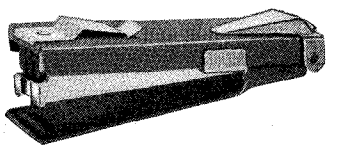
The Bostitch B8R is the world's only stapler with staple remover attached. It's small, light, easy to use. Opens wide for tacking and repair jobs, too.

HANDSOME



The Bostitch B8R now comes in colorful, two-tone gray as well as black and chrome. The trim, compact machine will fit in perfectly in your kitchen or den.

Only **$3.30*** *at your stationer's.*



New Bostitch Traveler! Also be sure to see this new pocket stapler designed for people on the go. Works where work takes you. Clips easily to pocket or briefcase. *Only* **$3.40***

*Suggested prices. May be slightly higher in West and Canada.
406 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, Rhode Island

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

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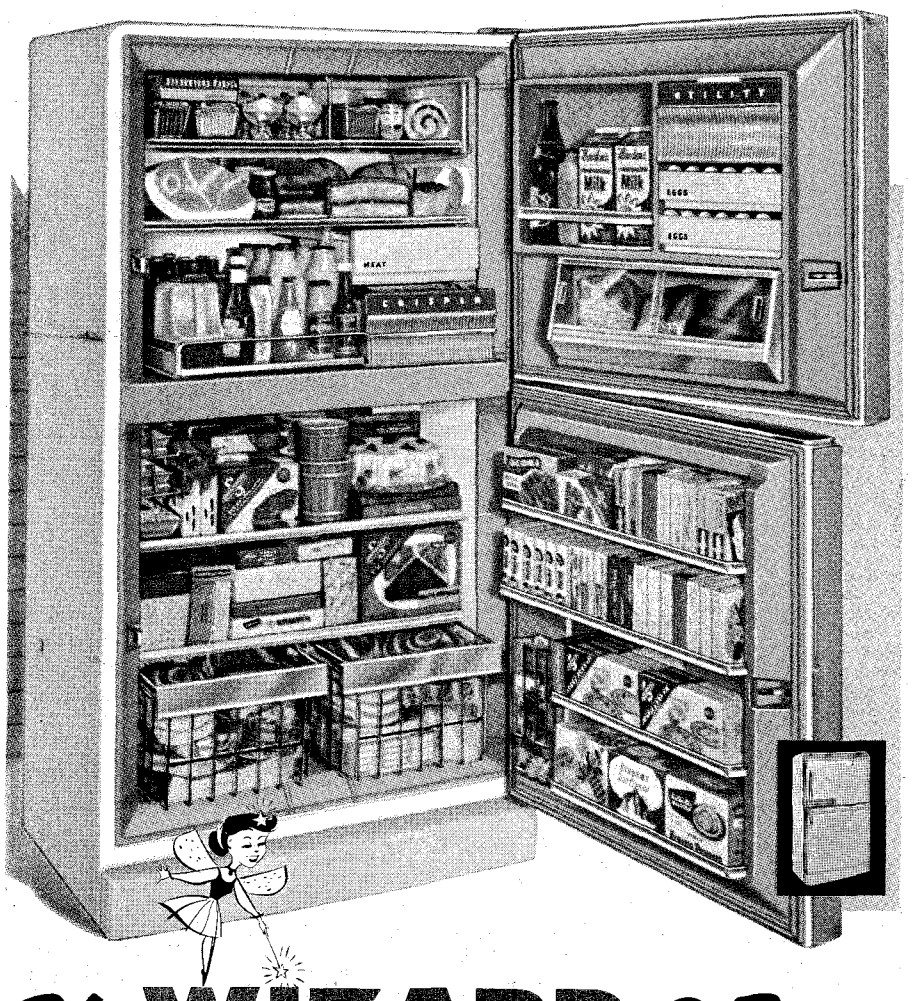
Now! For The First Time You Can Have A

10 Cu. Ft. Refrigerator *and* 10 Cu. Ft. Food Freezer

in only 36 inches of kitchen floor space



Big WIZARD 2-Door

priced so low it's like getting an extra 4 cubic feet of freezer FREE!

Here's America's most ingenious "duplex"! Yes, in just 36 in. of floor space, this compact, elegant Wizard has all the storage and modern features of *two* giant appliances! Open the top door and here's . . .

A magnificent Wizard Refrigerator! Everything is at your fingertips in this 9.8 cubic feet beauty! Meat? Wizard's meat chiller tray holds 15.4 lbs.! Salad and vegetables? Wizard's "See-Thru" Salad Bar and crisper drawer store 28-qts. of garden-fresh produce! Beverages? Wizard's roll-out tall bottle rack holds all-size liquids including salad oils and dressings! Defrost? Never! Wizard's automatic defrost does it for you! Now open the lower door and here's . . .

A spacious Wizard Upright Freezer! This 10.8 cu. ft. Freezer stores 364 lbs. of food in safe zero-cold! And look at all these convenience features: Twin "easy-roll" storage baskets. All fast-freeze shelves. Bookshelf storage door. Handy juice can dispenser. Automatic ice-ejector with removable ice bucket! But best of all you can . . .

Own this Wizard Imperial for less than many smaller refrigerator-freezers. So . . . *see this stunning New Wizard Imperial 21* at Western Auto, soon! Only **$439.95**

Easy terms. $10 Down, $5.50 A Week.

Western Auto 50 — *Our 50th Year* — *Serving America's Families* . . . with more than 4,000 stores coast to coast. Choose from over 14,000 guaranteed items for car, home and outdoor living.

Western Auto STORES AND ASSOCIATE STORES

Western Auto dealers own their stores and set their own terms. Prices may vary slightly in some parts of the U. S. (S69)

Letters

Little Rock

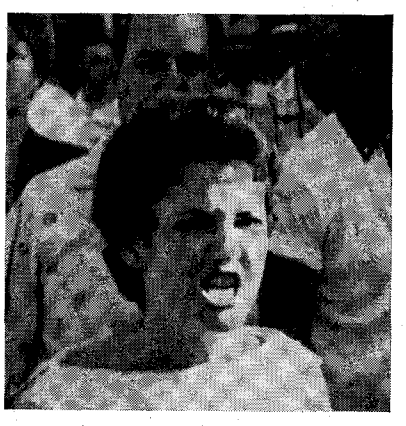
Dear Sirs:

Now the world is learning for the first time how ignorance, political expediency and hate can be combined to wreck a city [THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK, by Virgil T. Blossom, May 23–June 27]. . . . As any other hero is rewarded, so should writer Blossom be decorated. I covered the Little Rock story for a group of newspapers and came in uncomfortable contact with some of the wilder performances.

HARRISON SAUNDERS
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

How ugly is the face of hate! . . . I was quite horrified to see the expression on that pretty young girl's face [below]. I



Central High student, 1957.

wonder how her mother and father felt when they saw the picture?

ANGELA J. RUSH
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Judas received thirty pieces of silver. How much is Mr. Virgil Blossom receiving?

VEDA MAYO
Homer, La.

Dear Sirs:

One line hit right between the eyes: "Those who opposed such methods often suffered where it hurt most—in the pocketbook!" This from an educator, excusing why so many try to slither past a law of the land, just about sums up why we're in hot water on so many fronts. Our forefathers looked for freedom in America at the sacrifice of life, health and pocketbook. We're unwilling to do so—either to insure justice, fight inflation or curb a crooked union boss.

MRS. BURTON RUSSELL
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

He piously makes reference to obeying the law, and to the "law of the land." What law is he talking about? Congress has never made a law requiring integration of whites and Negroes in public schools. In accordance with the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, only the several states have authority to control education. Also the Constitution plainly states: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land." Nowhere can authority be found for the U.S. Supreme Court to make law.

JOHN B. HAYES
Quincy, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I was deeply impressed by Mr. Blossom's respect for the Law of the Land. It is unfortunate that there were not more men like him . . . when the Stamp Tax was the Law of the Land. If there had been, we would still belong to England.

F. K. DOWNEY
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Virgil T. Blossom's thought-provoking series on Little Rock underscores something which at times can apply to us all—North, South, East or West:

Principles can be sacrificed, people can be panicked, and public opinion reduced to a fickle thing by threats to one's security. . . . Fortunately, however, in our democracy, common sense has a habit of eventually prevailing. Little Rock and the South in general are no doubt coming around to accept integration. . . .

We can all be grateful, thanks to our American way, that we can still roll with and recover from such blows.

JOHN R. WATKINS
Langhorne, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

While this story and the events pictured in it were undoubtedly true, I think you were very unwise to run it. . . .

The Little Rock situation has cooled down. There can be no possible reason for creating further trouble there by printing articles written by glory-hunting job losers.

DIANE HILL
Cumberland, Md.

Dear Sirs:

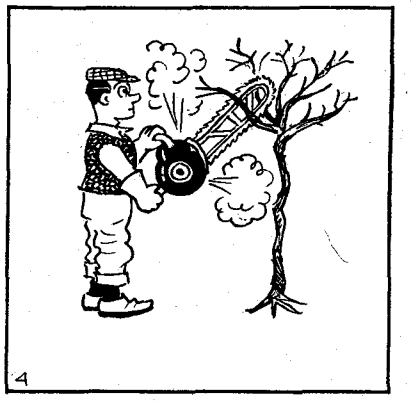
You boys are still doing a pretty good job of showing both sides of the coin. Keep it up.

CHARLES F. JACOBS
Mansfield, La.

Sawing Greenwood

Dear Sirs:

Having read my neighbor's critique of Dahl's handling of Mr. Greenwood's thumbs in your May 23 Letters column, I could not help but wonder about the efficiency of Mr. Greenwood's power saw [below] on page 44 [of the May 23



issue]. . . . Who ever heard of reversing the teeth on a chain saw halfway around the cutting bar?

GEORGE S. RICE III
Short Hills, N.J.

● *Dahl's contraption is a modern version of that amateur-night favorite, the musical saw. "When its backward-running teeth strike a knot," he explains, "a lovely cadenza of belt-like notes is produced, instead of the usual YEEEE-URK!—thereby turning knots into knotes."* —ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

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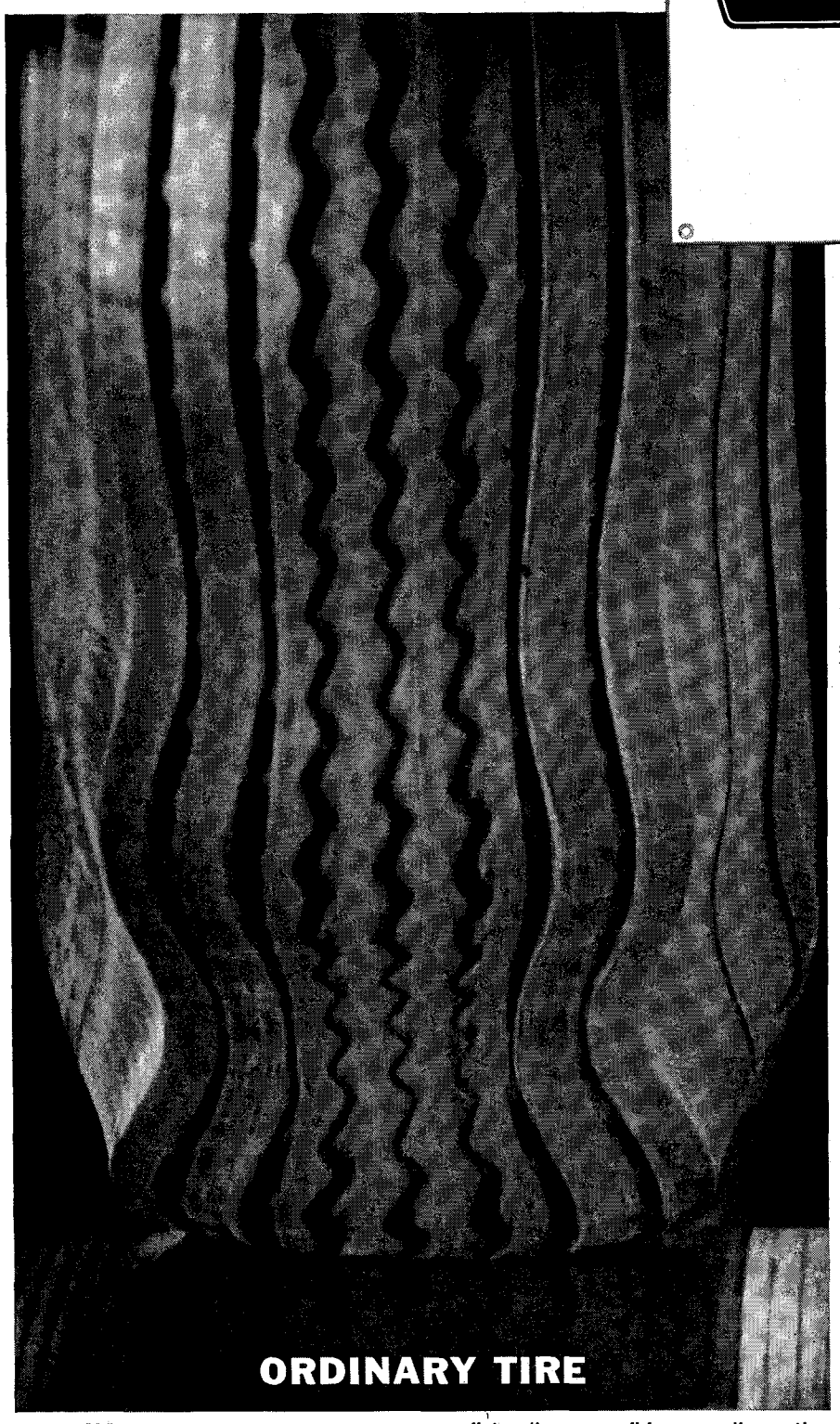
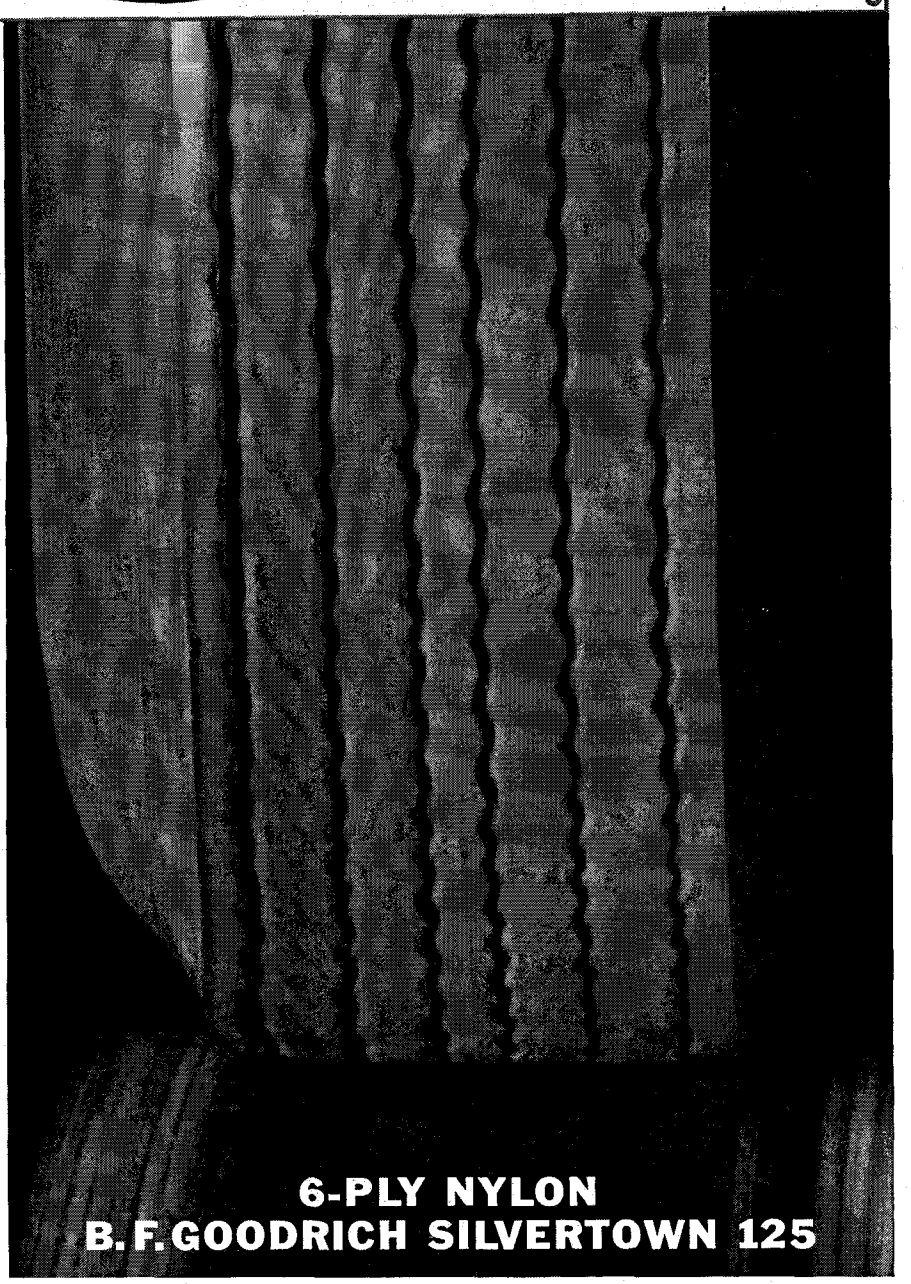
Stop at the sign
of the Smiling Tire ...



EXTREME SPEED HOUR-AFTER-HOUR *causes "standing waves" in an ordinary tire.* Distortion like this beats them up, often tears them to pieces. That's why B.F.Goodrich—after testing hundreds of different cord angles, cord fabrics, and treads—designed a tubeless, nylon-cord tire for open-road drivers!



NO DISTORTION EVEN OVER 100 MPH! *Test photo proves new B.F.Goodrich Silver-*town 125 rides steady, shrugs off the thudding impact, heat and flexing of speed driving. B.F.Goodrich licked distortion by using special high-speed construction and six plies of sturdy nylon cord, instead of the usual four.

Safer at higher speeds! Breeze along relaxed on B.F.Goodrich Silver-town 125s. They're built for hot highways and turnpike driving. Like all Silvertowns, they make driving more fun, get you there smiling.

4 tires, only $4 down—at your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. The B.F.Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich *Smileage dealers*

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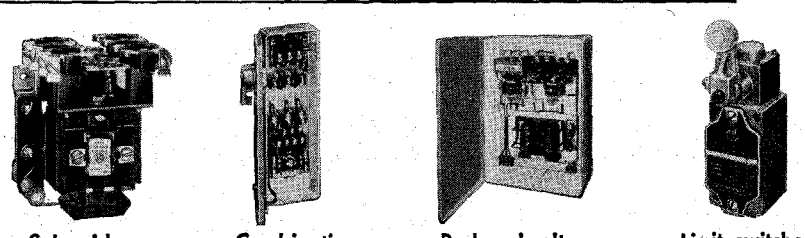
. . . Allen-Bradley is first choice!*

Electrical consulting engineers, chief electrical men, electrical contractors —men whose training and experience make them real "experts" in motor control—consistently rate Allen-Bradley *first choice*, year after year. A continuous record of trouble free performance, with millions of dependable operations, has earned Allen-Bradley motor control this remarkable reputation. The simple one-moving-part design; the double break, silver alloy contacts that are in perfect operating condition at *all* times; the reliable A-B overload relays—all assure trouble free operation.

It will pay you to *insist* upon Allen-Bradley—the *quality* motor control.

*According to nationwide surveys.

There is a complete line of A-B control equipment



Solenoid relays | Combination starters | Reduced voltage starters | Limit switches, accessories

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

Quality Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis. • In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Priest at Princeton (cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

On the premise that the Post, for which I have much admiration and affection, is dedicated to the pursuit of truth, not to the promotion of a smear, I venture to suggest a misstatement in your issue of 18th April. In his Princeton romance (BRIGHT YOUNG BOSS OF PRINCETON) your contributing editor, Mr. Harold H. Martin, wrote that "Halton, on the eve of his departure," observed that "three individuals in his opinion deserved the title of anti-Christ: Martin Luther, Margaret Sanger and Robert Goheen." Neither on the eve of my departure for Oxford nor at any time have I conceived or expressed, publicly or privately, such a curiously amusing trinity. However, several months before I said "Farewell, Sweet Princeton," a member of the University, in an abortive effort to embarrass me, did invent this howler and inserted it in that section of the gilded press known as The Daily Princetonian. I dealt with the calumny publicly at the time. I think it a pity that Mr. Martin, neglecting his homework, fell for such obvious nonsense. . . .

Halton.

I took . . . a firm position on the appearance of Alger Hiss at Princeton in April, 1956. Less than a fortnight after I affirmed that the convicted, unrepentant perjurer stands outside the tradition and has nothing to say to a community engaged in the quest for truth, the Board of Trustees of Princeton University voted my censure. Robert Goheen is certainly not anti-Christ; but he is, like so many presidents of private schools, a puppet of Trustees. When they pull the strings, he could dance all night. Had he not promised to implement the Trustees' arbitrary decision, dictated in part by the effect of my action on Annual Giving, he might not have been invested as President of Princeton. He knows it, I know it, and that is all that really matters.

The issue at Princeton was and is primarily academic, not religious. When I quote a Princeton professor who has conditioned uncritical undergraduate minds for twenty-five years with the false teaching that Christianity is an opiate and a dream and God a myth and an illusion, and when I quote a Princeton Professor of Art and Archaeology for thirty-eight years who thinks that St. Thomas Aquinas is the Mother of God, I expect President Goheen and the Trustees to come up with a more brilliant or witty expression than academic freedom or an angry insistence that Mrs. Goheen and the children are Catholic. . . .

I exposed intellectual mediocrity, moral and political subversion, and intolerable nonsense in the groves of Princeton's academic Wonderland. This was my sin for which the University had no absolution: I put Truth before Togetherness. . . . Shame on Mr. Martin for a third-rate research job. A freshman at Princeton would be advised to go to Yale for less than that.

HUGH HALTON, O.P., M.A., D. PHIL. (OXON)
Oxford University, England

● *We are pleased to let Father Halton have his say. With this letter we conclude our discussion of the case of Princeton v. Halton.* —*ED.*

Tuckered Tooter

Dear Sirs:

One of my staff called to my attention the story TEACHER'S PAY [by M. G. Chute] in the issue of May 16.

As a junior high school teacher, counselor and administrator for twenty-nine years, I have never read anything that better summarizes the philosophy and attitude of the junior high school.

EDNA M. TRIPP, *Principal*
Oneonta Junior High School
Oneonta, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is consoling to read, even though it was fiction, an account of a music teacher's momentary impulse to rebel. . . .

When I saw the illustration [below], I

was fairly itching to knock that cigarette out of Bernie's mouth!

MELVIN L. BROBST
Music Instructor
Harrington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the boy . . . didn't feel like playing his horn. His mouthpiece is on backwards. . . . Even Benny Goodman wouldn't do such a hot job if his horn was in that kind of shape.

LARRY LEACH
Kinmundy, Ill.

● *Illustrator Amos Sewell borrowed that clarinet from a music teacher, then mis-assembled it. Says Sewell: "But the music teacher says he once knew a musician who played it that way all the time."* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Wide World. • 6–Wide World. • 19, 20–Ollie Atkins. • 21–Ollie Atkins; Wide World; Ollie Atkins. • 22, 23–Wide World. • 24–United Press International. • 25–Morgan Kane. • 26, 27–Jack Fields. • 28, 29–Mac Conner. • 30–Two by Frank Ross; Hinchliff Studio; Frank Ross. • 31–Frank Ross. • 32, 33–R. G. Harris. • 34, 35–Ormond Gigli. 36, 37–Ken Riley. • 38, 39–Bob and Ira Spring. • 43–Robert McCall. • 45–Austin Briggs. 93–Ollie Atkins. • 105–Ormond Gigli. • 112–John R. Wells; Clemens Kalischer; Sergis Alberts.

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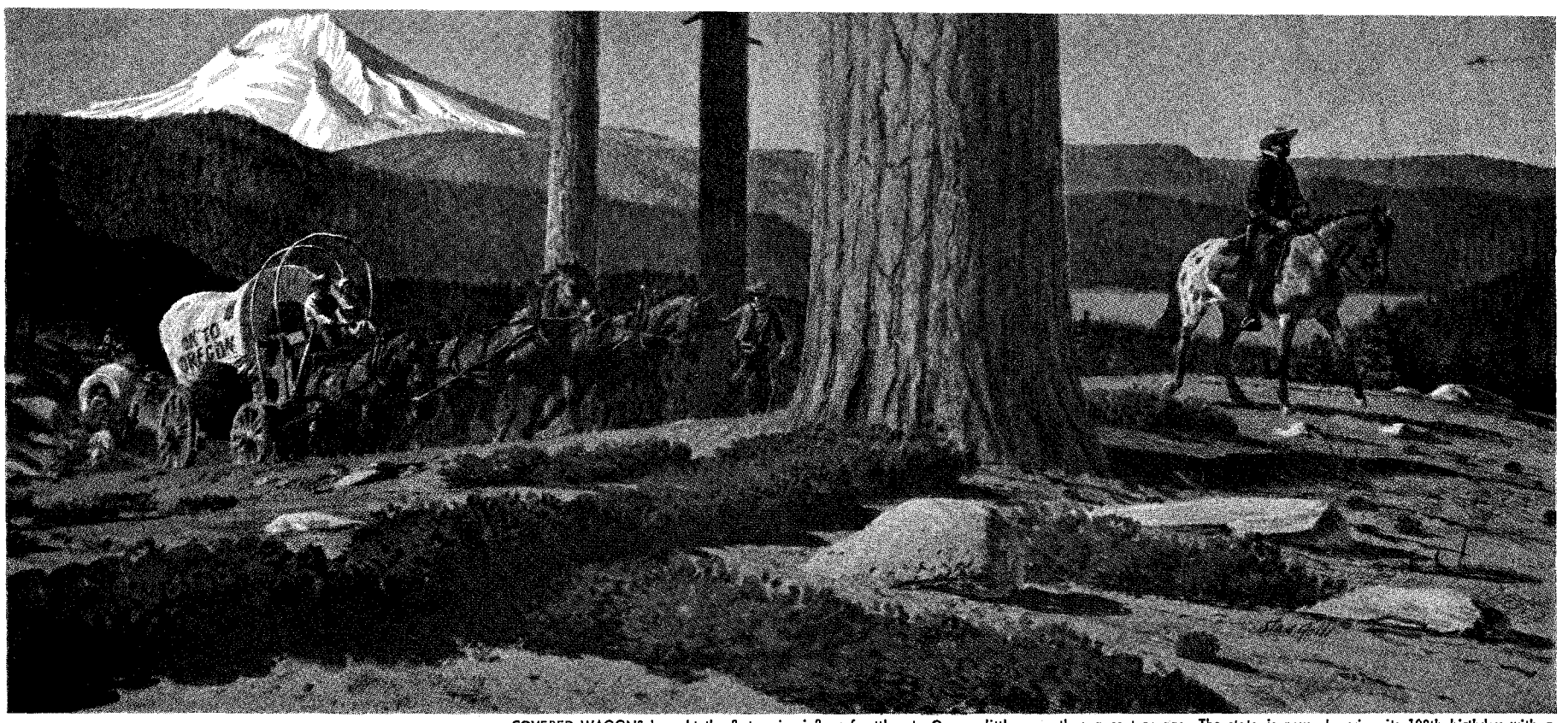
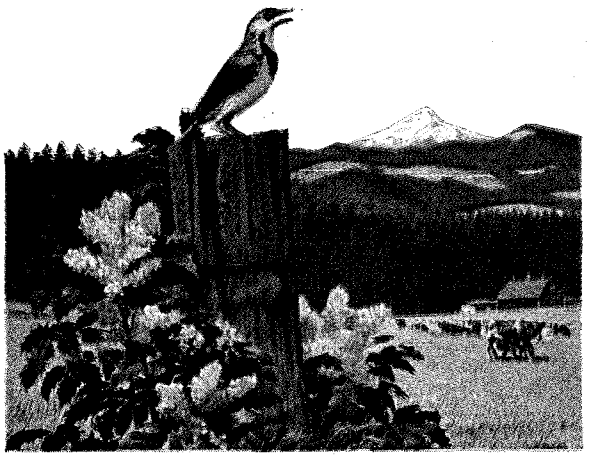


COVERED WAGONS brought the first major influx of settlers to Oregon little more than a century ago. The state is now observing its 100th birthday with a year-long celebration, highlighted by the spectacular Oregon Centennial Exposition and International Trade Fair in Portland, June 10 through September 17.

why not visit scenic Oregon and enjoy its Centennial festivities?

Western meadowlark and Oregon grape, state bird and flower of Oregon. In background, majestic Mt. Hood.



"On to Oregon," rallying call of early settlers, resounds again throughout the land. People all across the nation are invited to relive Oregon's exciting pioneer days and take part in the fun and festivities planned in celebration of 100 years of statehood.

In beautiful Oregon, visitors also will enjoy vast forested areas with sparkling lakes, clear streams and abundant wildlife. Despite nearly a century of harvesting to help meet America's demand for wood, lofty trees still cover much of the state. Today, its commercial timberlands are kept productive by the careful management of private owners and public forest agencies. As a result, these lands will supply wood in the future just as they have in the past. Harvested and reforested in repeated cycles, they will produce crop after crop of trees, forever.

Be sure to visit Oregon this exciting Centennial year. It is a state you'll always remember.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

... working to maintain a permanent forest industry

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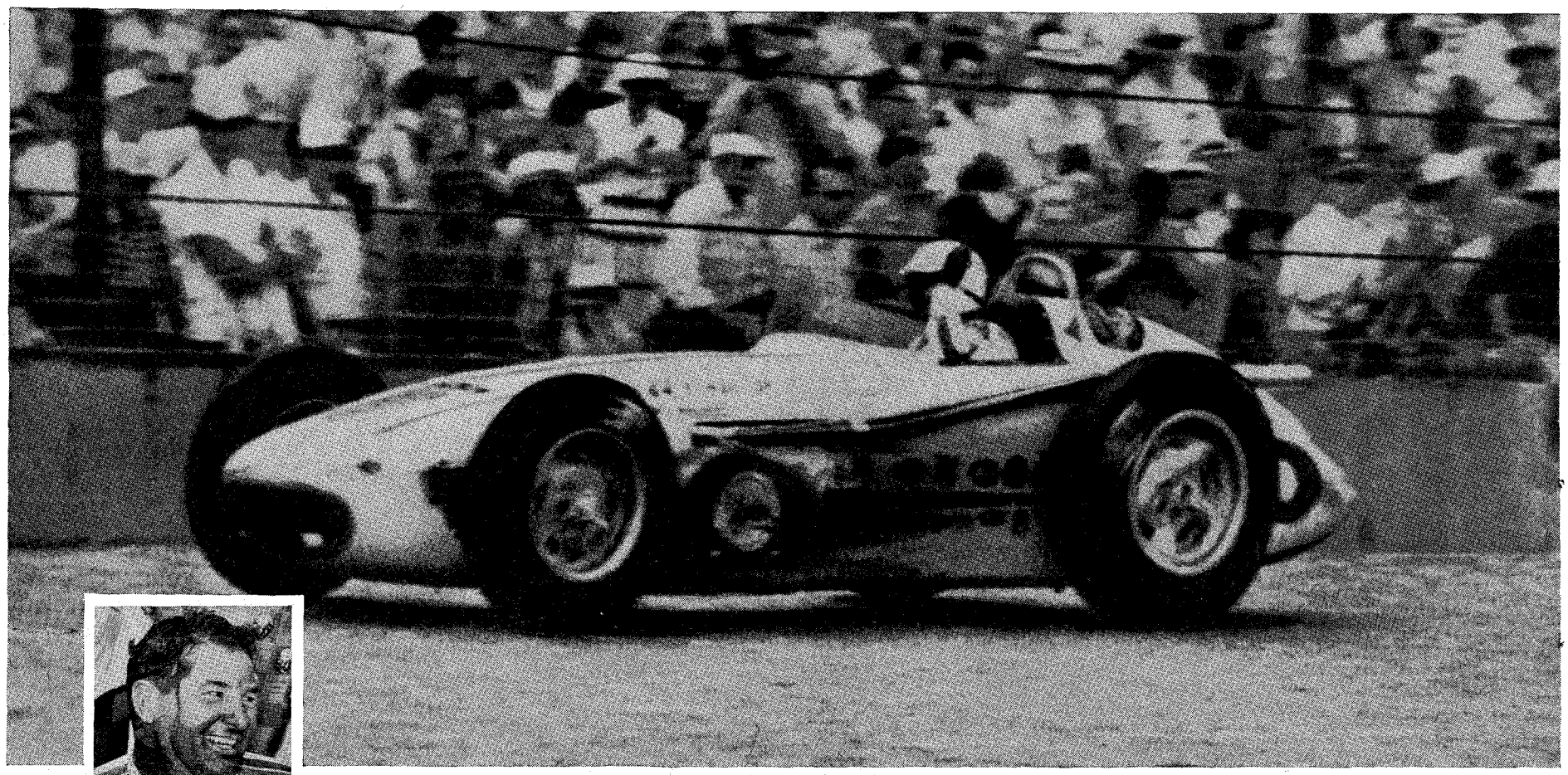

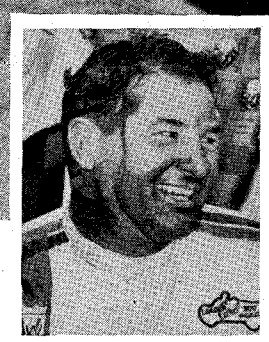

Rodger Ward, 1959 Indianapolis winner at 135.857 m.p.h. says:

"In the Big Ones of auto racing like Indianapolis, you literally bet your life on your tires! That's why race drivers insist on Firestones. They're tops for family safety on turnpikes, too!"

FIRESTONE WINS 36th CONSECUTIVE VICTORY AT INDIANAPOLIS...

Proving Firestone Rubber-X safest for you on turnpikes, too!*

Firestone is FIRST in competitive tests that prove performance for you!

Again this year, for the 36th 500-mile race in a row, Firestone tires carried home the winner on the Indianapolis Speedway. This, the world's most famous sweepstakes, is racing's supreme test of men and machines. It's a cruel test for tires, too! That's why winning Indianapolis drivers insist on—and *buy*—Firestone tires for the big race.

But there's a lot more than sports page color behind Firestone's complete dominance of this world series of auto racing. Firestone engineers use the blazing track at Indianapolis to accelerate passenger car tire improvements—to develop more safety when you drive at modern turnpike speeds. From Indianapolis competition comes Firestone Rubber-X, the longest wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. And thanks to this annual classic of speed and endurance you also benefit from the proved, high-impact security of Firestone S/F (Safety-Fortified) nylon cord.

Of all the world's tire makers, Firestone is FIRST in speedway research to bring you performance-proved safety in tires. Remember that the next time you need tires. Buy Firestones now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

**Firestone Rubber-X is compounded specifically for each type of car, truck, farm implement and construction equipment tire.*

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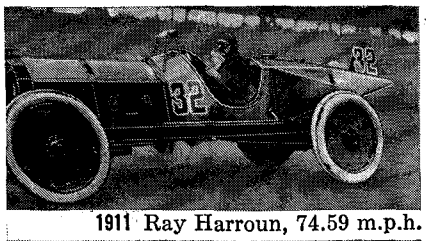
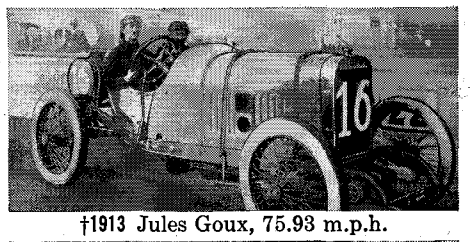
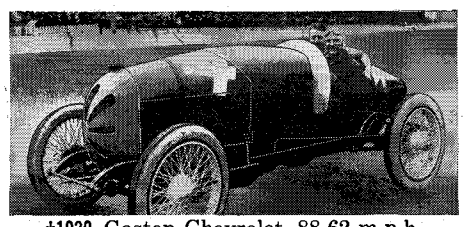
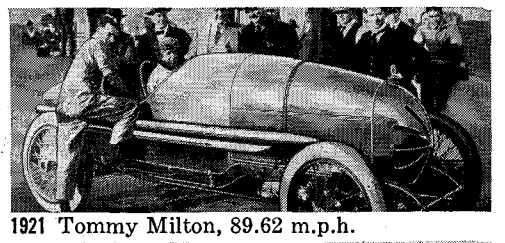
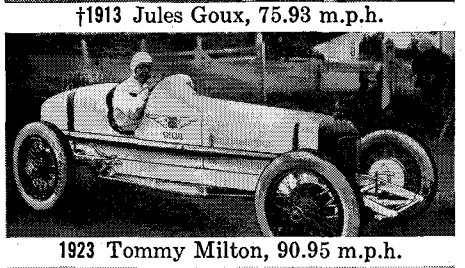

1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.

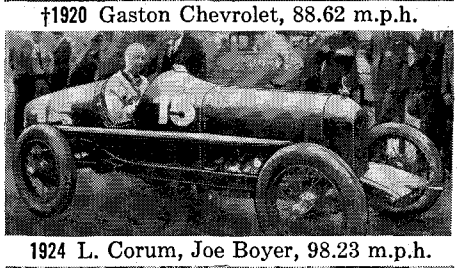

†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.

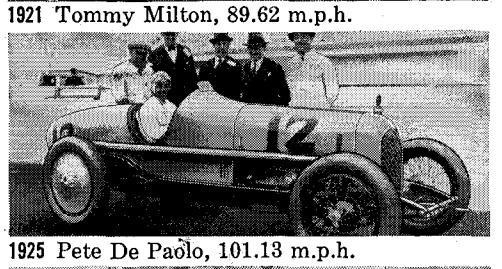

†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.

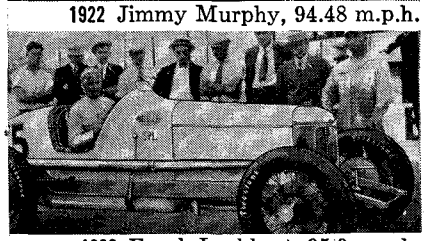

1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.

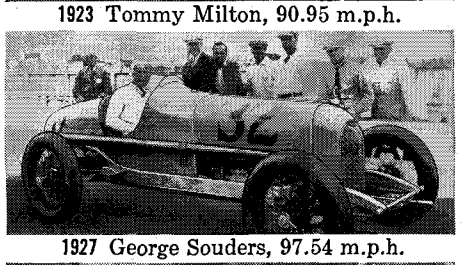
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.

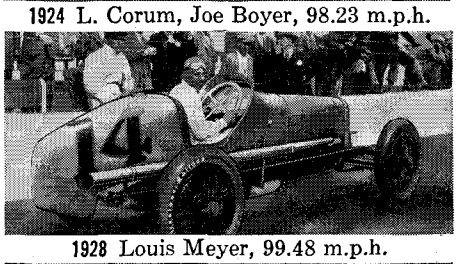

1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.

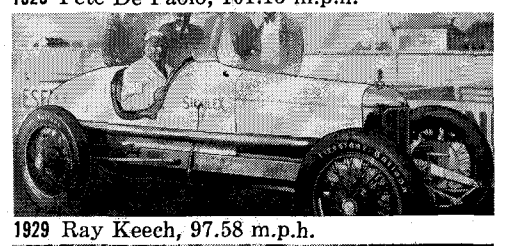

1924 L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.

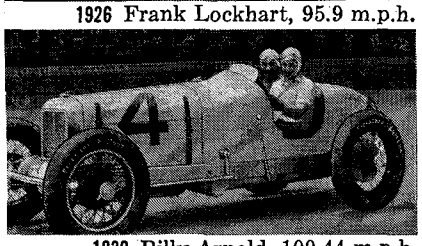

1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.

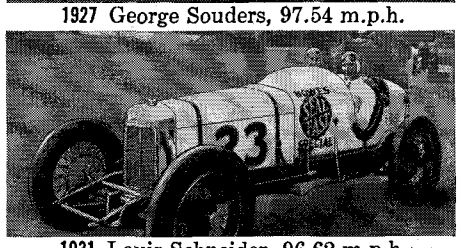

1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.

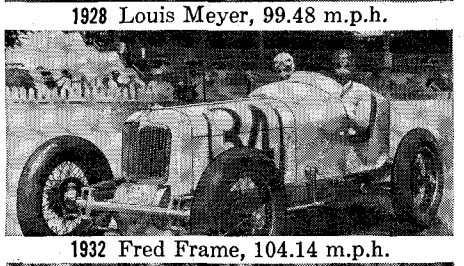

1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.

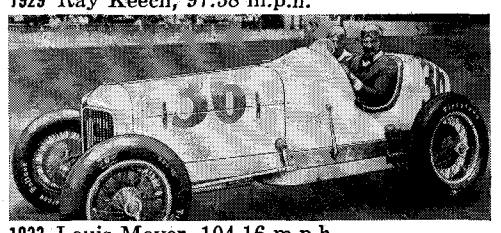

1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.

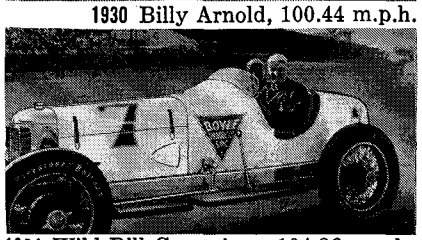

1929 Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.

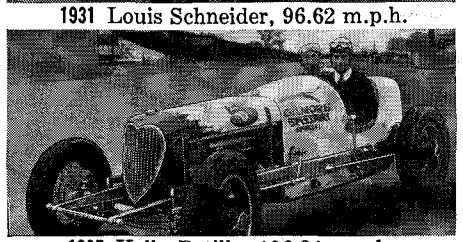

1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.

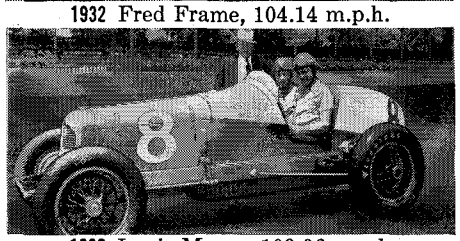

1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.

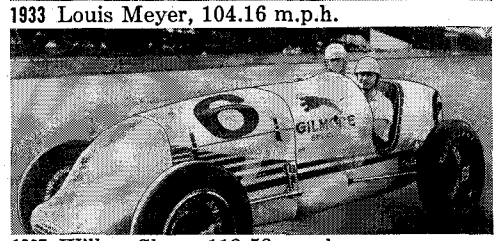

1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.

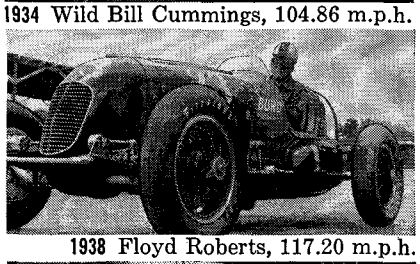

1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.


1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.

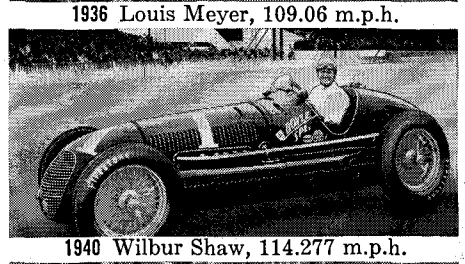

1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.

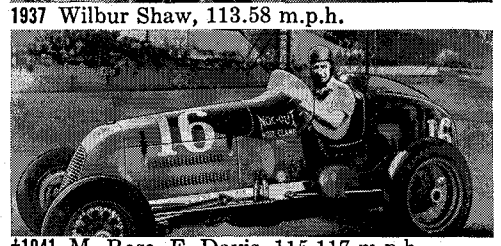

1936 Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.

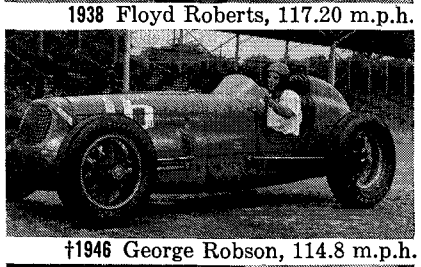

1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.

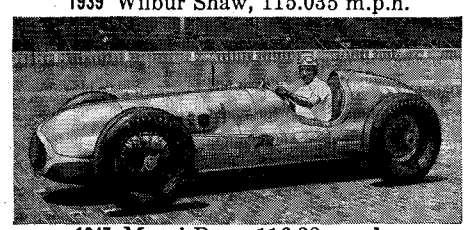

1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.

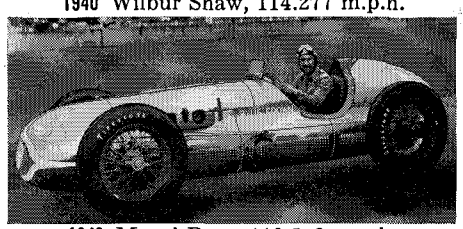
1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.

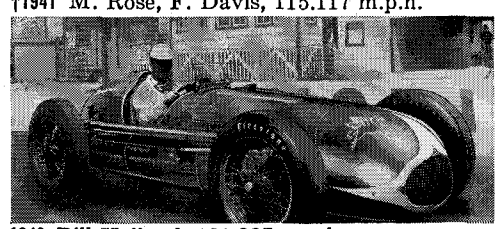

1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.

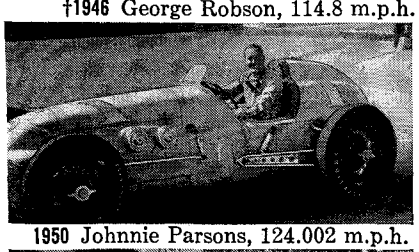

†1941 M. Rose, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.

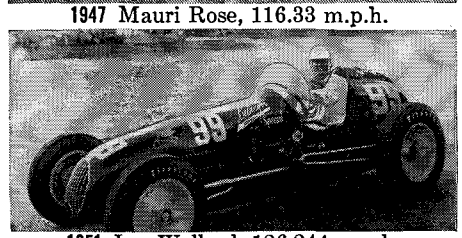

†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.

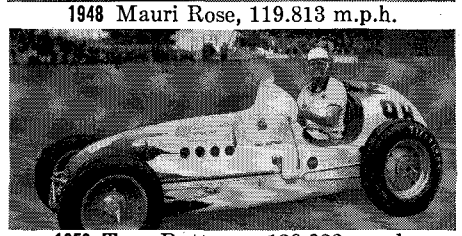

1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.

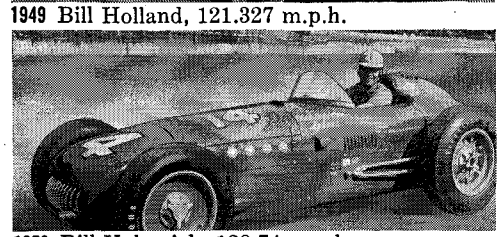

1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.

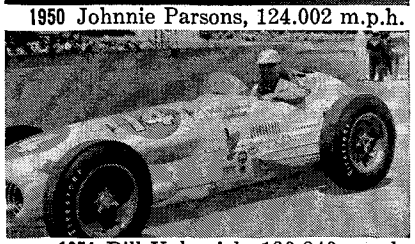

1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.

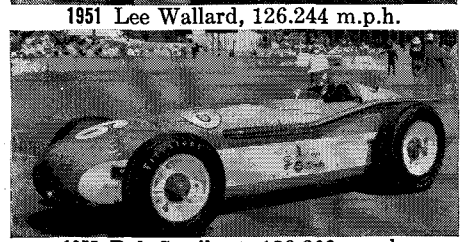

1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.

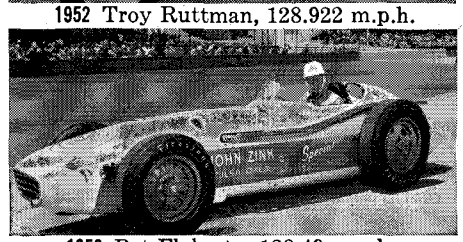

1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.

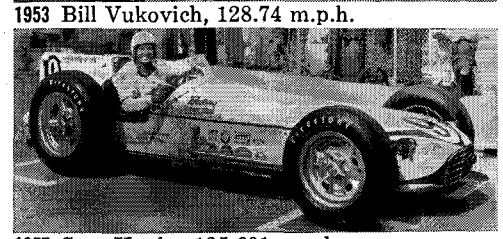

1952 Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.

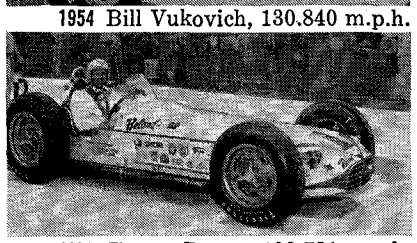

1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.


1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.


1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.


1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.


1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.


1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.

Write Firestone Public Relations, Akron 17, Ohio, for free copy of Golden Anniversary of Racing Booklet.

†No races during the war years.

Firestone

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Editorials

The Nation Owes More Than Some Realize to Mr. Dulles' Firmness

The tributes to John Foster Dulles make it hard to believe that it is only a couple of years since the late Secretary of State was under heavy attack. Sen. Wayne Morse declared that Mr. Dulles' "usefulness in his position has long since passed." A year before that Adlai Stevenson urged President Eisenhower to "fire Dulles," whom Adlai accused of "saber-rattling, threats of atomic war and disregard of our allies." Liberal columnists regularly took off after Dulles, charging him with inflexibility, war-mongering and other diplomatic errors.

Nevertheless, until cancer tragically intervened, Mr. Dulles steadily survived the calumnies of his critics. He survived, in our opinion, not because Mr. Eisenhower liked him and depended on his advice, but because most of the time Dulles was right. Politically and semantically his "brink-of-war" remark looked like the end. But, despite the yells of protest which greeted that unfortunate phrase, the fact is that any American policy short of surrender to the Reds may fairly be said to take us to the "brink of war." As the late secretary said on a later occasion, "We have to go on living on the edge of an awful abyss from which we could so readily be rescued if only the Soviet Union did not insist upon retaining for itself the possibility of massive surprise attack."

The same sensitive souls who pretended to believe that Dulles created a "brink of war," when he had realistically recognized that there was one, were equally disturbed by his description of Goa, which is on the edge of India, but belongs to Portugal, as a "Portuguese province." How tactless to make such a remark when Nehru was claiming Goa for India! At a press conference Mr. Dulles was asked if the United States regarded Goa as a Portuguese province. His answer was, "As far as I know, all the world regards it as a Portuguese province. It has been Portuguese, I think, for about four hundred years." That was the right answer.

Mr. Dulles weathered these storms and a more serious hurricane during the Red Chinese bombardment of Quemoy and Matsu. Many people thought our support of the Chinese Nationalists was another trip to the "brink of war." Dire consequences were predicted. Mr. Dulles took the sensible view that, while nobody would advocate "going to war for Matsu," the question was, "How do you prevent a retreat at the initial point of a thrust from gathering a momentum which will go on from there?" Had the advocates of "bold and imaginative" retreat from these threatened areas had their way, the country might have learned the answer to that question the hard way.

There have been times during the last ten years when this country could plausibly have moved back from the firing line, made some sort of phony deal with the Communists to secure them in their ill-gotten gains and, by doing so, made Soviet world conquest a present reality. That this hasn't happened is due in no small degree to the character and analytical skill of John Foster Dulles. As one of his colleagues in the State Department put it, "Foster's critics want him to find some way for this country to give the Communists what they want, and because he won't do it they call him 'inflexible.'" Since Mr. Dulles' death, even his critics express admiration for his steadfastness, persisted in after lesser men, similarly afflicted, would have quit the field.

In at least one respect the late Secretary of State was more imaginative than his detractors. He was capable of imagining a relaxation of the Communist threat. "There is nothing 'inevitable' about Communism," he said in a speech last year, "except that it, too, is bound to change." He foresaw a day when the Communist leaders would see the futility of threats in international dealings, "would be more concerned with the welfare of their own people and less concerned with exploiting other people for expansionist purposes."

To some that prophecy may suggest a departure from Mr. Dulles' characteristic realism. However, a man who could so rightly discern the dangers to our survival and summon the will and courage to deal with them cannot be ignored when he envisions a promise of brighter days ahead.

Of few men can it be more truly said that he gave his life for his country.

Quotas on Imports of Oil Cause as Many Headaches as They Cure

The imposition of compulsory import quotas on the petroleum industry, designed to "preserve to the greatest extent a vigorous, healthy petroleum industry in the United States," seems certain to have consequences far in excess of those intended.

One of these looks like an injustice to the importing companies. The injustice occurs because the import quotas are based on a company's refinery capacity instead of on its record as an importer. The result is that small domestic companies which never imported a barrel of foreign oil in the past receive import quotas which they are able to trade off, at a profit, to companies which need them. The importing companies contend that their ability to profit from their foreign operations, many of which were urged on them by the Government for strategic reasons, has been sabotaged for the benefit of domestic producers. They are in effect required to pay their competitors for the privilege of refining their own product!

The domestic producers argue that, inasmuch as cheaper oil from Venezuela or the Middle East has an impact on the price of oil throughout the country, they are entitled to this privilege. However, the domestic producers have not relied on economic arguments to support the need for import restrictions, but contend that imports have discouraged the search for new oil fields in this country, fields which will be necessary if a war should deny us access to the foreign sources of supply.

That's for the hot war. On the cold-war front, as might be expected, the import quotas are causing severe pain in Latin America and the Middle East, not to mention Canada, which screamed so loudly that the President has already removed the quota on Canadian imports. The reason given was that, inasmuch as Canadian oil need not come to this country by water, the defense argument did not apply.

The probable effect of these restrictions on consumers raised a storm in Congress. Senators as far apart on other issues as Senator Aiken of Vermont, Senator Morse of Oregon, and Senator Holland of Florida, let it be known that they considered the quotas a discrimination against the people of their sections of the country, a spur to inflation and a harbinger of bureaucratic control over all business.

On this last point they have something. In announcing the quotas President Eisenhower indicated that "in the event that price increases occur while the program is in effect, the director is required to determine whether such increases are necessary to accomplish the national-security objectives of the proclamation." The implication was that, if the domestic producers rode their advantage too hard, the Government might let in a little more imported oil.

The possibility of price control didn't sit well with domestic producers. One Kansas driller was quoted in the Wall Street Journal as saying, "If Mr. Eisenhower is going to police the refiners' prices, he's going to have to police our labor costs, our higher octane costs and all that." The importing companies might appropriately reply that, if the Government is going to prevent them from selling their product in a free market, it ought to pay some sort of bonus to compensate investors for the expensive, risky and strategically important business of producing oil abroad.

Regulating any segment of the national economy inevitably creates the need for regulation somewhere else. This fact, complicated by all sorts of political arguments—not to mention the emotional repercussions in allied countries—imposes upon the director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization a superhuman task.

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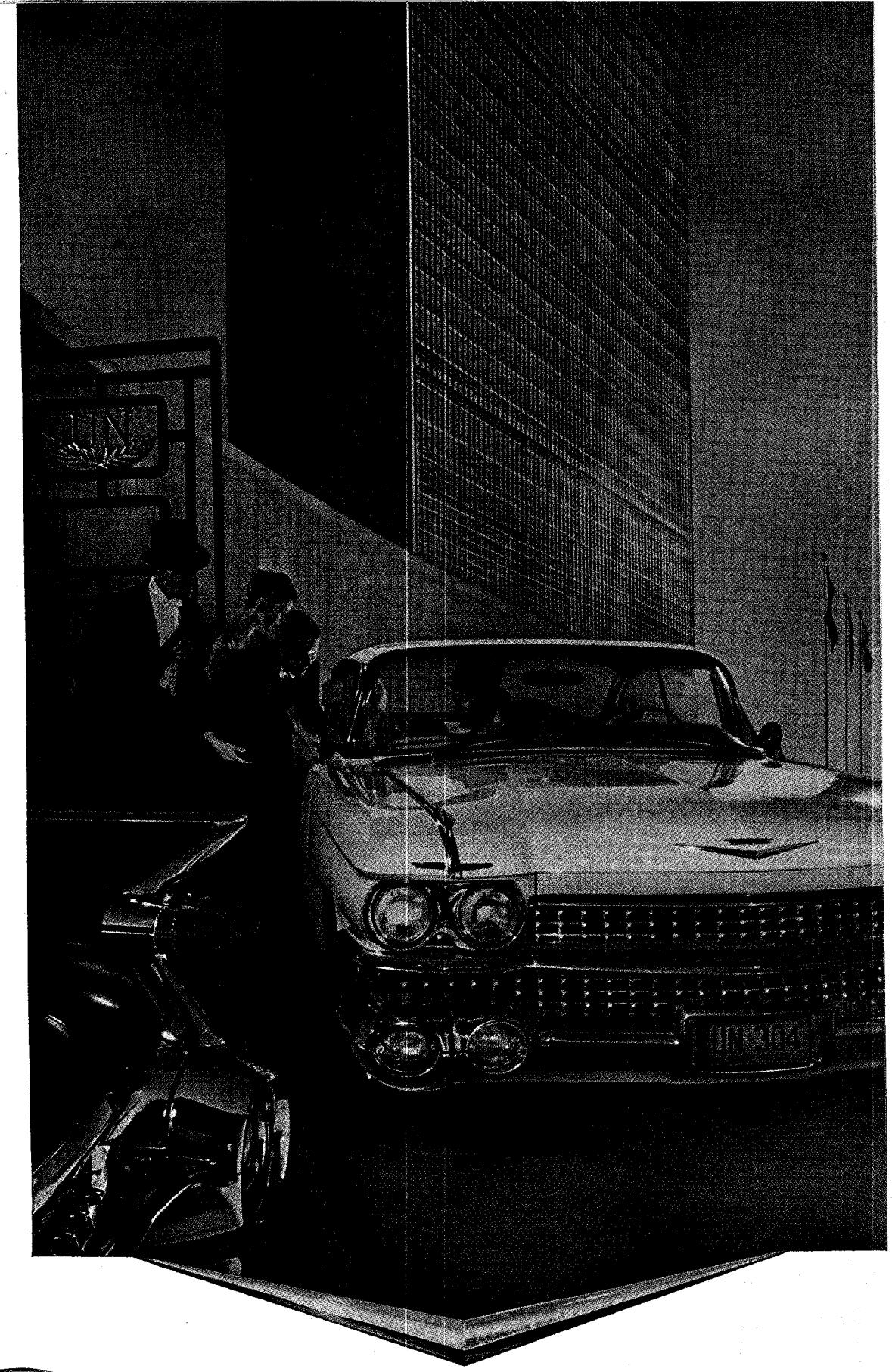

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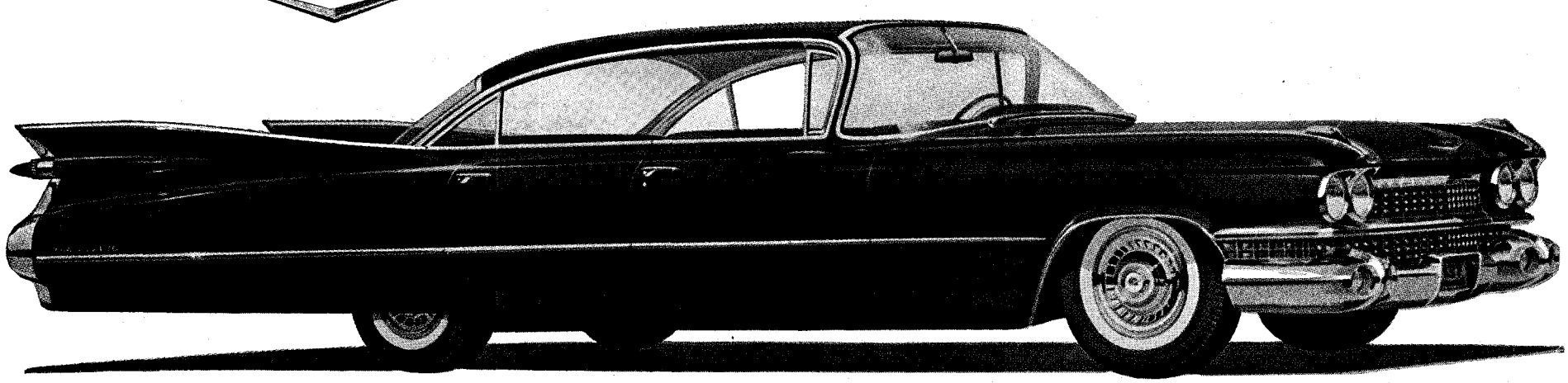

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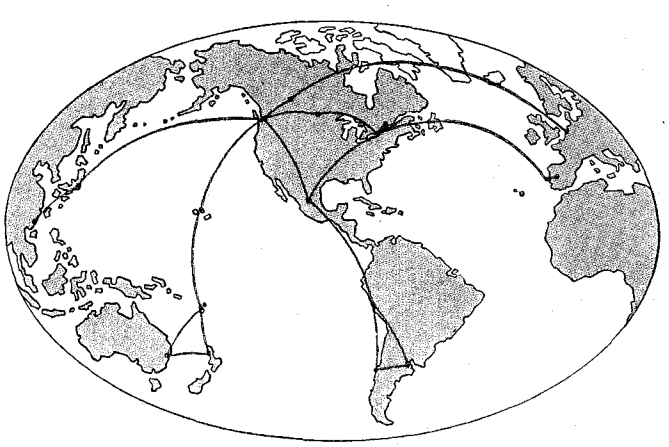

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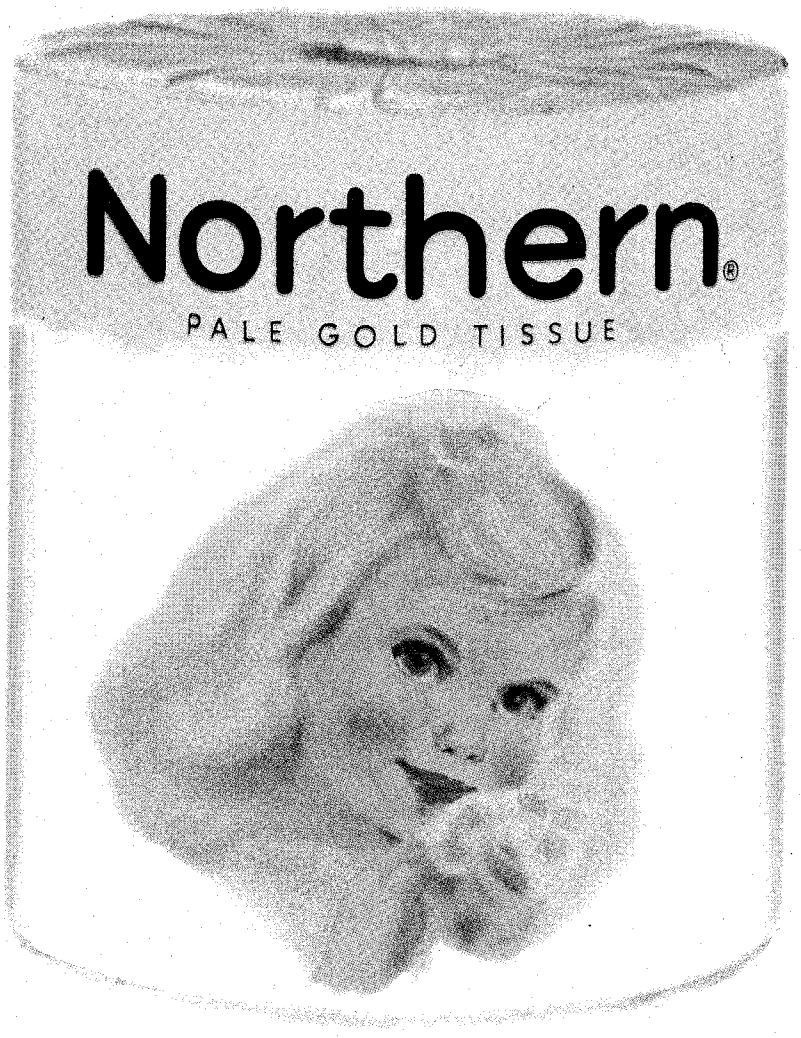

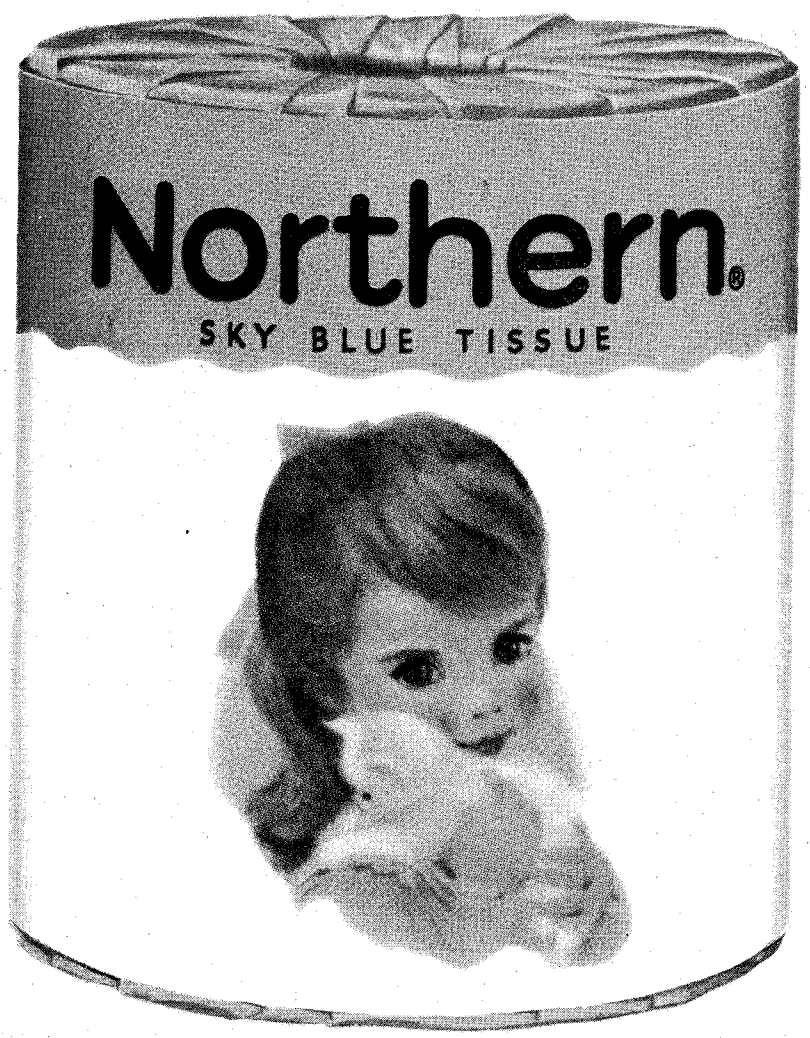

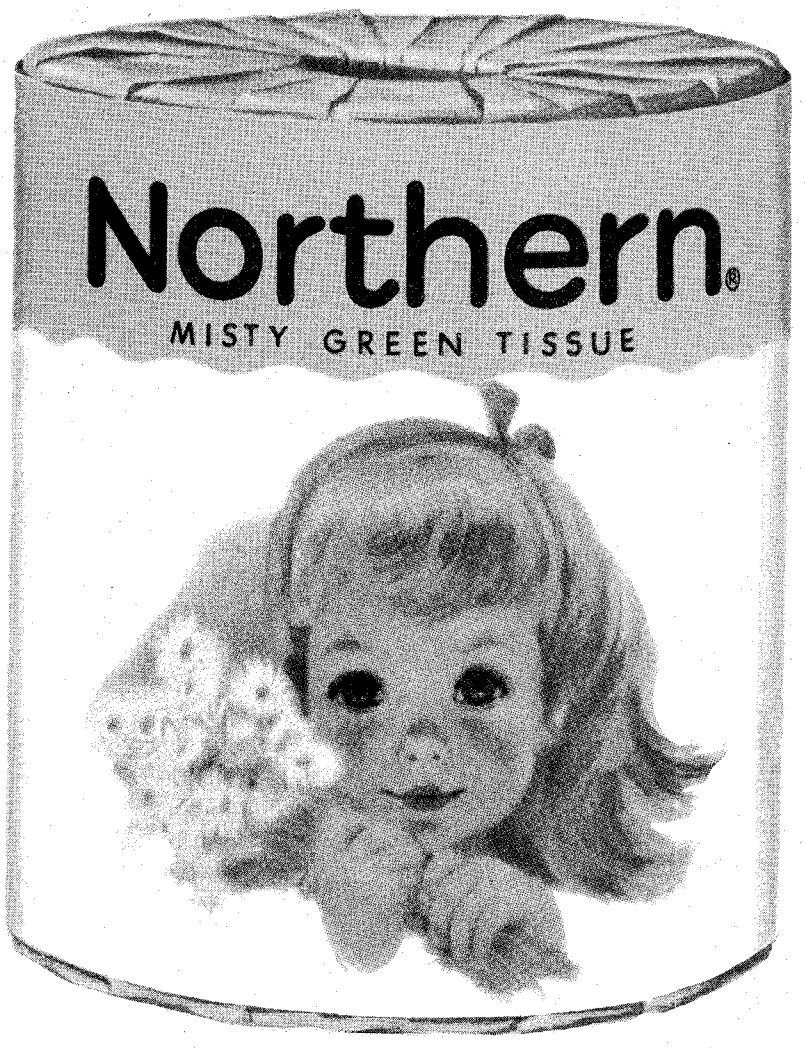

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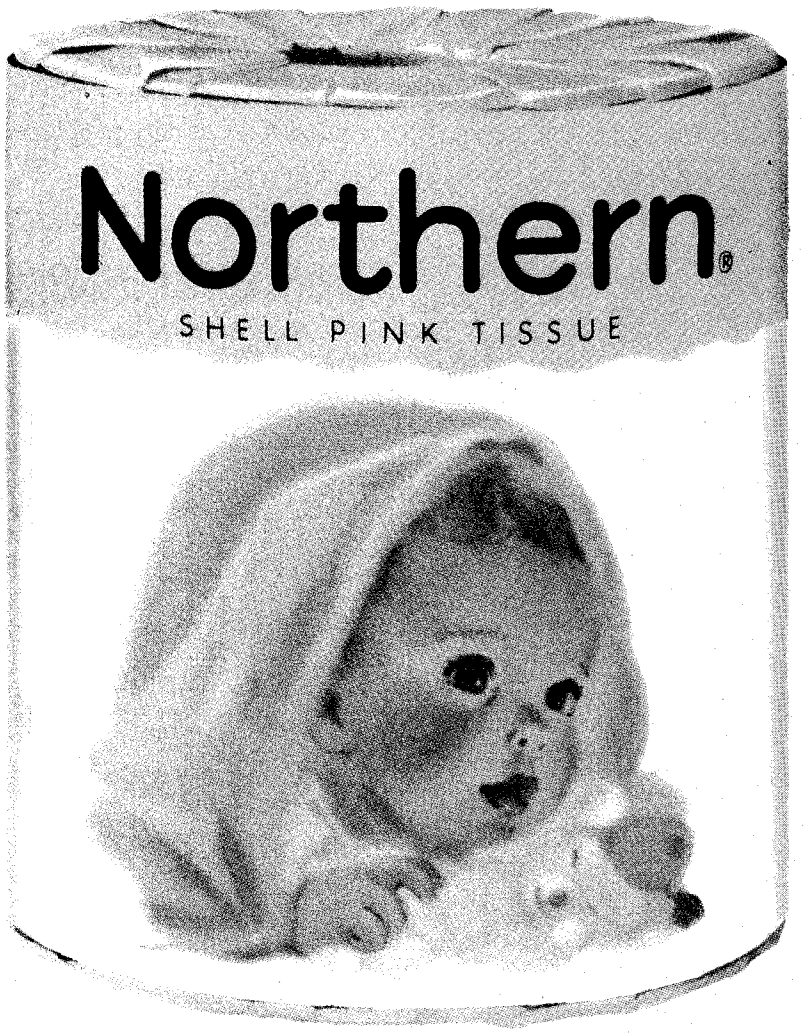

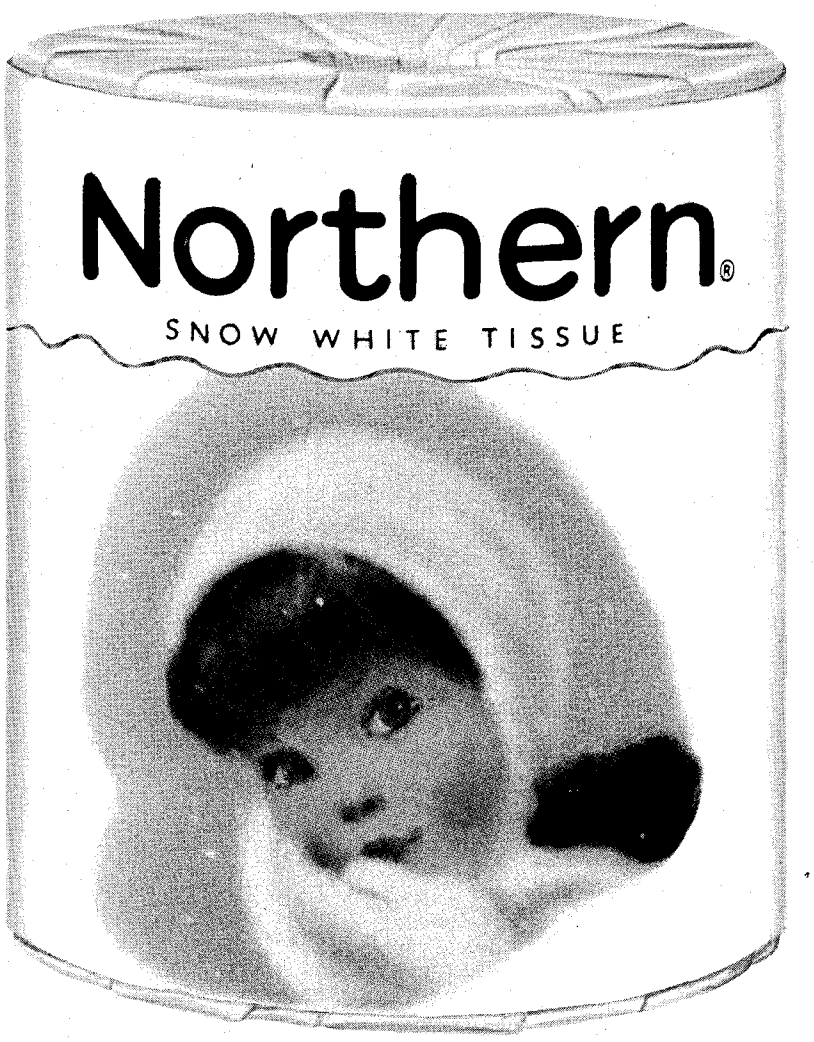

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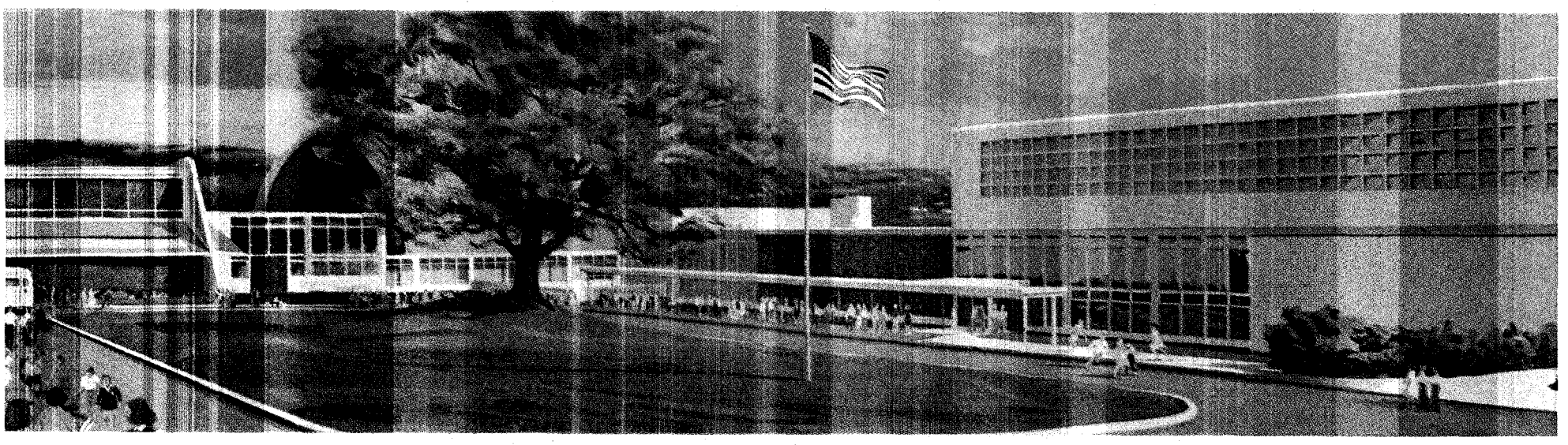

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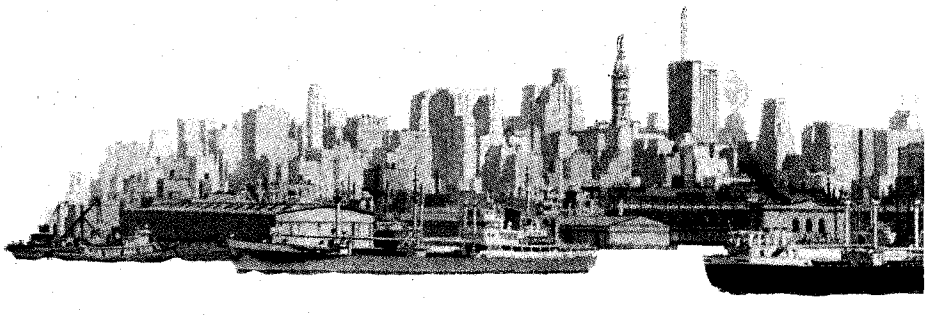

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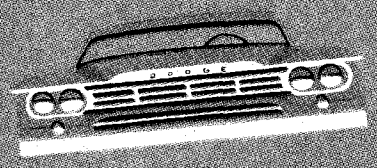

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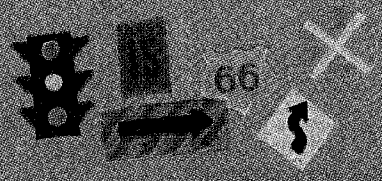

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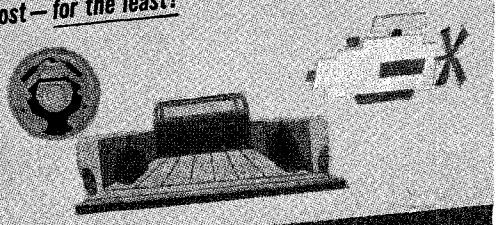

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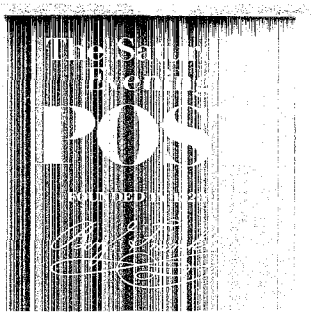


The Struggle to Get Hoffa

Part One KENNEDY SETS A SNARE

Here is a famous reporter's full documented story of one of the great clashes of our time, between power-hungry Jimmy Hoffa, head of the world's biggest labor union, and young Bob Kennedy, who wages a "holy crusade" to overthrow the Teamsters' boss.

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

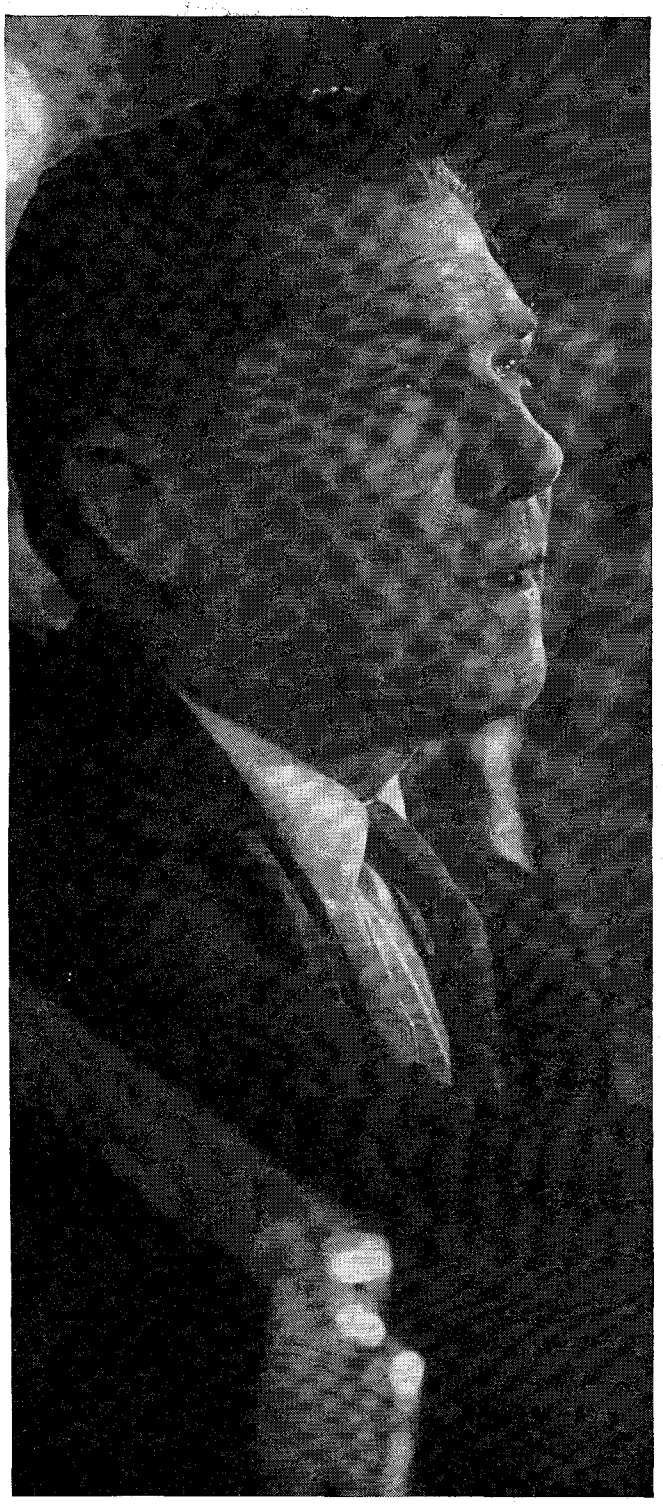
One dark, wet February night two and a half years ago, Robert F. Kennedy left the Senate Office Building about 6:30 P.M. and drove alone, fast and skillfully, to a house on the outskirts of Washington to keep a dinner date with James R. Hoffa. Kennedy, a slender Harvard graduate of thirty-three, is the chief counsel of the Senate committee headed by Sen. John L. McClellan which is still investigating labor rackets. Hoffa is president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America—the Teamsters Union, Kennedy's chief target.

At that time the committee had just been formed. Everybody knew that Kennedy's first target would be mighty Dave Beck, then president of the Teamsters. But behind the scenes there had been a good deal of maneuvering concerning Hoffa, Beck's heir apparent. For several weeks a man named Eddie Cheyfitz, who died last month of a heart attack at the age of forty-five, had been urging Kennedy to see Hoffa and, independently, urging Hoffa to see Kennedy. Cheyfitz, a slight, quick-witted Washington lawyer and manipulator, formerly had been a Teamster public-relations man and he was also friendly with Kennedy.

"Cheyfitz kept telling me," Kennedy recalls, "that Hoffa was a good influence, but Beck was a bad one. He said Hoffa would answer any questions I had and was anxious to talk to me."

At the same time Cheyfitz had been urging Hoffa to meet Kennedy. Hoffa recalls, "I said, 'For what?' He said, 'He'd like to talk to you.' I said, 'I got nothing to talk to him about.'" Finally Cheyfitz prevailed upon Hoffa and Kennedy to dine at Cheyfitz's house on February 19, 1957.

A week before that, however, a new event had occurred. Kennedy had received a call from a lawyer, John Cye Cheasty, who said that Hoffa had hired him to get a job as a committee investigator and spy for him. Cheasty volunteered to work secretly for Kennedy. Kennedy hired him. Cheasty had been operating as a double agent for a week now, receiving information about the committee's



Teamster president James R. Hoffa: "I said, 'Listen, Bobby, you run your business and I'll run mine. Let's don't have no problems.' He was very unhappy because I called him Bobby."

Senate committee counsel Robert F. Kennedy: "I think Hoffa's a very evil influence in the United States, and something has got to be done about it. If no one else is going to do it, we will."

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The Kennedy family at their Virginia estate. Their six youngsters range in age from Kathleen, 7, to Michael, 1. Mrs. Kennedy is expecting her seventh child next month.

doings from Kennedy and, watched by FBI agents, transmitting it to Hoffa.

Kennedy and Hoffa never had met. "My first impression of Hoffa," Kennedy recalls, "is how short he was." Hoffa stands five feet five and a half inches tall. He weighs 180 pounds. "He seemed affable and friendly," Kennedy recalls. "But the meeting was strained. I bantered with him—I think the first thing I said was, 'I guess I should be wearing my bulletproof vest.' He said I should tell my wife he wasn't so bad as the newspapers made him appear."

Hoffa recalls, "I can tell by how he shakes hands what kind of fellow I got. I said to myself, 'Here's a fella thinks he's doing me a favor by talking to me.'"

Cheyfitz had a drink. Hoffa never drinks. Kennedy refused one too. At dinner they made small talk, somewhat haltingly. Kennedy recalls, "My main impression is that Hoffa spent most of the evening telling me how tough he was. He said people were always trying to destroy him and he had to fight back and destroy them. He talked about his police record, about fights he'd had."

After dinner in the living room Cheyfitz and Hoffa sat down and Kennedy stood, his back to the fire. He recalls, "I guess Eddie Cheyfitz thought we weren't getting any place because he blurted out something about let's get down to business." He set Kennedy and Hoffa to talking about the Teamsters Union. They discussed Teamster officials, including Beck, and racketeers that Kennedy was investigating. Hoffa seemed disarmingly frank. About 9:30 P.M. Kennedy left.

"We parted very friendly," he recalls. "I think Hoffa and Cheyfitz felt the evening had been a success—that they were dealing with a nice boy and if we'd all sit down and talk things over, I'd go away. Besides, why wouldn't Hoffa feel good—he had Cye Cheasty going for him too. He thought."

Hoffa's own recollection of the evening is different. He has said, "He had the idea that a union is supposed to operate like a social club. I told him about our union. He asked a lot of personal questions—how I got into the union, how much a labor leader earned, and so on. It was as though he was asking, with my limited education what right did I have to run a union like this? The meeting accomplished nothing. After he left I said, 'Well, he's a damn spoiled jerk.' Eddie Cheyfitz said, 'You gotta get to know him.' I said, 'You know 'um, I don't wanta know 'um.'" And then, grinning, "The next time I saw 'um, I was locked up."

That was the first intimate meeting—and the last—of two men who were to become bitter antagonists in one of the nation's great power struggles. More than two years later, Kennedy is still trying to bring Hoffa to earth. But the story of their combat involves far more than the men themselves. It involves, basically, a study in power—the enormous economic power of the Teamsters on the one hand and on the other the enormous political power of the United States Senate.

The Teamsters Union is the biggest union in the world with more than 1,500,000 members. Because it controls truck transportation, it possesses the awesome power to stop the United States in its tracks. The McClellan committee's investigation is one of the biggest ever, to be compared only with such investigations as those of Teapot Dome in the 1920's and banking and securities in the 1930's. They exposed wrongdoing by big business; the McClellan committee alone has gone after big labor.

The investigation sent shock waves through both political parties and the labor movement. It raised large questions: the uses and abuses of the Fifth Amendment, the uses and abuses of the power of congressional investigation, the rights of individual workingmen in a labor union and the rights of an individual witness before a congressional committee.

This is the story, then, of a great congressional investigation and the man who led it,

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Bob Kennedy. It is the story of a great union and the man who led it, Jimmy Hoffa. It is the story of the collision of two of the most powerful forces in American life.

First, let us see how the investigation began and what Bob Kennedy is like. Next week we shall study the Teamsters Union and Jimmy Hoffa. In ensuing installments we shall follow the unfolding clash.

The committee offices are located in Room 101 of the big, old, blocky Senate Office Building on Capitol Hill. Room 101 looks shabby and cluttered; it has an atmosphere of hurry and confusion. Files are stacked everywhere. A certain gaiety pervades the office; nearly everybody here is young. A while back, on Kennedy's birthday, the staff held a birthday party in the office. They gave him a pair of cowboy gloves, a cap gun and a whodunit game.

Bob Kennedy is the only staff member with a private office. On the walls are a picture of the destroyer Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., named for Kennedy's older brother who was killed during the war; and various awards Bob Kennedy has received, such as "outstanding young man of the United States" from the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, and a framed copy of a portion of a speech by Winston Churchill: "We shall not flag or fail . . . we shall never surrender." Kennedy is a dogged, righteous man, and an acquaintance of his has said, "His pursuit of Jimmy Hoffa has become a holy crusade."

Bob Kennedy is a slender, handsome young man, standing five feet ten inches and weighing 150. Kennedy's trade-mark is the shock of dark-blond hair falling loosely over his forehead. He peers out from under it; it blows in the wind as he drives his big convertible. He has hard, direct, blue eyes. He has white, even teeth that protrude slightly. He is tanned. He wears narrow-shouldered dark-blue suits, button-down collars and narrow neckties. At his desk he takes off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and loosens his tie. He moves fast and handles his body well, like an athlete. He runs upstairs and downstairs.

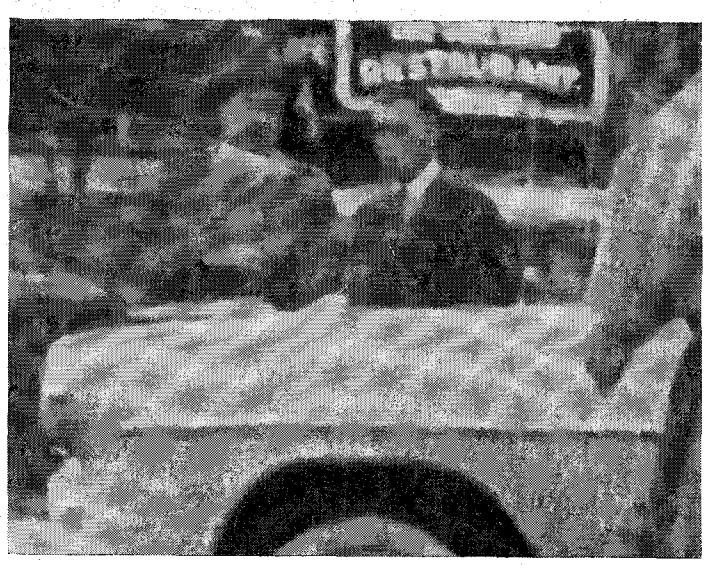
He has a high-pitched, penetrating nasal voice. He speaks with a flat Boston accent. His expression in repose is sober, but he has a quick, infectious, flashing smile. He thinks fast. His memory is remarkable. He is intense, hard-driving, highly competitive. He and his brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands play touch football; an acquaintance has said, "When the Kennedys play touch football, it's murder." The wife of his brother, Sen. John Kennedy, once broke a leg playing Kennedy touch football.

Bob Kennedy is suspicious and always on his guard. He drinks sparingly. He works up to eighteen hours a day and often has a sandwich and a glass of milk sent to his desk for lunch. He drives his staff just as hard. Staffers converse with him as equals—but when he wants something done, he wastes little time on the amenities, issues orders curtly. Some people think him authoritarian. In many of these qualities—aggressive, competitive, hard-driving, authoritarian, suspicious, temperate, at times congenial and at others curt—he is remarkably like his antagonist, Jimmy Hoffa.

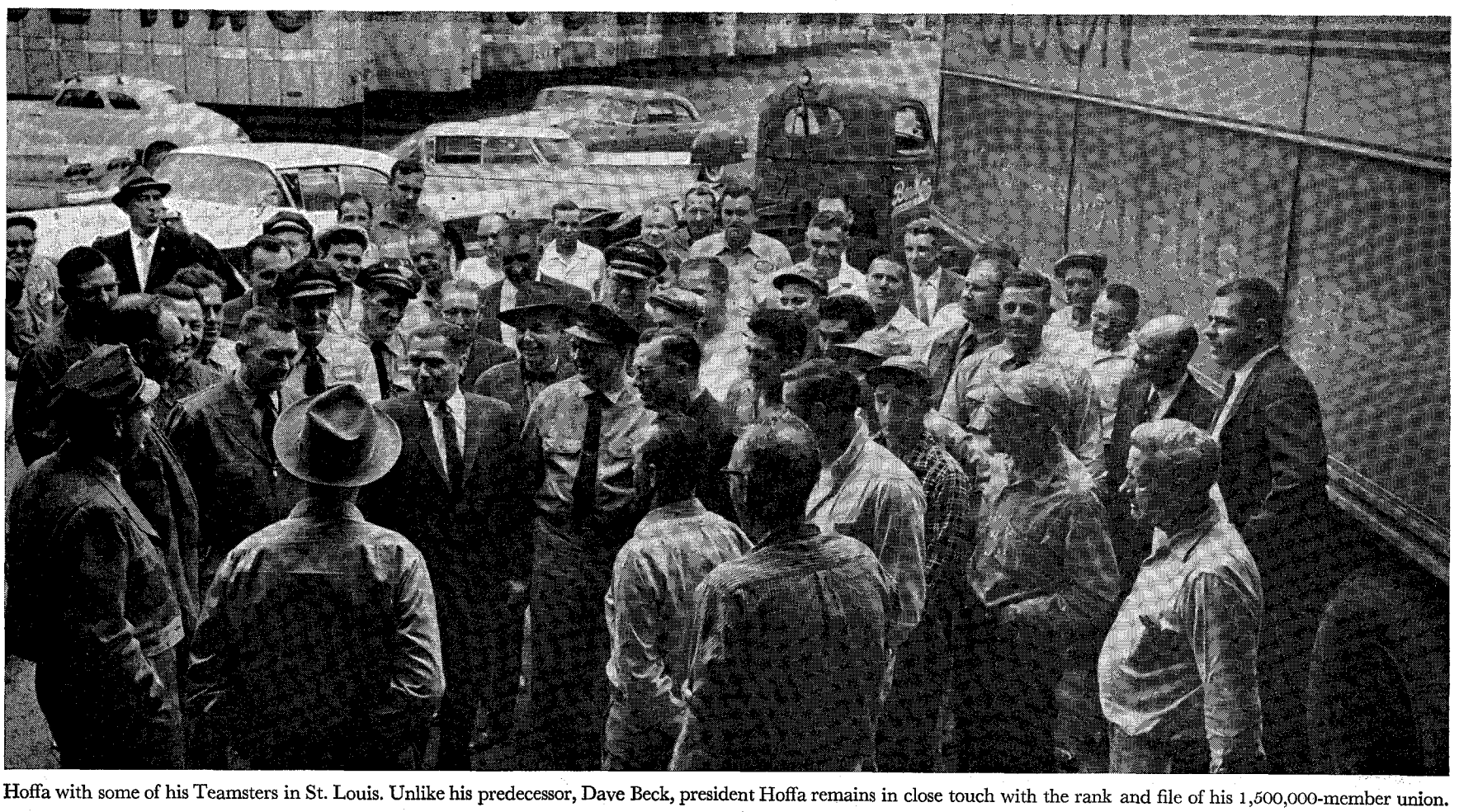
Kennedy lives a gilded existence. Born to wealth and married to a wealthy woman, he lives in a beautiful house on spacious, landscaped grounds in McLean, Virginia, rolling hill country dotted with white rail fences and old trees outside Washington. The house is old and gracious, with high ceilings, crystal chandeliers, white woodwork, gold draperies, marble fireplace, candlelighted dining room.

Often Kennedy arises at 6:30 A.M. to ride horseback before (Continued on Page 92)

Probably the most influential man around Hoffa is his "executive assistant," Harold Gibbons (right), the onetime Socialist who is often referred to as "the Teamsters' egghead."



This picture, taken from movies made by the FBI, shows Senate agent John Cye Cheasty (left) delivering committee documents to Hoffa. On the basis of this evidence Hoffa was brought to trial two years ago for bribery but was acquitted.



Hoffa with some of his Teamsters in St. Louis. Unlike his predecessor, Dave Beck, president Hoffa remains in close touch with the rank and file of his 1,500,000-member union.

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LAZIEST STAR IN TENNIS

In the Davis Cup matches last December, lackadaisical Alex Olmedo proved that he was the best amateur tennis player in the world. Now what are his chances of being goaded into winning at Wimbledon?

March, 1959: The triumphant Olmedo, who is a Peruvian, getting a hero's welcome from some of the 10,000 well-wishers who turned out to greet him at the Lima airport on his first visit home in five years. He is an undergraduate at Southern California.

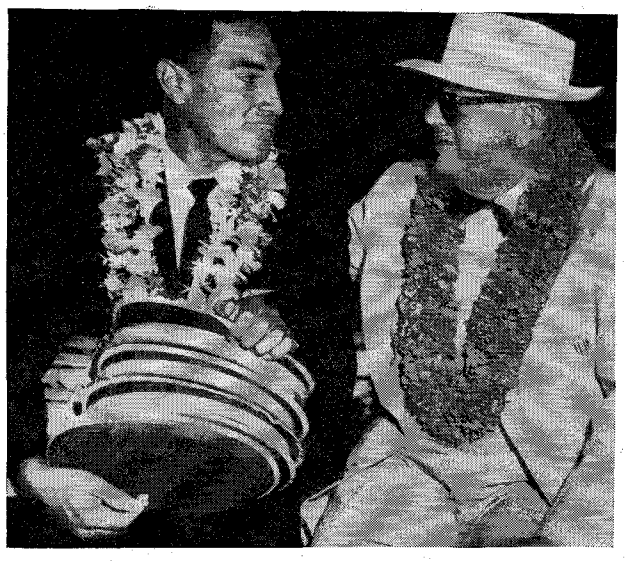
By WILL GRIMSLEY

In the early stages of the tennis campaign in Australia last December, Alex (The Chief) Olmedo, the United States' lend-lease Davis Cup representative from Peru, was discovered one day sitting in a remote section of Melbourne's Kooyong Stadium, staring blankly into space.

"Daydreaming, Alex?" someone asked.

"Just wishing," replied Olmedo, who at times still has trouble with his verbs in the English language. "I wish I am back home sitting on a hill with a wife and children all around me. No problems. No worries."

On another occasion Olmedo went into a sudden tail spin during an important match.



Olmedo with his Davis Cup team captain, Perry Jones. "Olmedo has as much natural ability as any player I ever saw," says Jones.

He had won the first set easily. In the second set his attention wandered. He gazed at the sky. His eyes searched the stadium. He waved to a friend in the broadcasting booth. His riflelike placements gave way to inexcusable errors. Soon he had frittered away the set.

Olmedo finally pulled himself together and squeezed out the match, but everybody continued to wonder what had happened to him in that second set.

"Well, I tell you," Alex explained to a companion. "I start thinking out there, 'What am I doing here in front of all these people like a monkey in a cage?' I say to myself, 'Here it is one hundred degrees in the shade and I run myself dizzy chasing a little white ball—and not a peso in it.' How stupid can I be?"

This is typical of Alejandro Olmedo Rodriguez, a leisure-loving Latin who is driving himself, apparently for reasons of security, toward the goal of becoming the best tennis player in the world. Men who know the game say he cannot miss—if he can avoid those periodic excursions to nowhere on Cloud Nine.

"Olmedo has as much natural ability as any player I ever saw," says Perry Jones, the seventy-one-year-old United States Davis Cup captain, out of whose tennis domain in Southern California have come such stars as Ellsworth Vines, Bobby Riggs, Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales. "On the court he is like poetry in motion. There is never a quick, jerky motion. He just glides, like water. His shots are like beautiful geometric designs. If he had Gonzales' desire to win, no one would touch him."

Jack Kramer, who served as Jones' aide in the Davis Cup campaign, calls Alex a "*mañana* player," meaning that he is inclined to put off until tomorrow anything that doesn't absolutely have to be done today.

"Olmedo is basically lazy," says Kramer. "He doesn't like to prepare himself for a match, mentally or physically. Most of the time he won't eat properly or approach a match with the right attitude. He acts as though he has the world on a string, but underneath he actually has little confidence in himself. He needs to be goaded constantly. But give him an incentive and make him feel he is a world beater, and then he is terrific. That is what happened in Australia."

In steamy, subtropical Brisbane during the week between Christmas and the new year, the dreamy Peruvian became a tiger—a court killer who pulled off the biggest Davis Cup upset of the generation, perhaps of all time. Olmedo cut down Australia's top stars, Wimbledon champion Ashley Cooper and Malcolm Anderson, who were rated the No. 1 and No. 2 amateur players in the world. He also teamed with Ham Richardson to win the doubles. Thus he had a role in all three of the victories needed to bring the Davis Cup back to the United States.

The transformation of this lackadaisical youth into a poised and determined champion was the result of a thorough and painstaking psychological build-up job. Several people had a role in the operation. Chief of these was Perry Jones, the plump and eccentric team captain, who never lost faith in the boy from Peru. Another was Jack Kramer, who threw in all the acumen and resources of his troupe of hardened professionals. Pancho Gonzales, the pro king, came on to serve as a tactical and inspirational spearhead. Behind the scenes Kramer's

(Continued on Page 89)

Alex in action on the opening day of the 1958 Davis Cup matches. Psychologically primed to be at his peak, he won decisively. But on other occasions he has daydreamed himself out of a victory.

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The Untold Story of Little Rock

© 1959 by Virgil T. Blossom

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM, Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

THE DARKEST HOUR

Author Blossom: "Where do we go from here? The Supreme Court's decisions are here to stay. There must be leadership that will open the countless minds now closed."

In a final act of defiance Faubus and the rabid segregationists shut down Central High School, and the author was dismissed from his job. But the real victims of the disaster were the white children of Little Rock.

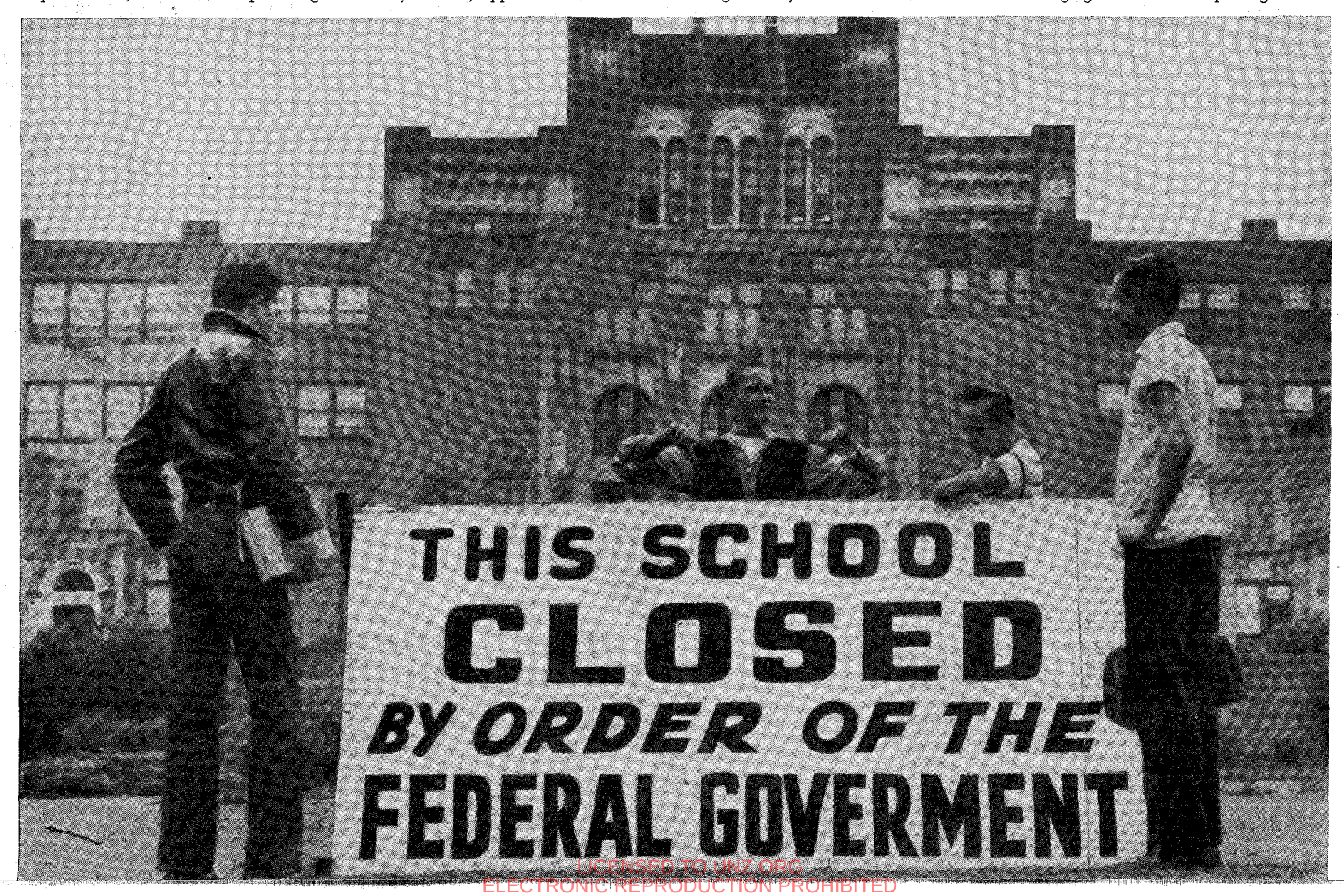
Conclusion

A year is a short time in which to change the social or political complexion of a community of 120,000 persons. But in a little more than twelve months of emotional controversy over integration of nine Negro children, Little Rock's excellent system of free public education was demoralized, unprecedented arbitrary powers over schools were surrendered to the governor and some of the cherished liberties of Arkansas citizens were negated by fear of economic boycott.

After vainly trying to evade responsibility for enforcement of the United States Supreme Court school desegregation decisions, Gov. Orval E. Faubus surrendered to the pressure of southern segregationists to thwart the law. When it served his political purposes, he skillfully confused the issue of law obedience with talk of Jeffersonian democracy and Jacksonian democracy and—reluctantly edging toward the twentieth century—the Civil War conflict over States' rights. And, finally, he provided the leadership that turned a co-operative and law-abiding people with excellent race relations into a divided and hate-plagued community, where almost all but an extremist minority were afraid to speak their minds.

The people of Little Rock were forced into a public role that was undeserved by the majority and (Continued on Page 106)

September 30, 1958: The misspelled sign below mysteriously appeared in front of Central High shortly after Faubus closed the school. Segregationists denied putting it there.



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Something hard, brutal, clamped around her throat.

THE DARK FOREST

By RONALD SERCOMBE

She had been warned to stay away from this place, and now she knew why.

In the saddle she was straight, slender and as supple as the slash pines that murmured above the sun-dappled trail over which she rode. The horse moved quietly because the brown carpet of needles absorbed the thump of hoofs. The girl's eyes matched the green of the forest, but her hair was as black as the smoldering stumps along the fire lane.

Kathy O'Steen was her name, and as she rode she sang softly a song she had heard at the turpentine camp. Her voice was a pleasant contralto.

"*From the tallest of the pine,*
From the fattest of the pine,
Come the thing we want—
Come the turpentine. Oh-ho, Hallelujah!"

She sang, not for the joy of it, but even as a little boy whistles as he hurries past a graveyard because near here, two days ago, death had struck, savagely and swiftly.

Noel Tanner, foreman of the O'Steen turpentine farm, was dead. Isaac Tanner, his somber, older brother, was at large—probably hiding out in the almost impenetrable marshlands of Big Cypress.

Deputy Sheriff Tatum was convinced that Noel Tanner had been murdered with a hack—a hatchetlike instrument with a heavily weighted stock which was used to chip and bark pine trees. And it was said around the camp that two nights before Noel's death the brothers had argued about their mutual savings. Noel wanted to buy a car; Isaac wanted land.

"Stay out of the woods," Tatum had warned Kathy. "Isaac is probably desperate. No tellin' who he may pick on next."

Tatum was a newcomer to North Florida. Sheriff Gates had died suddenly. The new sheriff had shaken up the entire department and appointed a dozen deputies. Tatum, tall, tough, taciturn and ambitious, already had established a reputation for his determination to uphold law and order.

Kathy had considered, then disregarded, Tatum's warning. (Continued on Page 74)

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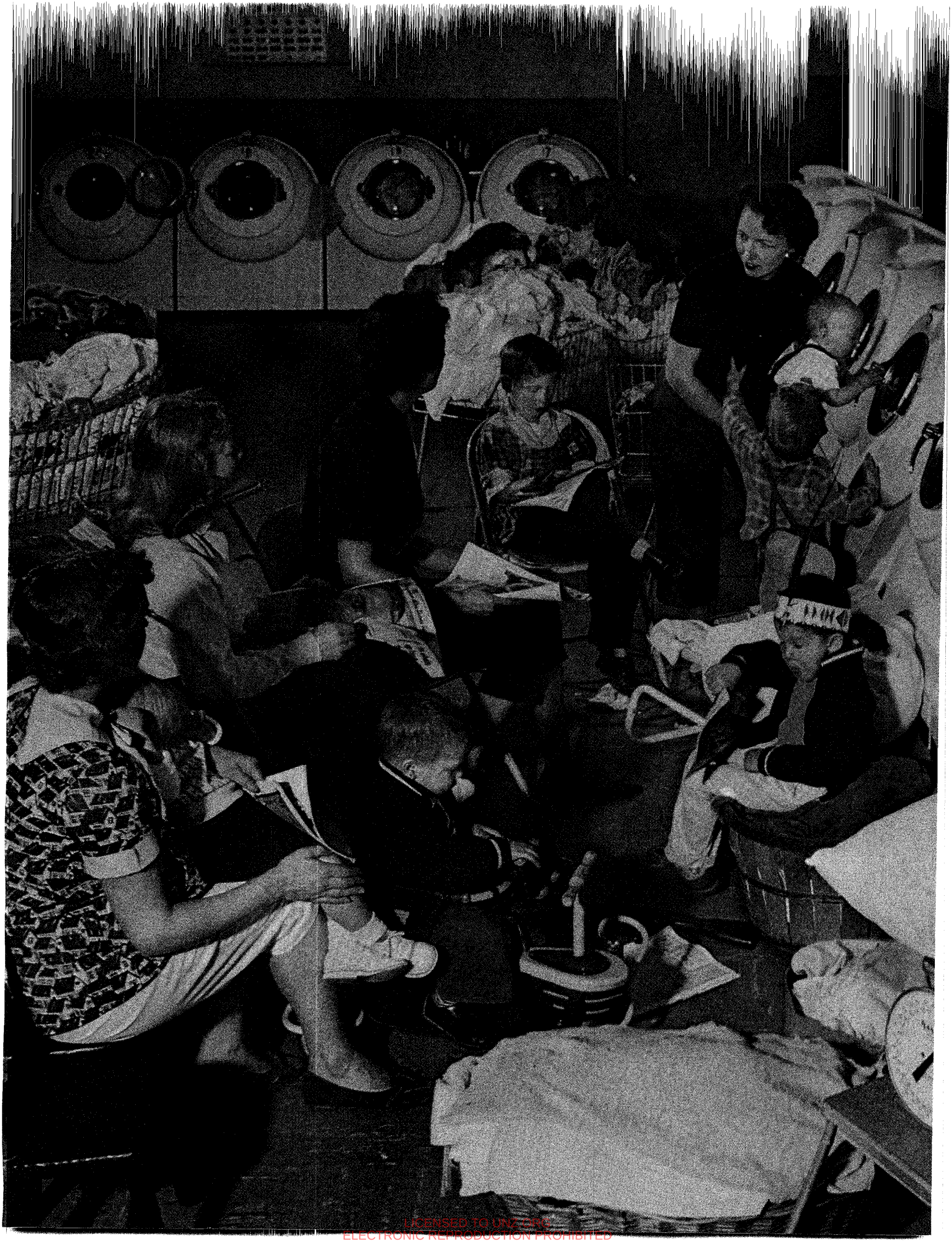

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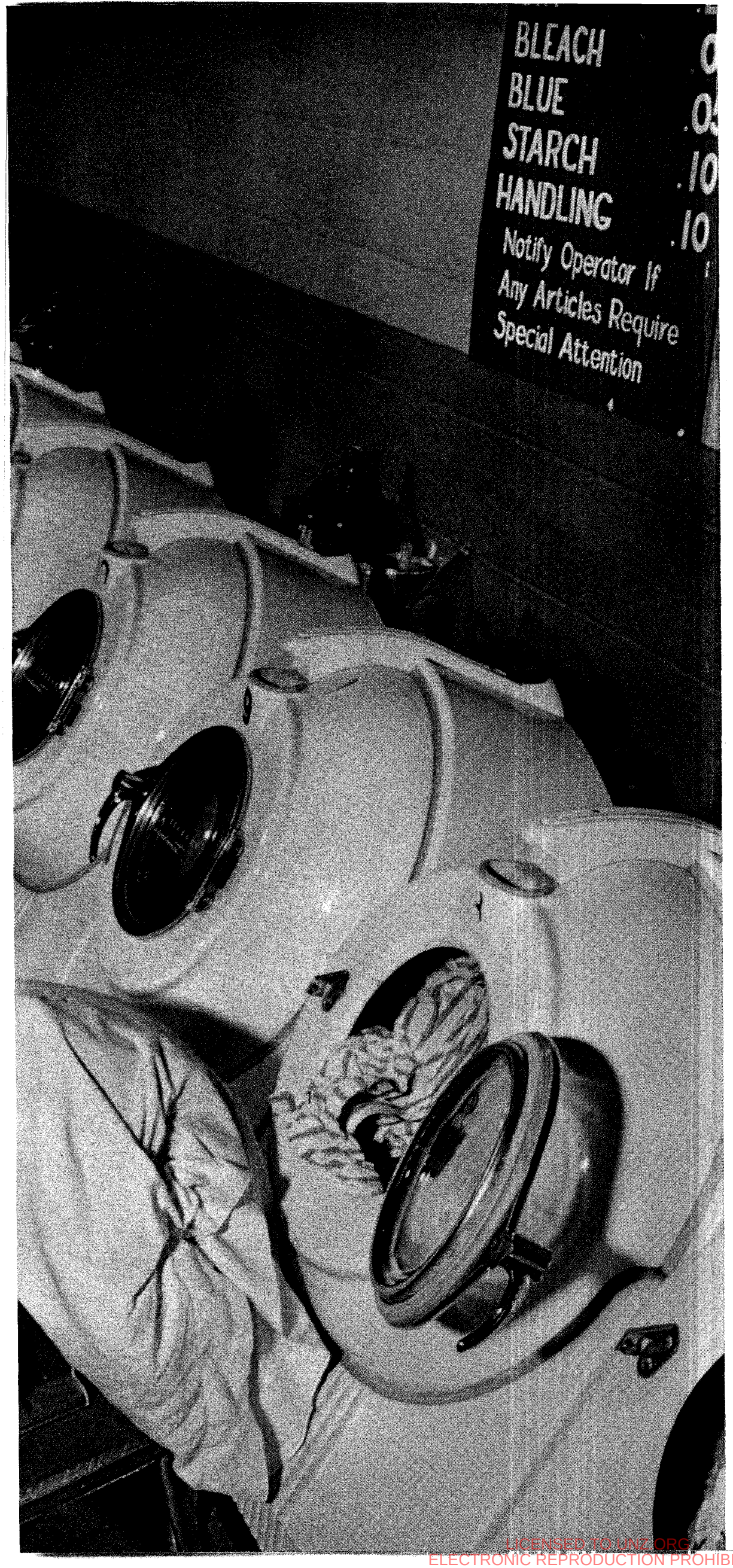
The Face of AMERICA

Social Gathering



In many parts of the world the women of the village still gather at the riverbank to do the washing and to exchange gossip. The essence of the custom also survives in this broad land called America, as the young wives and mothers at left demonstrate—even though they let electric robots do the physical scrubbing. Their children play, as do the children of Asia and Africa, to the sound of rushing water; the neighborhood grapevine provides news, whatever the locale, to add spice to a woman's day.

Ray Niehaus runs the Big Y Laundromat on the north edge of Medford (pop. 25,000), Oregon. He keeps twenty-one eight-pound-load machines busy six days a week from six A.M. until seven-thirty P.M. He operates five driers. You can go to the Big Y with a whole week's washing and take it all home ready to iron. It costs thirty cents a load—Niehaus provides the soap at no extra charge. In Medford—a lumbering and fruit-packing center—many husbands and wives are working teams. For them Ray—or Ray's wife—will take the soiled laundry in the morning and have it ready, fresh and clean, at the close of the working day.

Ray's place handles about 250 customers a week. Saturday is the big day. An occasional husband does laundress duty, especially on Saturdays. His is likely to be a lonely chore; while doing the family linen he picks up many a peculiar earful from the girls, causing him to ask himself, "What am I doing here?"

Photograph by Jack Fields

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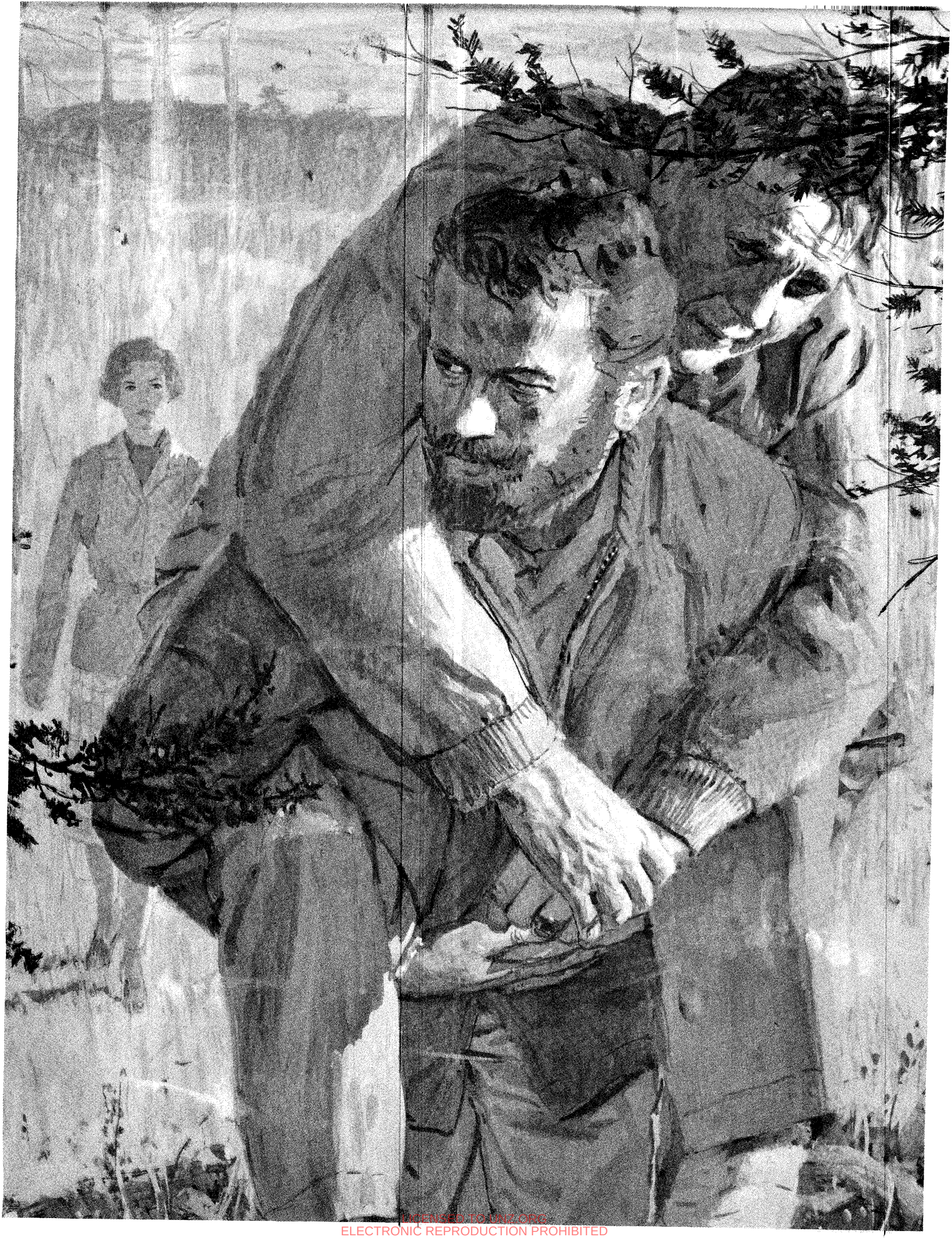

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Illustrated by Mac Conner

DEATH WALK

Halsted had one chance to live: By gambling another man's life. Beginning a gripping tale of wilderness adventure.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

A young free-miner by the name of Michael Clendon happened to be jogging through the Maxada sector of the British Columbia Coast Range that September afternoon, otherwise the float plane could have drowned Morgan Halsted and his daughter, Linnea, and the world no wiser. As it was, Linn Halsted and her father very nearly bought it, the margin between life and death honed as fine as Mike Clendon's ax bit.

Their light plane was trailing its shadow across a ridge top, much too low and slow for safety in an alpine area of violent drafts, when up from a brown pond flapped a very large white bird. It approached them head on, wings flailing, the tips appearing to meet under its belly.

"A goose," Linn identified it. She was a calm girl, no back-seat pilot. She felt no slightest premonition of danger.

"Guess again, Linny." Morg Halsted had a big voice; he scarcely needed to rev it above normal pitch, even with the ridges bouncing sound waves back at them. "That's a swan. But it don't look like any maid in a heavenly dream to me. It looks ——"

Bird and downdraft struck together. The two-seater bucked through a burst pillow. Its wing stalled, the slope reached for it, the floats dragged heather. Water flared as the plane bounced like a skipped stone across the pond. The check was not solid—more the application of a gigantic brake. Linn's face, with forearm upflung to shield it, smacked hard, and the seat belt cut at her middle.

But the scream in her ears was not hers. She had never before heard or dreamed to hear such a sound from her father, or from any other human.

Mike Clendon didn't hear that screech. The plane, he had noted, wasn't the usual work-horse bush job such as Kinross Charter Flights operated, but a sportier proposition—red and cream with United States registration bold on the underwing.

He peered in mild interest; then, when the plane vanished, tucked thumbs under his packboard straps and resumed his journey. Apart from certain ghostly presences that visited his night fires on occasion, he was—or had been—the sole population of a wilderness block that could swallow Long Island. In the months since Dave Logan's plane had dumped him with grub, outfit and scarcely healed appendectomy scar at Mara Lake to the northeast of the Maxadas, Mike Clendon had heard no voice but his own.

The high country had weathered him. His colors were monochromes except for fiery hair overgrown into an Italian street-urchin effect, an apostolic beard of the same color, and ginger mustaches, which for lack of better diversion he had trained to sergeant-major spikes on either side of a craggy nose. He was twenty-four years old; he walked tall, although his shoulders had the slope that comes from hard labor imposed too young. Canada was his country, but the Scotland he had left as a boy of eleven haunted his voice and his spirit.

The Americans in their sports plane had slipped from his thoughts when the sound, which was rather an abrupt cessation of sound, struck through to him.

Reluctantly, scowling, he turned back on his course. The Yank pilot must have been drunk or in trouble to attempt a landing on

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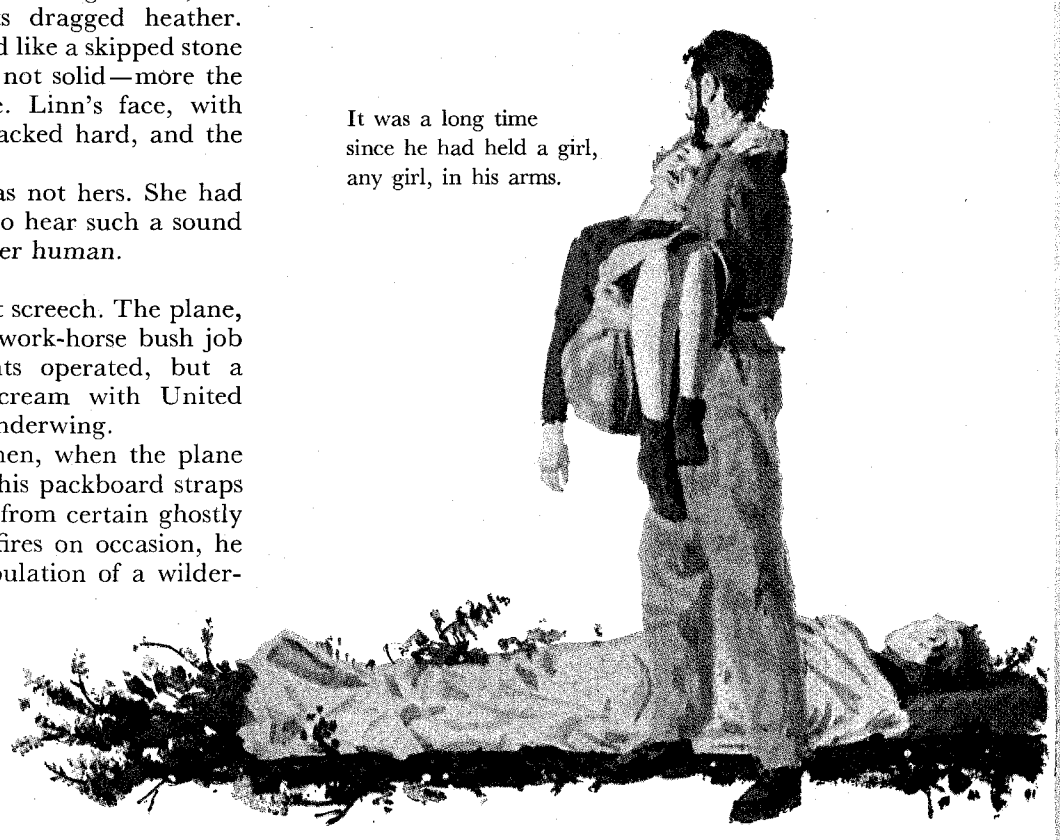

It was a long time since he had held a girl, any girl, in his arms.

Halsted hung on Mike's back, his arms over the young prospector's shoulders.

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Author Hatch (wearing glasses) with Dick Kilbourn, manager of WBIS, Bristol, Connecticut. "That first year I owned the station," says Hatch, "was a nightmare."

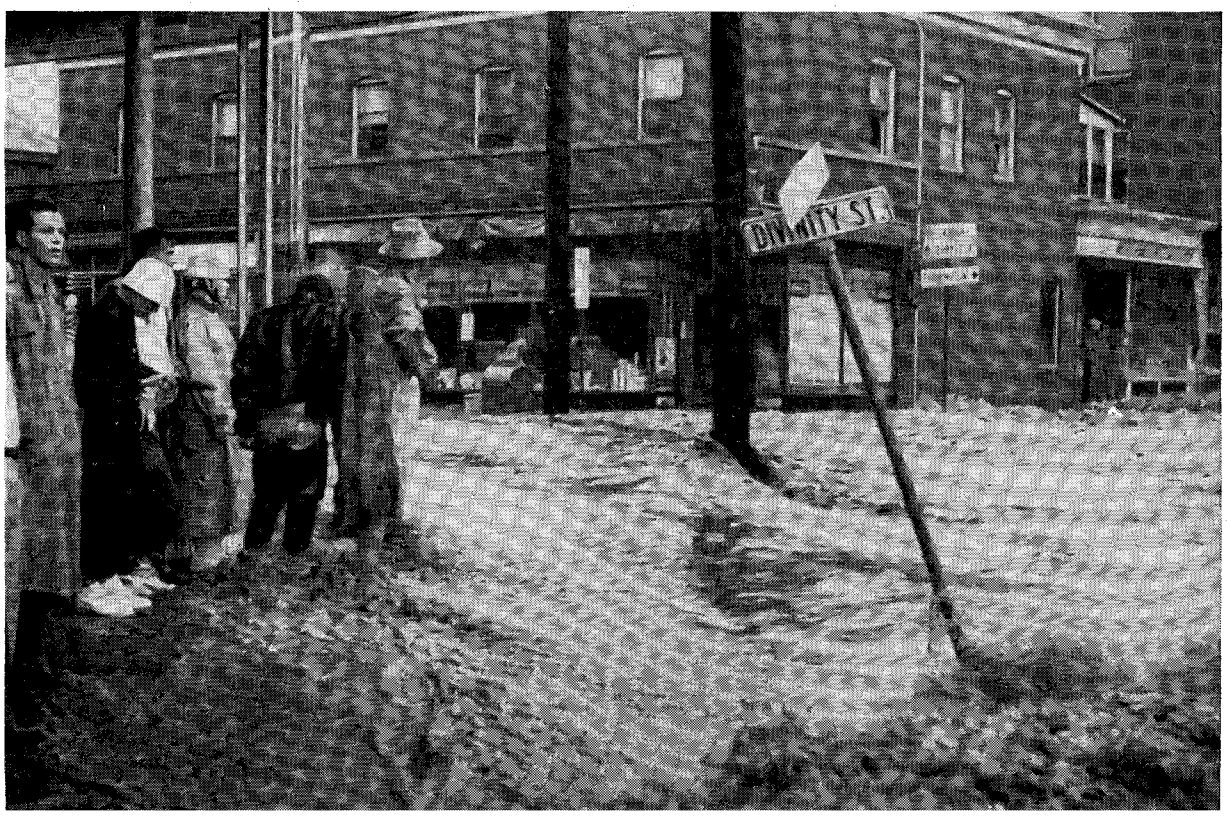
From left: Mrs. Hatch, her husband and their sons, Kent and Jonathon. She helped out in the early days by broadcasting her own women's program.

I Bet My Shirt on Thin Air

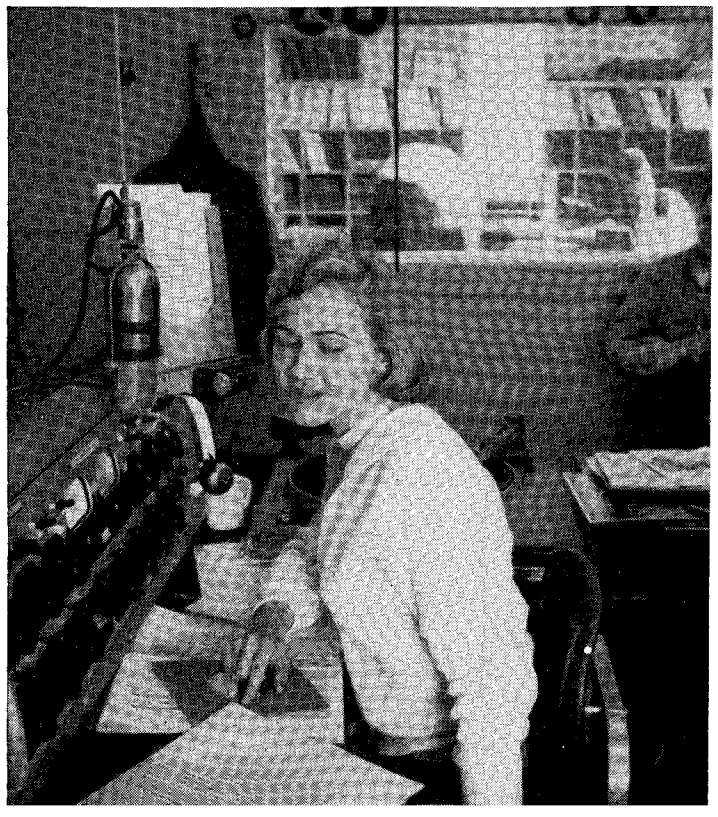
By ERIC HATCH

To provide for his autumn years, this successful author bought himself a radio station. Here's how he almost went broke learning the tricks of a totally unfamiliar business.

When the disastrous flood of 1955 knocked out Bristol's telephones, the mayor ran the town from a WBIS transmitter during the emergency. This public service established the station as Bristol's own.



Disk jockey Mary Lou Jankowski. She joined the station while still in high school, but is a full-time employee now.



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Idol of the teen-agers is Donn Holland, who broadcasts hit tunes for the high-school set. Hatch wanted announcers "for whom the listeners would feel a kind of affection."

People buy all kinds of odd things for all kinds of reasons. They buy, among other things, radio stations also for all kinds of reasons. They buy them for reasons politic, for glamour, for investment. I bought a local radio station in 1954. My reason was simplicity itself—desperation.

Several things combined to bring on the desperation. One was that I had spent twenty-five years in what amounted to solitary confinement, which is merely another way of saying I was a successful fiction writer, one of the loneliest jobs in the world. But the major reason—the frightening one—was that at the age of fifty-three it suddenly came to me that I had a wife years younger than I and two sons, Kent and Jonathon, aged seven and six, who were completely dependent on my writing for survival. What with income taxes and the high cost of living, no matter how much extra time I might spend in solitary confinement I could not possibly provide for their future.

In good writing years the Government shoveled my money into Fort Knox by the carload. In bad writing years—and all writers have them, just the way farmers have droughts—whatever was put by was eaten up. The realization of this became a nightmare. To know, at the age of fifty-three, that if you should drop dead or, worse, be incapacitated, your family and you would become charity cases is without doubt one of the most ghastly realizations that can come to a man. So there it was. After a quarter century of professional success, what had I achieved? A certain amount of fame—and utter and complete desperation.

Along about this time—in 1952—two things happened. One of them was that I came out of solitary confinement to head a large unit of the Citizens for Eisenhower in Nassau County, Long Island, and found that I loved working with people instead of fictional characters of my own imagining. The second was that some securities that I owned and had considered practically valueless suddenly became worth exactly $25,000.

Though nice to think about, this totally unexpected bonanza didn't by itself solve anything. With luck, however, it could become a means to an end if regarded as a prospector's grubstake. For instance, if it were placed on the daily double at Belmont Park, it could mean security. It could also disappear in approximately two minutes. But it did seem to me that, coming when it did, the grubstake was heaven-sent, and for that reason there must be something I was meant to do with it that at least would give me a sporting chance of again being able to sleep nights.

My wife Connie and I talked then about going into business—any business that would produce income that was not dependent on my writing. If a writer stops, the money stops. We talked about the hotel business and the motel business. We listened to people who had revenue-producing investment plans. Then we came to the highly practical conclusion that it would make better sense to go into some business that I at least knew something about.

This narrowed things down in a hurry. The only business I actually knew anything about was the entertainment business—movies, television, the

(Continued on Page 80)

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I put my arms around her and kissed her gently.

The Girl in the Window

By ROBERT FONTAINE

When you're young and in love, you don't care who knows it.

I'll never forget that summer if I live to be forty. I was seventeen then, and looking back on it from the viewpoint of maturity (I am nineteen now), I can see where I acted like a child. That it did not come out worse is remarkable.

Seventeen is a sort of in-between age, anyway. A fellow is not yet the man he is at nineteen. On the other hand, he is no longer a child.

To complicate matters, I was a dreamer in those far-off days, as well as a poet. Oh, don't get me wrong. I played halfback in high school and I was pretty good at basketball. But I did dream and I did secretly write poetry.

I dreamed a good deal about girls. One day my father asked me, "What are you dreaming about all the time?"

I said, "Girls."

"How?" he asked. "In a respectful manner, I hope."

"I dream they are goddesses, filled with tenderness. I worship them."

"Don't overdo it," my father said.

Actually I dreamed of one girl whom I called Helen. We fellows at school had had a bull session once and we had figured out what the perfect girl would look like. She had to have light hair; a nice complexion; a wide, generous mouth; a big smile; sparkling eyes; and a soft voice.

I adopted her for my own use, called her Helen and dreamed about her. None of the girls in school were anything like her.

That summer I went to work in a department store. I was the office boy to the window dresser, whose office was on the top floor under a skylight. His name was Firbank Monet, he insisted. He always had a bottle of wine in his desk. He wore a beret and a beard and corduroy trousers tied up with a piece of rope.

His office and warehouse was an astonishing place. It was filled with cardboard oceans and papier-mâché trees, paper daffodils and great red tropical blossoms made out of velvet.

Stretched out everywhere were mannequins. Some were whole, others had arms missing or torsos missing. You could change them around. If you liked one's face you could put the face on a different torso and then pick out the legs you wanted. There were also different-colored wigs you could put on their heads. If you got tired of a girl with red hair you could put green hair on her.

I put one together along the lines we fellows had talked about and I called her Helen. I told Monet she was sixteen years old and had been transformed into a mannequin by witches.

Monet told me it would not go well with me if I had been sampling his wine. I told him I rarely drank anything except my mother's Irish tea.

Now I had not only a dream Helen, I also had a fairly good representation of her. The mannequin Helen became very real to me. I sat her in a beach chair in a bathing suit under a palm tree by a cardboard sea, scarlet flowers by her side.

At first I would just look at Helen and smile and wish she were real. After a time, I would think out conversations. She would say this and I would say that. Eventually I spoke out loud to her. Oh, it was just for practice, the way my father roams around the house addressing invisible swarms of fellow aldermen.

"Helen," I said once, "you're so lovely, so gracious, so gentle and so beautiful that I will never understand by what stroke of fortune Heaven sent you to me."

Another time I said, "Helen, I shall love you forever. Until the mountains melt and the stars fall and day becomes night. You are what I have dreamed of all my life. I adore you. Promise you will never leave me."

I repeat, this was just a sort of rehearsal. I mean I was (Continued on Page 69)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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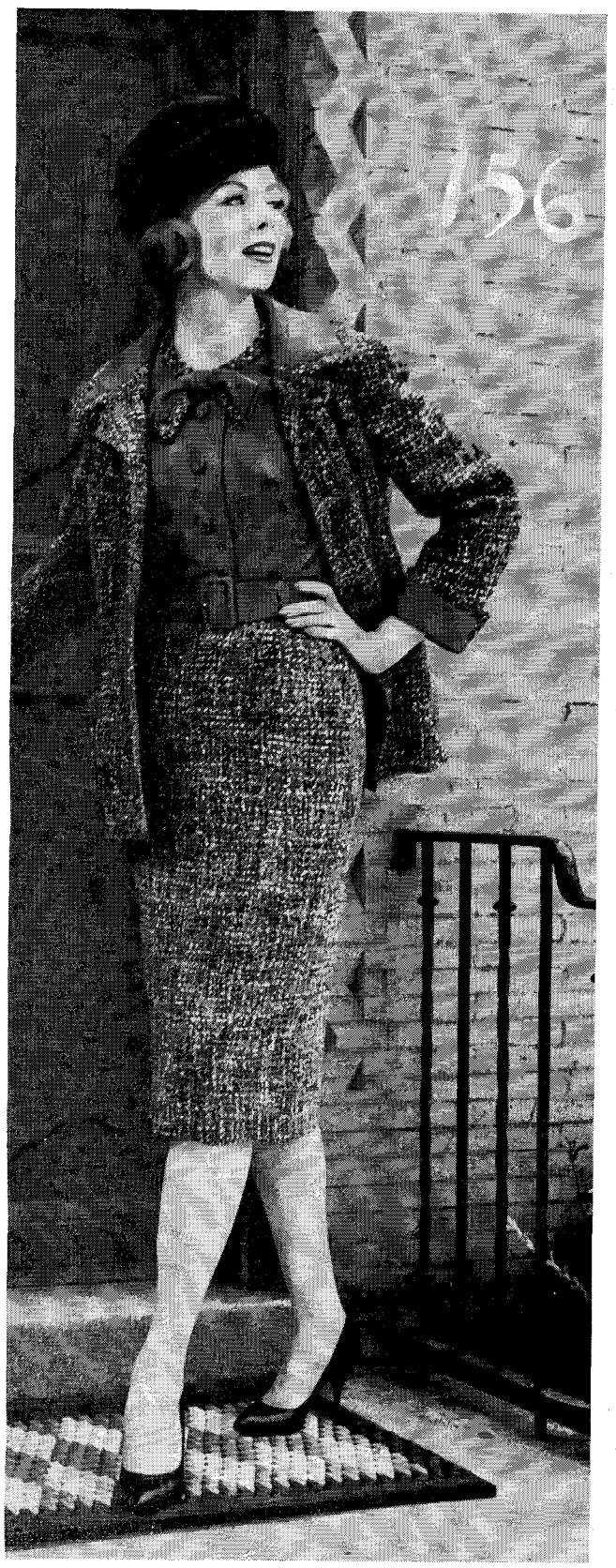
SHE KNOWS WHAT WOMEN WILL WEAR

By STANLEY FRANK

Tobé of New York has an uncanny knack for predicting the styles that will be the hits or flops of the season. As a result eager store owners pay $1000 a day for her advice.



The semifitted suit with a slightly longer jacket will get a big play this fall, says Tobé. Here also, a $250 mink "derby."

This after-five dress is cut from heavy black satin, with big bowlike panels styled after the Japanese obi, or sash. Under $150.

Fur-lined cloth coats, according to Tobé, are for women bored with mink. The neckpiece here is red fox, the lining hamster.

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Photographs by Ormond Gigli

Tobé at work in her New York town house. "No matter how extreme a style is," she says, "I never say women will not accept it. They always do, sooner or later."

Women's notions of heaven on earth often are as capricious as men's efforts to attain it, but most of the girls would settle happily for Mrs. Tobé Coller Davis' utopia. She talks about clothes incessantly, and people not only listen to her but pay as much as $1000 a day for the privilege. The leading fashion consultant in the country, Tobé's opinion of current styles and trends is regarded as the industry's most accurate barometer of what will be worn by American women who spend $12,000,000,000 a year on apparel and accessories.

Tobé's influence, like copies of the latest Paris designs, ranges through all price levels, from exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue to Sears, Roebuck's ready-to-wear racks. Her weekly reports evaluating innovations in all types of merchandise largely determine the orders placed by 1250 clients as far as six months in advance of seasonal requirements. When Tobé turns an imperious thumb down on a new wrinkle, stores hesitate to stock it, for results through the years have proved that adopting her advice is a sound investment in a notoriously tricky business.

"Every other industry is overrun with crystal-gazers, but Tobé is the only recognized oracle of fashion," declares Walter Hoving, president of Bonwit Teller in New York. "She's unique in her ability to analyze a trend and predict whether it will sell on the mass market. Retailers have complete confidence in her because she has no tie-ups with manufacturers and calls the shots exactly as she sees them."

Although Tobé is in her middle sixties, her appraisals of fashions are governed by an awareness of the changing social scene that would be unusual in a woman—or a man—half her age. When she tours a store to survey its inventory she looks like anyone's dear old grandmother idly shopping for a duplicate of the simple black dress she habitually wears during the day.

This benign air is a cover-up for her critical attitude toward the foibles and brainstorms of women she has been observing for nearly half a century. Her pet peeve is the overdressed clotheshorse who falls for the high-pressure nonsense of *haute couture*.

"Fully thirty per cent of women have poor taste in clothes," she says. "Even the best stores carry what the trade calls bad-taste merchandise for customers who demand it. Women who get decked out like freaks generally break their necks to buy the latest fashion whether or not it is suitable for them. No woman past twenty should wear a style that happens to be in vogue unless it is becoming to her. A truly chic woman is one whose clothes are appropriate for her figure, age and the occasion. If she can't afford a good modification of a new style, she should dress conservatively and spruce up her ensemble with smart accessories.

"The trouble is, women accept anything the stores promote. A few months ago it was the cloche hat, a monstrosity if ever there was one, then pointed shoes that killed their feet. Now the baby-doll dress, which originally was meant only for young, slim girls, is being worn by mature, hippy women. I wonder what they see when they look at themselves in a full-length mirror. They must be blinded by vanity."

Most authorities agree that women dress primarily to impress other women. Tobé's interpretation of this female characteristic may provoke some highly unladylike reactions.

"Clothes give a woman a sense of social security because they are one of her few symbols of success. A man has the prestige of his work or the money he earns, but a housewife must get recognition vicariously. A new outfit is her way of saying, 'Look how smart I was to choose a good provider.' Career girls, who spend more on clothes than any other group, subconsciously are trying to prove they don't need husbands in order to dress better than their married friends.

"The only American women who actually need clothes to replace worn-out things are in the lowest income bracket. The rest buy for style, not utility. I suppose men think manufacturers and designers are in a conspiracy to make women's wardrobes obsolete every year. The industry stimulates this tendency, of course, but if it never raised a finger to push novelties, women would create excuses for getting new clothes when they want an emotional uplift. It's significant, though, that the majority are afraid to express their individuality in clothes. They prefer to follow the herd. The blunt truth is that women are concerned mainly with the status value of clothes."

Status value? That sounds like a Madison Avenue invention.

Tobé smiled. "It's just a fancy phrase for snob appeal. You find a lot of it in the fashion field. Labels of quality stores are more important to many women than the price or appearance of clothes. A suit may fit like a flour sack, but a woman feels superior if she can flash a label showing it comes from Fifth Avenue.

"At the opposite extreme, low-income families spend much more proportionately on children's clothes than middle- and upper-class people. Parents want to identify their children with a better environment, and new clothes are the most obvious way of doing it. Among poor families it's not unusual to go into debt to buy expensive wedding gowns for daughters.

"Changing status values constantly cause upheavals in an entire line. The prestige of mink, for instance, has driven practically all cheaper furs off the market. The average woman can't afford a mink coat, but she would rather own a mink stole than a full-length coat in something that attracts no attention. Silly competition always leads to degrees of snobbery. A fur-lined cloth coat now implies a woman is bored with mink. The cashmere coat suddenly was all the rage because it was the mark of a sophisticate who was contemptuous of peasants flaunting furs. Lord knows what will come next for the woman who has everything, and wants everybody to know it. Probably vicuña jackets lined with sable."

The most interesting facet of Tobé's work is the factors she considers in passing judgment on a new style. To gain her approval it must be: (1) adaptable for mass production (2) appropriate for the prevailing social pattern; (3) launched under the (Continued on Page 102)

"The chemise is a good style," Tobé says. "It will make a strong comeback this fall. It will be called the 'relaxed silhouette' or some such trick name."

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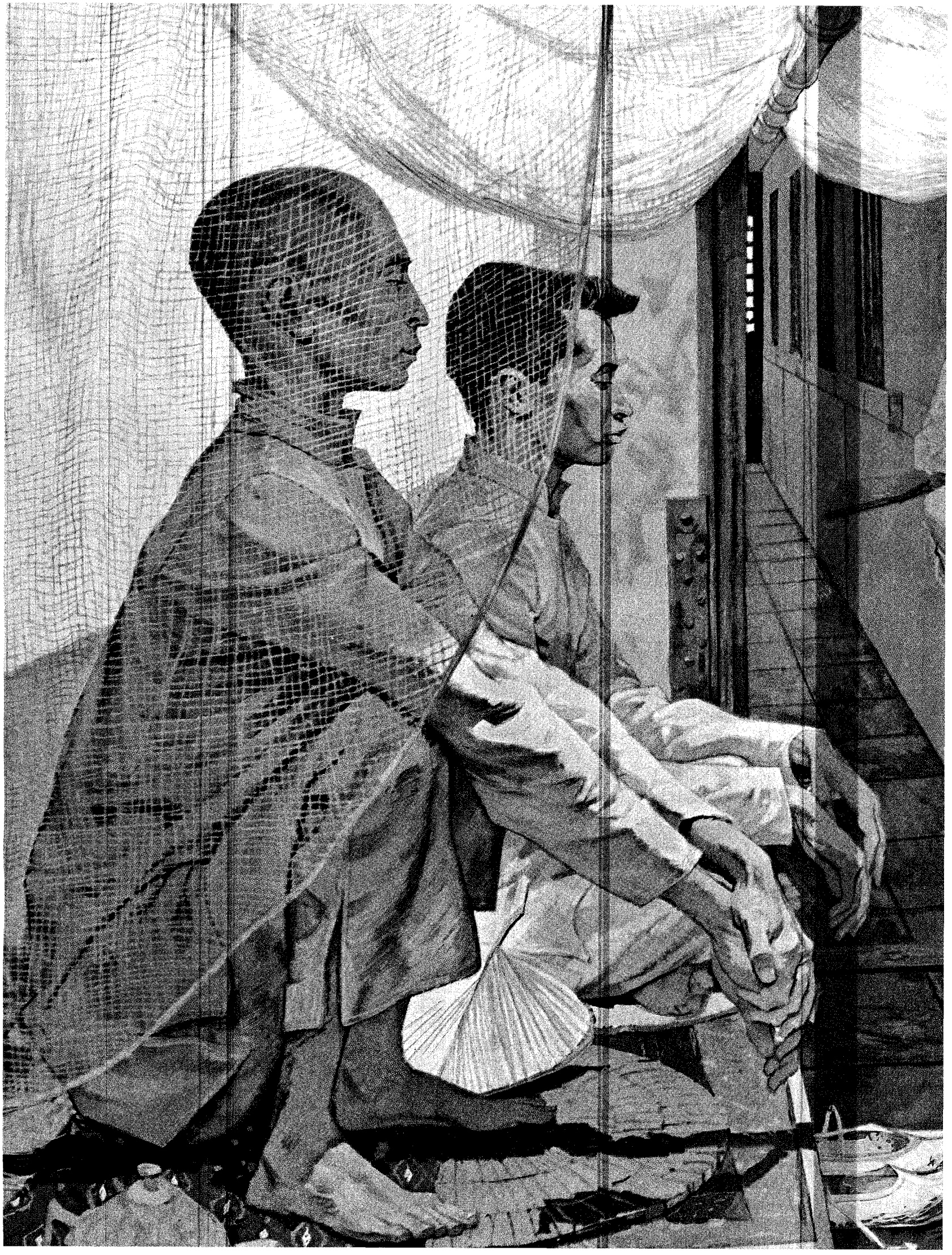

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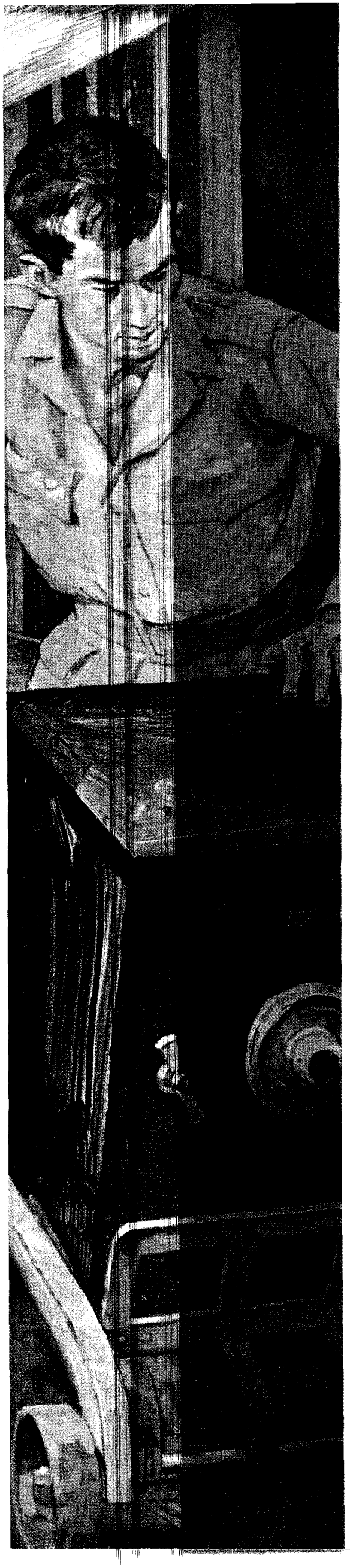

The latest-model safe was delivered to the jail, and the prisoner was ordered to open it—

The Mystery of the Master Safe-Cracker

By ROBERT STANDISH

A few days ago on the financial page of a London newspaper I read a three-line item which makes it possible for me to tell this story without buying a lawsuit. The item stated briefly that the old established Baldwin-Kerr Improved Safe Co., Ltd., had gone into voluntary liquidation, unable to keep abreast of the keen competition in that field. It was an unsentimental epitaph for a fine old business.

The story, so far as my part in it was concerned, began on a sultry July day in the year 1923, in the stuffy courtroom of the International Mixed Court, Shanghai, where I was covering a series of dull and for the most part sordid criminal cases for my paper, the Shanghai Comet. Sitting with me for an hour, playing the match game surreptitiously under cover of the press table, was Detective-Inspector Masters of the Shanghai Municipal Police. I was six dollars ahead of the game when a young Chinese named Henry Lom was brought up from the cells. This was the case for which Masters had been waiting. He still owes me the six dollars. The specific charge against Lom was of "being found on enclosed premises with felonious intent."

Masters and two Chinese detectives testified that, acting upon "information received"—meaning a tip from an informer—they had gone to the premises of the Loong-wei Exchange Bank on Kiangse Road, where they had found the accused secreted in a shed at the rear, unable to give a satisfactory reason for being there. Through the mouth of his Chinese lawyer—and a very slick one too—the accused pleaded not guilty. Masters, who had hoped for a plea of guilty to end the case quickly, told the magistrate and assessor that the police took a most serious view of the case. Lom, he said, was suspected of being the author of a series of safe robberies up and down the China Coast and was known in criminal circles as an outstandingly clever operator.

"This court," interposed Chen, for the defense, "is not concerned with vague and unsupported allegations. My client has never been charged, let alone convicted, of safe-breaking, or any other crime, and it is monstrously unjust for the police to air their unfounded suspicions here."

"If you are not going to bring proof of these allegations, Mr. Masters," said the assessor reprovingly, "they should not have been uttered. The court will ignore your remarks. Kindly confine yourself to the facts in this case."

A few minutes later, despite his lawyer's eloquence, Lom was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The justice, or injustice, of it is not important now. As the sentence was announced, there came from behind me a piercing scream of anguish, and as I turned to look, I was just in time to catch the slender, satin-clad figure of a lovely Chinese girl I had observed earlier, as she pitched forward in a faint. Masters helped me to carry her out into the fresh air. When he had done this, he hurried off, leaving me to revive her.

I have never been kicked under the heart by a balky mule, but I imagine that the sensation must be something like what happened to me when May Kwei—that was her name—fluttered back to conscious life and smiled up into my face. "Excuse me," she said in excellent English. "It was weak and foolish to faint, but I could not bear to think of poor Henry in prison."

My question shows only too plainly how my mind was working: "What is Henry Lom to you?" I asked. (Continued on Page 83)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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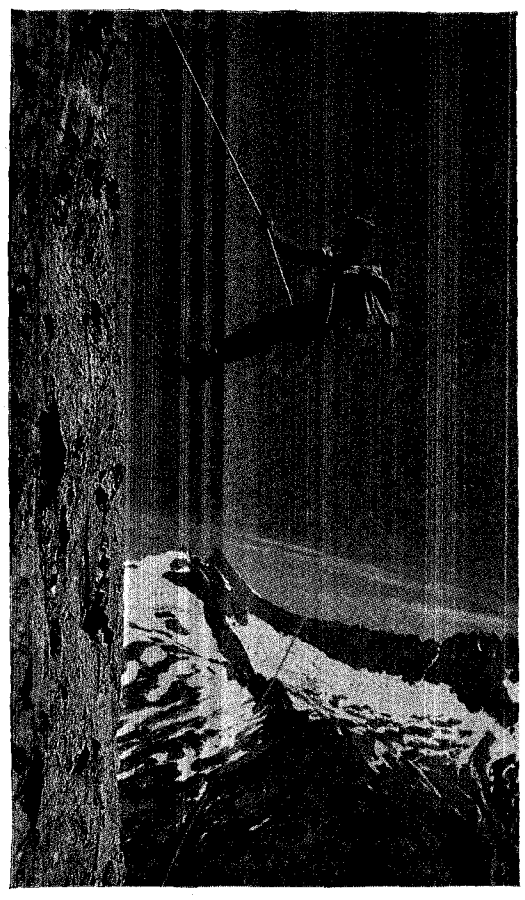
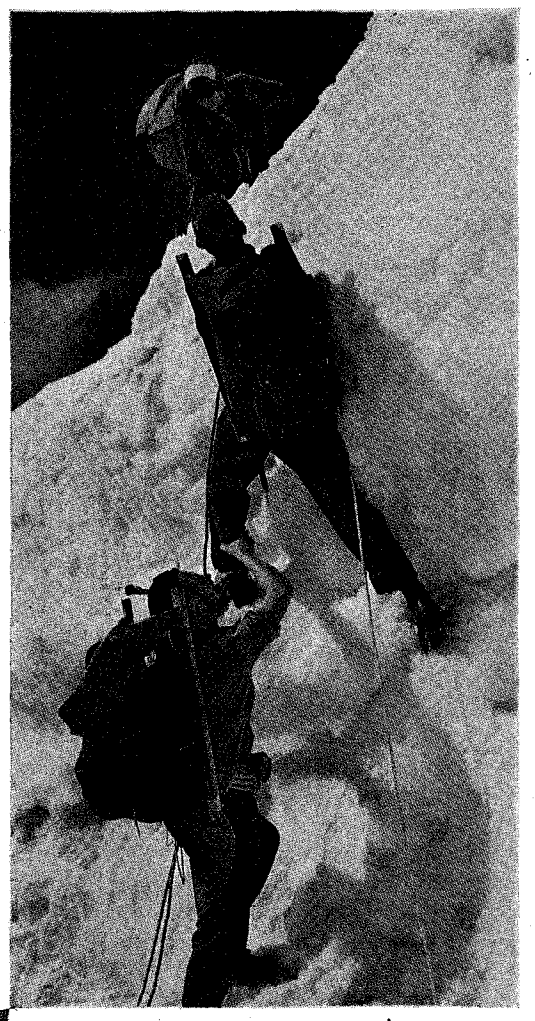
At Camp IV, near White Rock Lakes, the climbers heard avalanches roaring off the distant peaks.

A POST PICTURE STORY

Learning the Ways of Mountains



A moment in mid-air, while rappelling down a sheer wall of Mount Magic's 7600-foot summit.



Ascending Chikamin Glacier, near Dome Peak. Not far from this phase of the climb, a rain-hail-snow-storm caught the party on a ridge.

Near the top: a major goal is the fog-shrouded top of 8150-foot Old Guard.

Photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

The perilous mountaineering feats you see illustrated on these pages were not performed on the distant Himalayas, but amid the rugged summer splendor of Washington's Cascade Range. Here young Americans, like Ray McConnell at right, who dream of someday conquering the world's toughest peaks can practice their skills on snow-covered summits close to home.

Coleman Leuthy, twenty-nine-year-old instructor of neophyte climbers, has scaled all the Northwest's major mountains. For two weeks he guided a group of novices over an arduous and seldom-used route called the High Traverse, shown here. It follows the ridges far above existing trails and rarely drops below 6000 feet. Along the way the expedition made seven camps, five of them on heather-strewn meadows, two on cold, windswept glaciers.

Rainstorms often harassed the mountaineers. So did fog. They tackled Sentinel Peak—altitude 8250 feet—in such bad visibility that they ascended a previously unclimbed pinnacle half a mile away instead. In consolation the party exercised discoverer's privilege by naming it The Peg, after the expedition's youngest member, teen-ager Peggy Stark.

On the morning of the air drop, which brought the group's second week's food, foul weather closed in again. The supply plane, endangered by strong downdrafts, managed to dump out only three of the four boxes. As a result, rationing was in order for the remainder of the trip.

Despite the hardship and discomfort, the party successfully climbed six peaks. On the fifteenth day the youthful adventurers emerged from the Cascade Mountains with an even happier accomplishment to their credit: all survived. THE END

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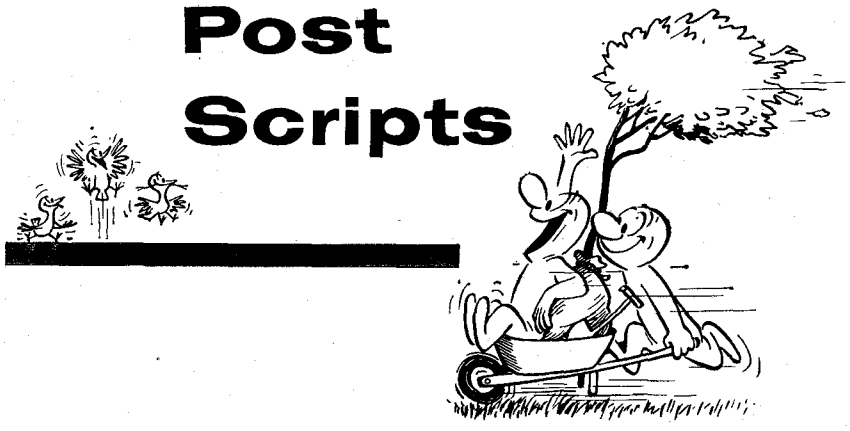
Post Scripts



Road Signs

75 miles to the
SHANGRI-LA MOTEL
Finest accommodations
Approved by the Homemakers' Assn. U.S.A.

50 miles to the
SHANGRI-LA MOTEL
This is the Spot to Stop!
Reasonable Rates
Every room air-conditioned

You're getting closer to the
Beautiful SHANGRI-LA!
Only 30 miles to a
Heated swimming pool
World-famous dining room

Just 15 miles to the
Friendly SHANGRI-LA!
Children and pets welcome
Free continental breakfast

Only 2 more miles to the
Fabulous SHANGRI-LA
Cocktail Lounge

This is IT!
SHANGRI-LA MOTEL
NO VACANCY

HILARIE BROWN

The Disgruntled Ant

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*)

I came across a colony of ants and finally got the attention of a female worker ant who had just put down a crumb she was carrying.

"Whew!" she said, wiping her brow. "That crumb weighs a ton!"

"Heavy?" I said, getting out my pad.

"Heavy and awkward to carry," she replied. "I kept falling over sideways. But that's the way life is for us workers. Work, work, work! While that big, fat Queen ant lies in bed living the life of Riley."

"Riley?" I said.

"An Irish ant who had it all his own way."

"Oh," I said, writing. "Is it true that ants milk cows?"

"Yes, and we grow mushrooms and run to the supermarket for food and carry trays to the Queen and hatch her eggs and nurse her young and clean up afterward. Talk about totin' that barge, and liftin' that bale ——"

"And no time off?"

"No. Seven days a week without overtime. And we're shorthanded, besides."

"I understand you workers also defend the nest in case of trouble," I said.

"See this big flat head of mine?" she said. "Well, I use it to block the entrance to the nest in case of invasion. Imagine! Old Blockhead Sue, they call me. It's enough to discourage any girl."

"There must be a brighter side," I said.

"Name it!" she shot back, and then she stopped and wiggled her antennae. "There's the Queen now, calling for a back rub—and me with all that digging to do. We're making a rumpus room for the kids."

She picked up the crumb and shifted it to her back. She started to fall over sideways, so I straightened her up.

"Thanks," she said. "I don't know why you're being so nice. Most reporters aren't. They just want to talk with Her Royal Highness, old blabbermouth. Boy, you'd think she was Elizabeth of England, or something."

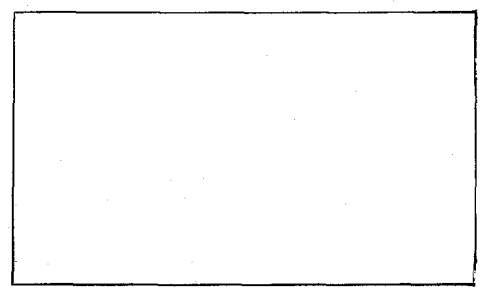
And, muttering to herself, she staggered off.

JACK BROWNELL

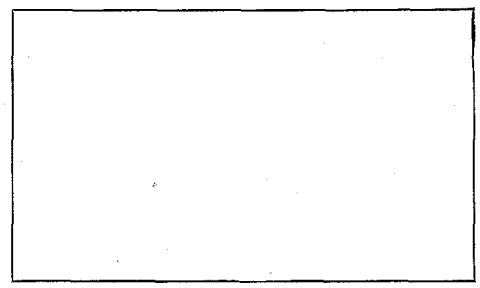
"The food isn't much, but the service is great."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

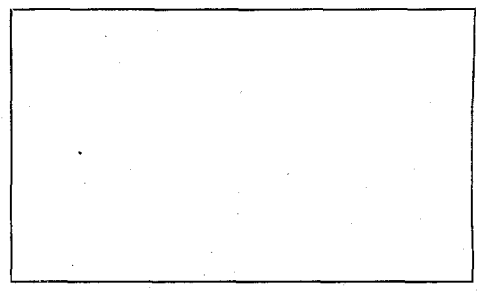
Pictureless Captions



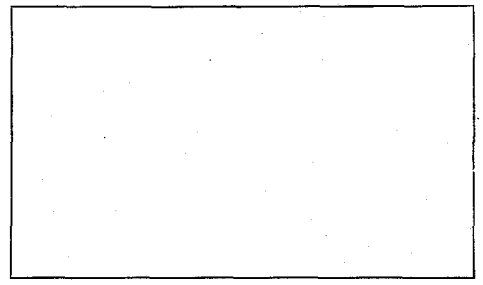
"I woke up at six, and I've just been lying here staring at the ceiling ever since!"



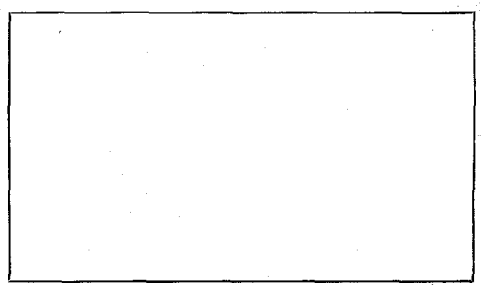
"Why, you dirty double-crosser! This ain't the letter! It's a blank sheet of paper!"



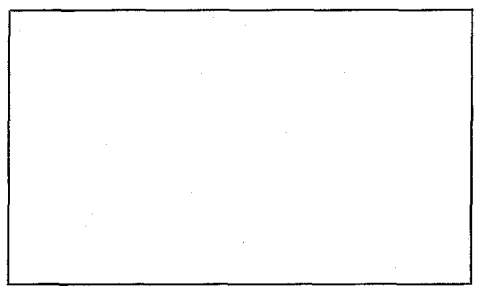
"I'll put the sheet over me like this, and then when he walks by, I'll jump out and yell BOO!"



"I don't see any airplane. . . . Above the tree and to the right, you say? I still don't. . . ."



"I'd hoped there wouldn't be any smog, but, anyhow, there's the Los Angeles Union Station and. . . ."



"And I'm proud to be standing here addressing the citizens of our forty-ninth state. . . ."

VERNON H. KURTZ

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YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER.

Why Pontiac has captured the imagination of so many, many people

(a very *complete* story)

Why does a person take to one make of car, admire it, talk about it and desire it, yet feel no affinity at all for many others?

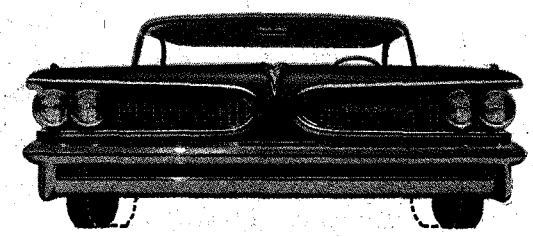
The answer, we feel, lies in the *complete* car. The car as a total unit, a composite of *all* the elements of style and operation.

Pontiac this year is winning a *complete* victory as a *complete* car. The sleek, restrained styling has a completely pleasant effect. No gaudy gingerbread. No bizarre bric-a-brac. Just delightful harmony. *Complete* harmony.

Mechanically, it is a most satisfying car to handle and ride in. The Wide-Track Wheel design makes every driving movement easier, more secure, solid. There's a feeling of confidence and authority on Wide-Track Wheels.

Have your nearest dealer bring a bright, brand-spanking new one by your house this week. For the *complete* effect, drive it well and long. (Demand is heavy, but we can have yours to you in time for plenty of summer driving pleasure.)

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

Dotted lines show conventional wheel positions. Pontiac's wheels are five inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Pontiac hugs tighter on curves and corners. Sway and lean are considerably reduced, ride is smoother, balanced, steadier.

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

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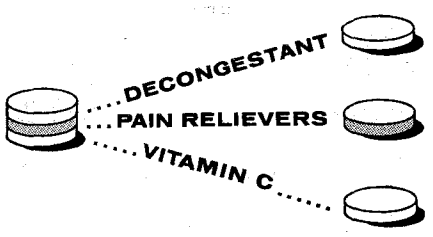
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet ***for relief of...***

SINUS CONGESTION
POLLEN ALLERGIES & COLDS MISERIES

HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES
(critical areas of pressure and pain)



REVOLUTIONARY 3-LAYER TABLET

DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet!*

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, *working through the bloodstream,* bring dramatic relief from sinus congestion, pollen allergies and colds miseries. DRISTAN...amazing medical achievement...contains: (1) The scientific Decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes...shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes...promotes drainage...restores free breathing. (2) A highly effective combination of Pain Relievers, plus an exclusive anti-histamine, to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And...*important*...accept no substitutes!

WITH POLLEN ALLERGIES, delicate nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog. Result: watery, itchy eyes...sniffling and sneezing. Breathing is difficult.

TAKE DRISTAN. Shrinks swollen tissues...drains clogged passages. Relieves watery, itchy eyes. Checks sniffling, sneezing. Restores free breathing. *And protects against further pollen irritation!*

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

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Crisis on Blue Beach

By MALCOLM STUART BOYLAN

They expected to make an unopposed landing. Then the enemy shore batteries opened up.

Teva was a tired old lady. She should have been because she had just trudged down the Atlantic from Gloucester, across the Caribbean, through the Canal and up the Pacific to Los Angeles. She held her bowsprit high, like the proud old yawl she was, and no one would have guessed she was a day over sixty-two. Which she wasn't; having been waterborne at Gloucester, in February of 1879. That was a cold year, and the rum almost froze as it broke over her bow at the launching.

The Colbys always launched their ships with rum to fortify them against the North Atlantic. It was a Colby custom, and Colby customs didn't change. Neither had Teva. Neither had Nat Colby, Teva's great-grandson, counting the Colbys as shipbuilders and therefore parents, and the ships they built and commanded as children and grandchildren. Teva had been the family yacht, and she was a lovely bride as she clung to the strong blue arm of the sea as she left the high altar of the yards. Even now she wore a spanking white going-away suit of sails, and the golden wedding band with her name Teva enscrolled shone untarnished in the California sun.

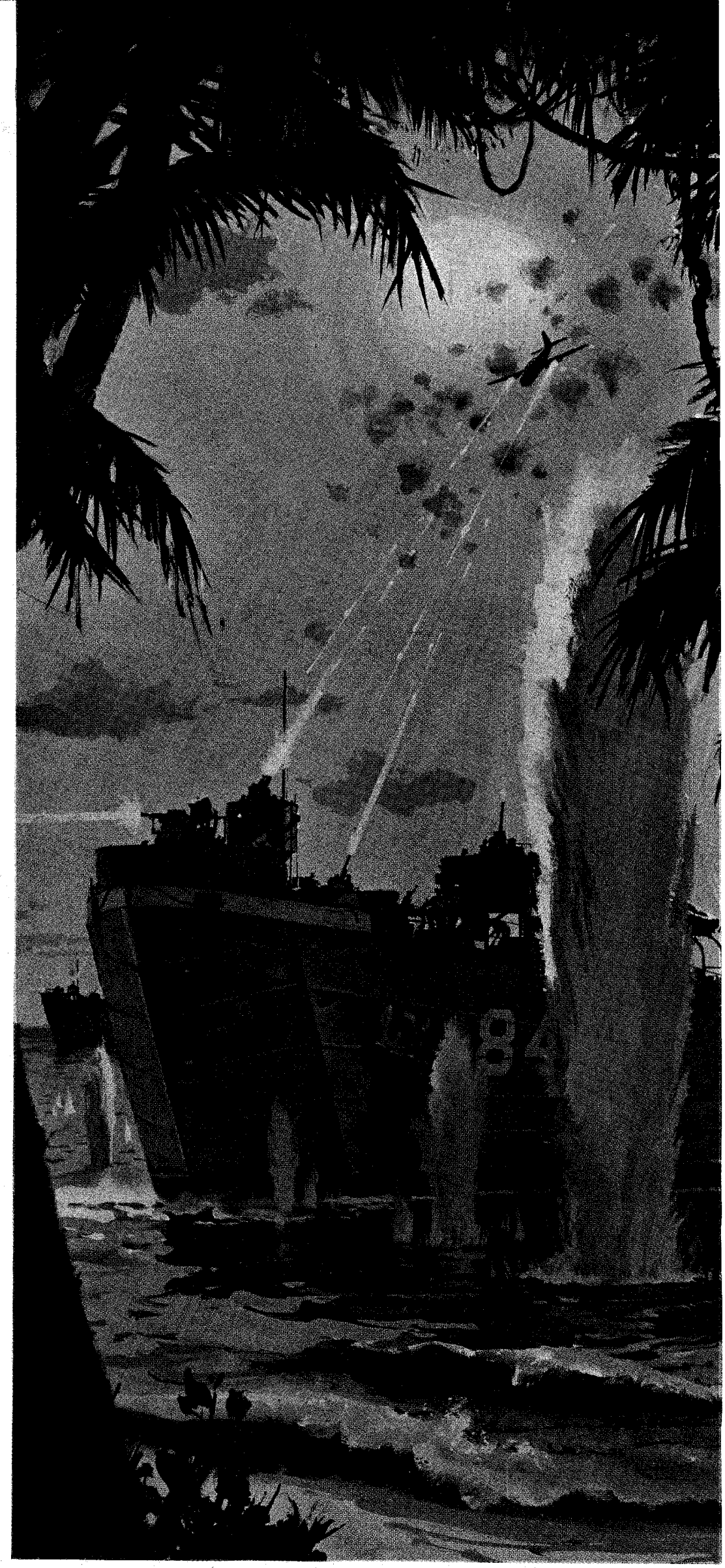
Four months ago Nat Colby had taken her for a sail in his front yard at Gloucester and decided, on impulse, to keep on going. The ship was fully found. The motive power was the prevailing westerly. Both man and ship were ready, able and willing.

The ship's canned goods, replenished in Panama, held out until Colby was off Acapulco. There he spoke an offshore fisherman who sold him fruit—papayas, piñas, cocos. His tanks were sweating with fresh water, and he caught the squalls in canvas buckets. At that rate, Colby speculated he and Teva were good for Australia, but he bore north-northwest for San Diego. There he was too far offshore to meet the flock of Coast Guard picket boats, their radios silenced, but their signal flags chattering like multicolored parakeets.

It was December seventh.

Nat Colby found out about the war four days later when he ghosted Teva into Los Angeles Harbor. There, at San Pedro, Immigration, Customs, Quarantine, Coast Guard and Navy Intelligence swarmed aboard at the examination barge by the submarine net and Teva rolled in housewifely annoyance at the scurrying and scuffing up of her deck.

(Continued on Page 49)



Out of the blind sun spot came a new menace. A lone enemy plane.

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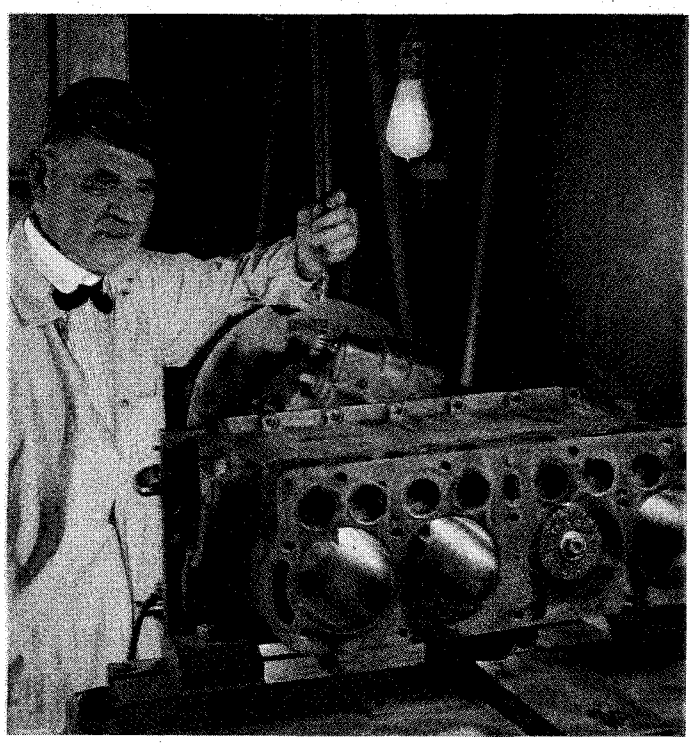


WHY YOUR NEW CAR DOESN'T COST $60,000

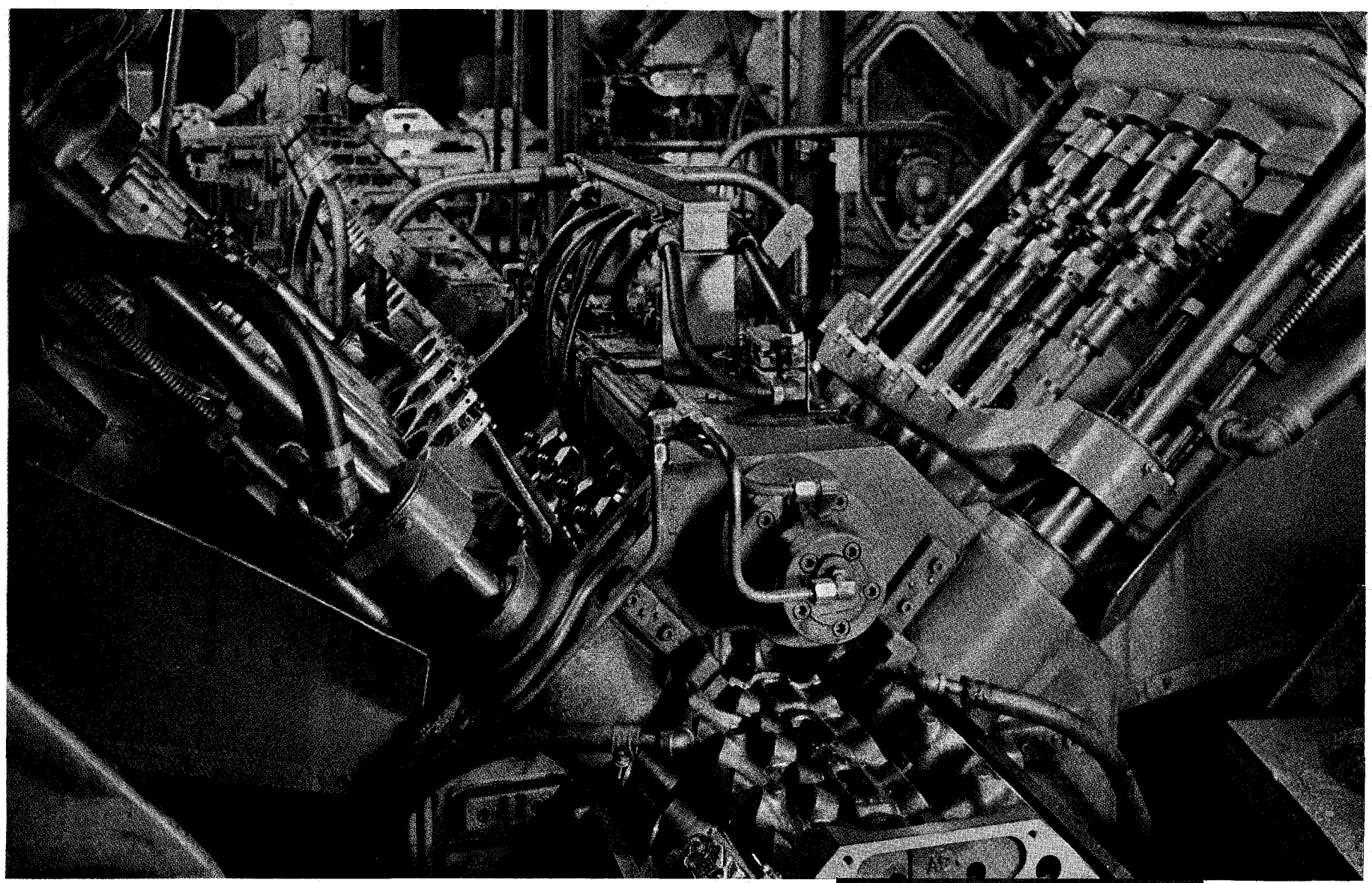
THE man at left is making your grandfather's first car. He's using old style machines that were just right for old style cars. Slow and tedious. If today's gleaming cars were made by the same methods and machines, they would cost about $60,000 each.

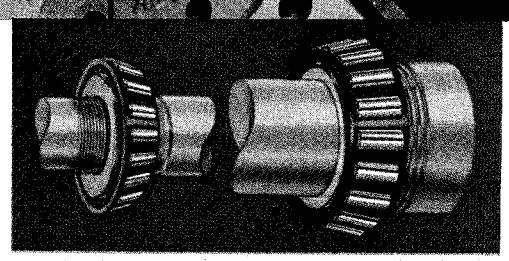
Today a new kind of machinery speeds raw metals to finished automobiles in one continuous operation. A whole new breed of machines like these below uses high-speed precision techniques to bend, shape, and cut metals to your use—not just in cars but in refrigerators, TV's, toasters—almost all the things we use. Machine tools are taking the drudgery out of work. Giving everybody better products—holding down costs by helping a man produce more in less time.

That's Better-ness. The result of America's genius for inventing new ways to make products better and faster—and creating an even better way of life.

Machine tool spindles get their precision from Timken® tapered roller bearings—the most accurate tapered roller bearings in the world. The finest Timken bearings produced are accurate to within 75 millionths of an inch—about 1/30 the width of a human hair. And their tapered design lets Timken bearings take the continuous pounding loads from *all* directions. They roll the load, practically eliminate friction. Timken bearings maintain precision, keep production up, costs down.

Look for Timken bearings on all the machines that give you Better-ness. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Cable: "TIMROSCO".





Typical application of Timken bearings on machine tool spindle.

BETTER-NESS rolls on

TIMKEN® tapered roller bearings

TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS • TIMKEN FINE ALLOY STEELS • TIMKEN REMOVABLE ROCK BITS

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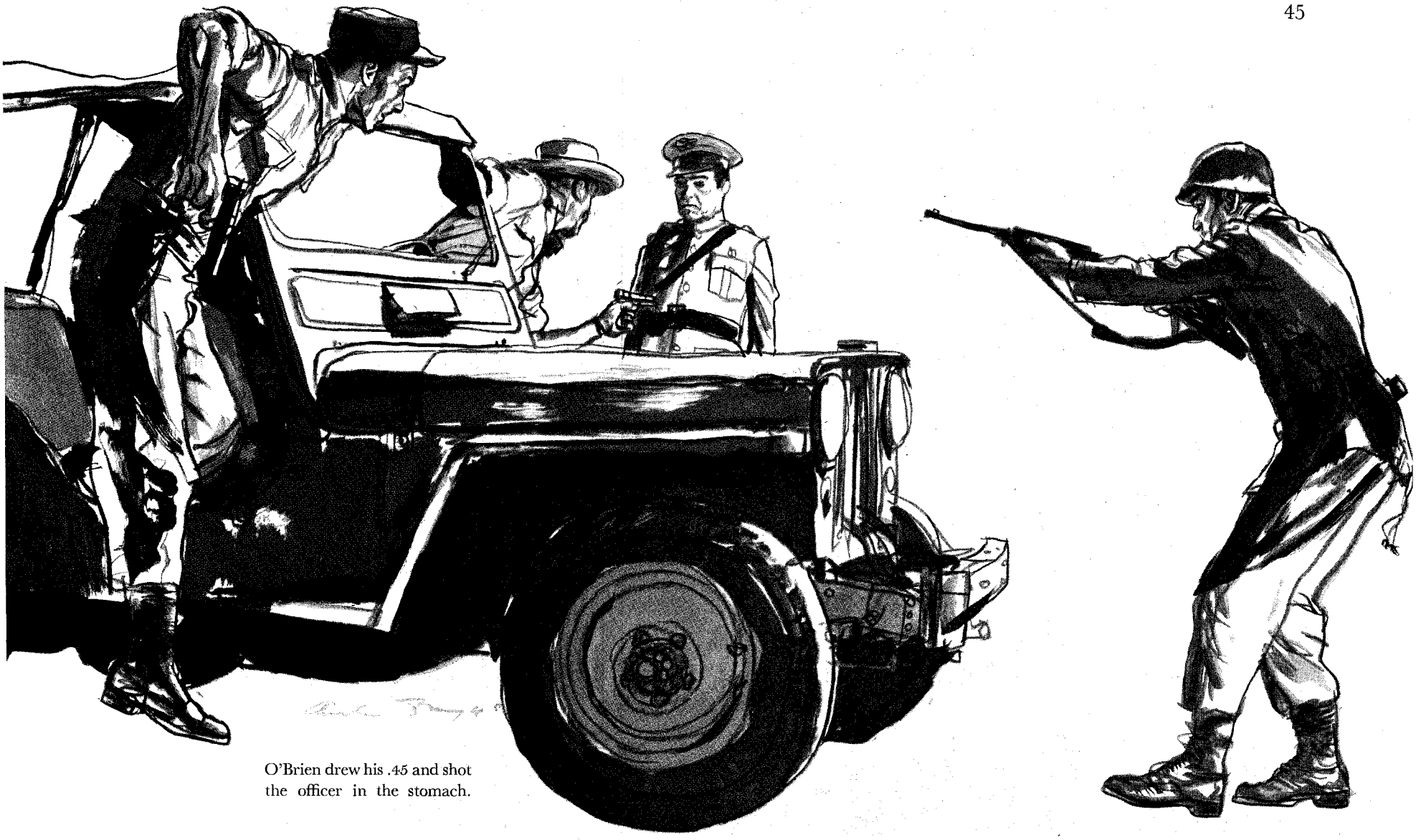

O'Brien drew his .45 and shot the officer in the stomach.

Island of Hate

By WARD HAWKINS

On this mission O'Brien was supposed to die.

Because the rebels were unaware that their captive tourist understood Spanish, Jill Corby had learned about their plans to attack Boca Rio. But she was still unable to fathom the part played in the revolution by the American soldier of fortune, O'Brien.

Twice now, O'Brien had defied the rebel leader, Vilar—first by saving Jill's life in direct disobedience of Vilar's orders, then by shooting down Vilar's prisoner, Captain Córdova. Vilar punished O'Brien by making him march with heavy packs on his painfully injured back until he dropped.

Now, as the rebel girl Angela tended the unconscious O'Brien, Jill asked angrily, "Why did he kill Córdova?"

IV

Angela looked up at her. There was enough light from a small battery camplight to show her face clearly. It was a tormented face. There was concern for O'Brien and guilt—yes, guilt and shame. The men asked what Jill had said, and when Angela told them, guilt came into their faces too. In the corporal's young face there was special guilt. He would not look at Jill Corby at all.

"Because of mercy," Angela said.

"To murder is merciful?" Jill asked.

"To kill is merciful—sometimes."

"How can that be?"

Angela's English was very poor. She did not have many words and could not make whole sentences, but her hands were fluent and her face expressive, and Jill did not have too much trouble making clear sense of what she said.

The murder had been an act of compassion. Jill, who had seen little of life, and nothing of war, would think a bullet in the back was the worst possible ending. But it was not. To die slowly, after much pain and indignity—that was the worst. Such a death had been planned for Córdova. O'Brien had been willing to die to prevent it.

"He expected to be killed?" Jill asked.

With certainty, Angela said. A sober Vilar would have killed him without fail, and none of them could have prevented it. It was a small miracle—the hand of God intervening—that Vilar had been drunk and that they had thus been given the right to prevent him.

"Why did Vilar want to torture the captain?"

Angela averted her face. Because of Pedro Redondo, she said. This man, a simple farmer, had taken no part in the revolution. He had asked nothing of either side, he had given nothing to either side. The federals had come here, wanting information about the hiding places of the revolutionists. Pedro had had no such information, but the federals had tortured him to death in search of it. Captain Córdova had been the man who had ordered the torture.

"I can't believe it," Jill whispered.

But there was more, Angela said. The children of Pedro, as well as his wife, had been forced to witness what had happened. The eldest child, a girl of ten, could no longer speak. Her mind was gone. Captain Córdova had directed this child's eyes toward the thing that was happening to her father with a hand gripped in her hair. (Continued on Page 96)

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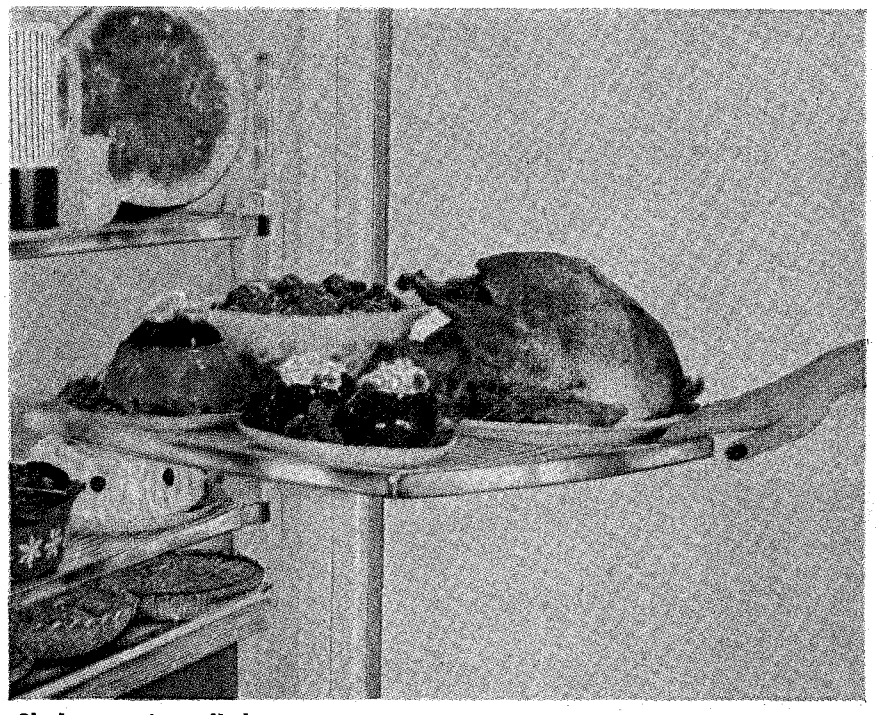
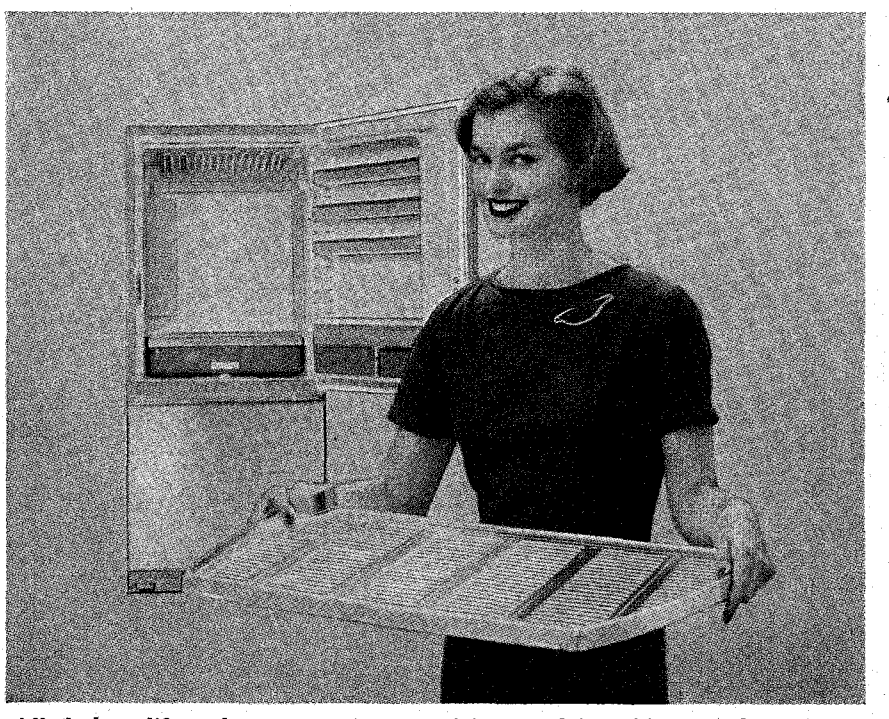


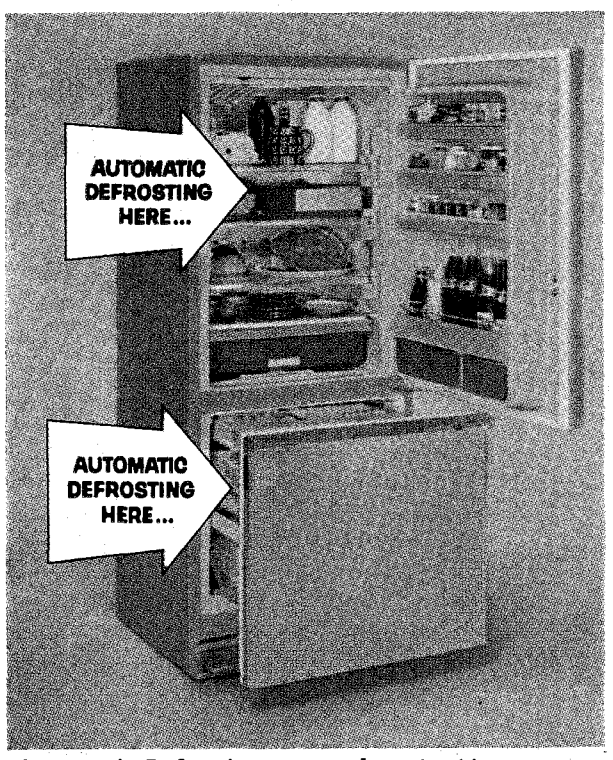
Shelves swing all the way out, putting everything in full view—within easy reach. So big and sturdy, too—actually tested at more than 150 pounds.



All shelves lift out! You can take them right out of the refrigerator for cleaning complete interior or the shelves themselves.

ONLY General Electric gives you BOTH . . . in the new Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer

New Swing-Out Shelves . . . and All-Over Automatic Defrosting



Automatic Defrosting everywhere in this new G-E Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer. Frost never collects on foods or walls in the freezer or in the refrigerator. You *never* have to defrost. New Freeze-N-Store Ice Service in the freezer for extra ice cubes.

YOU'LL NEVER have to worry about fumbling or spilling or "losing" foods on these new General Electric Swing-Out Shelves.

All three shelves bring the food right out to you. You swing shelves out . . . so that you can *see* every item of food and select what you want simply and quickly.

Easy to adjust

And when you want more room between shelves for taller and bulkier foods, you just press a button, lift or lower a shelf . . . and the shelf is adjusted to your needs.

Because shelves are so easy to adjust, you can rearrange them to suit yourself, putting milk bottles on the bottom shelf, for instance, instead of the top.

Easy to clean

That's not all. When you want to clean the inside of the refrigerator, you just lift all the shelves out, leaving the inside free and clear, ready for cleaning. And you can clean the shelves right at the sink.

Automatic Defrosting

Another big advantage of the new 15-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer is *All-Over* Automatic Defrosting . . . *in both Freezer and Refrigerator*. Now you can say goodbye to all the mess and fuss of defrosting because General Electric's new Frost-Guard System keeps frost from forming anywhere—at any time.

This is real value. You get *more* for your money with *all* the convenience features of this new General Electric. And you get famous General Electric *dependability*—which means faithful service for years to come.

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REFRIGERATOR-
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Refrigerator fits flush into corner. No coils on back mean no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets—does not stick out into kitchen. There's no waste space at side for door clearance with General Electric's Magic Corner Hinge.

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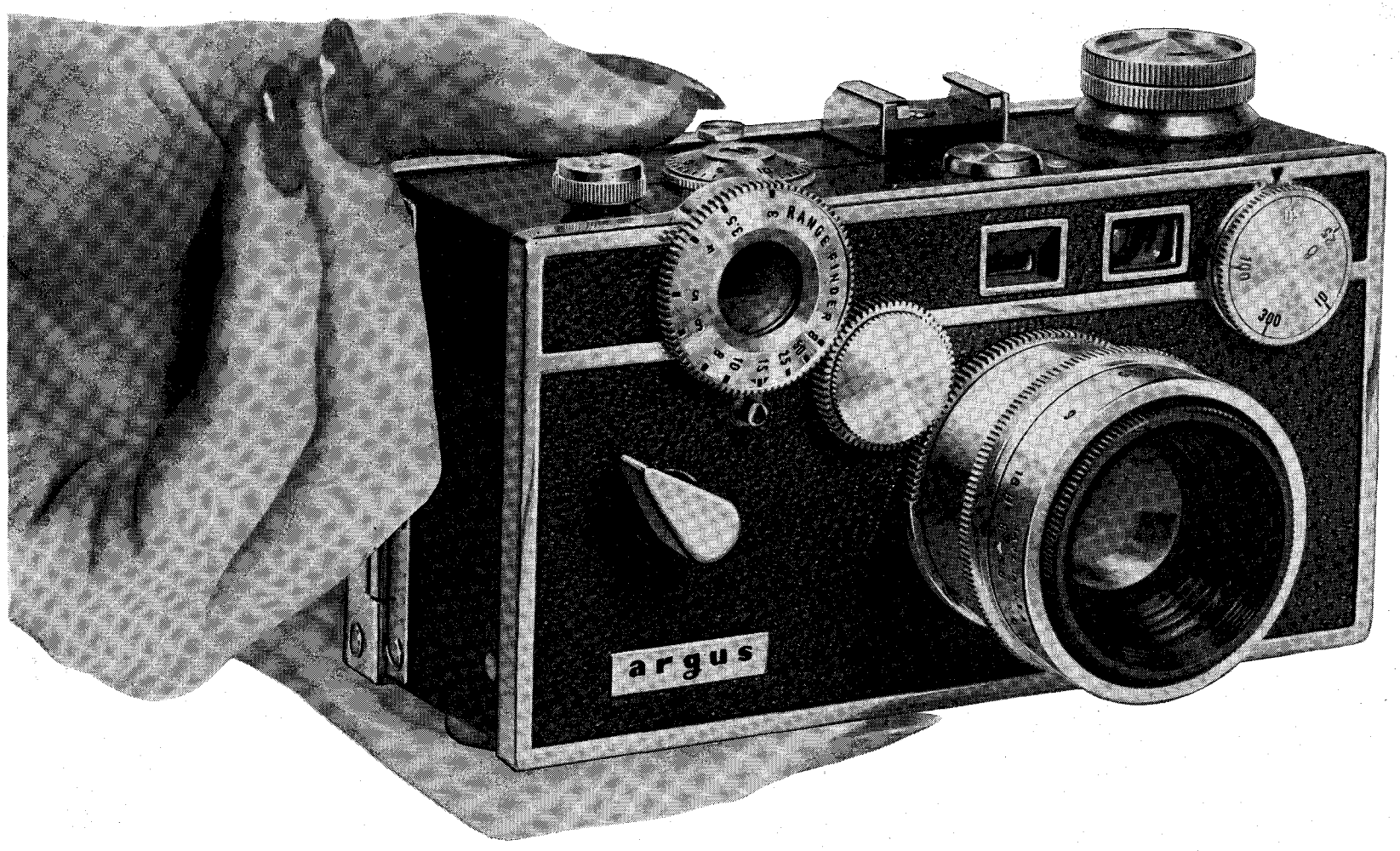

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Crisis on Blue Beach

(Continued from Page 43)

The young officer from the Coast Guard patrol boat thought it was a likely story indeed that this man alone had sailed a fifty-eight-foot yawl from Gloucester, Massachusetts, and hadn't heard by land or sea about the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Colby tied up to an assigned buoy and demanded to be taken to the senior officer present ashore. They took him to the Old Man. The Old Man had just made Rear Admiral, and it did an odd thing to him. It softened him up. Usually a new Flag gets pretty ratey. But with Admiral Duffie it had the opposite result. It even affected his voice. Ordinarily like the anchor chain running through the hawsepipe, it became as soft and friendly as the fat string on a cello.

They—"they" being roughly Washington—had the Old Man on Officer Procurement for a simple reason: they urgently needed officers for the 1941–42 shooting season and "they" didn't know quite what to do with an old barnacle awaiting retirement. So he was on temporary duty in the 11th District to go over the officer-candidate possibilities again although "they" had just fine-toothed the campus clean of crew-cuts and given all the dull middle-aged businessmen gold spinach on their eyeshades.

The admiral motioned Colby to a chair. That was unusual because the scuttlebutt was that he was saving that chair for his retirement. But a man who had just sailed a fifty-eight-foot yawl from Cape Cod to California, he felt, was entitled to sit down.

"You must be quite a sailor, Mr. ——"

"Captain Colby."

"Where'd you get the title?"

"I was born with it. Father. Grandfather. Great-grandfather."

"Back to Adam, I assume." The admiral was getting reddish behind the gills.

"No, sir. Adam was a farmer. I am a master mariner. Any tonnage, any ocean. Unlimited."

"You want to serve your country, naturally."

"Naturally."

"Then I suggest the merchant marine. We're top-heavy with captains."

"I won't go merchant marine."

"Why not?"

"Merchant skippers are getting between nine hundred and fifty-seven and a thousand a month."

"What's wrong with that?"

"There are plenty of old whalebacks on the Great Lakes who can ferry these Liberty Ships. I want to go shooting."

The Old Man almost smiled. With him this had been so rare that very few younger officers knew whether or not he had any teeth. He liked the cut of Colby's jib. He logged him, mentally, as being in his middle thirties. About 200 pounds gross tonnage, six feet at the water line and sound. And with crinkly little lines of big oceans around his sea-gray eyes.

"I still say merchant marine for you, young man."

Colby got up to go. It was a courteous gesture, but so definite that an orderly pulled back the chair from the desk.

"Sorry, sir, but I won't go merchant marine." He seemed to think some further explanation was due. "They run merchant ships now with a committee. Codfish cakes any day but Friday, and no apple pie on Sunday, and the crew marches on the bridge."

The Old Man was on his feet.

"They wouldn't march on my bridge!" There came that reddish purple around the sparlingates again. "Not if I had a fire hose aboard."

"Mine either," Colby smiled.

"Naturally not," the admiral found himself agreeing, quite to his surprise. "How'd you like to go in my service?"

"That's what I'm here for, sir."

Captain Colby settled for lieutenant (j.g.) with the prospect of two full stripes in all if he got through the indoctrination school for young officers. He would have taken coxswain. It didn't make any difference. His license said he was a master mariner. His temporary status was of no importance.

At the school they taught him all manner of nice things to know, such as tying knots, not wearing his hat on the back of his head and keeping his hands out of his pockets.

And so it was, with two stripes, that he came out of school with a covey of young gulls, all as salty as mackerel and all wheeling wildly about the docks and yards, eager to get their orders and go fight. Which all of them promptly did. All except Mr. Colby; "they" made him a public-relations officer. His battle station was the telephone—over which he tried to explain to anxious old ladies that the commanding officer of the heavy cruiser Helena always made the rounds at night and pulled up the blankets over all grandsons.

That went on for two months. He had one consolation. He didn't have to live in B. O. Q. on Terminal Island. He had rented a slip for Teva at the Watchorn Basin and lived aboard. He felt it kept the old girl company so far from Gloucester. It comforted him too. She clucked him to sleep in his bunk; a little lullaby of the water singing softly under her bows.

Each day he demanded of anyone of sufficient rank who would listen to take him off the telephone and send him to sea. He got nowhere—until February 22, 1942, the birth anniversary of another American ready to fight. Then the Old Man sent for him.

"How big is this ship of yours?"

"Fifty-eight feet over-all, sir, and she appreciates your properly calling her a ship."

"Why don't I use her for quarters? Lodgings at sea?"

"Glad to have you aboard, sir."

"The hell you would! Isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"One drawback to being an admiral is that you're never welcome on any ship. Not even your own flagship."

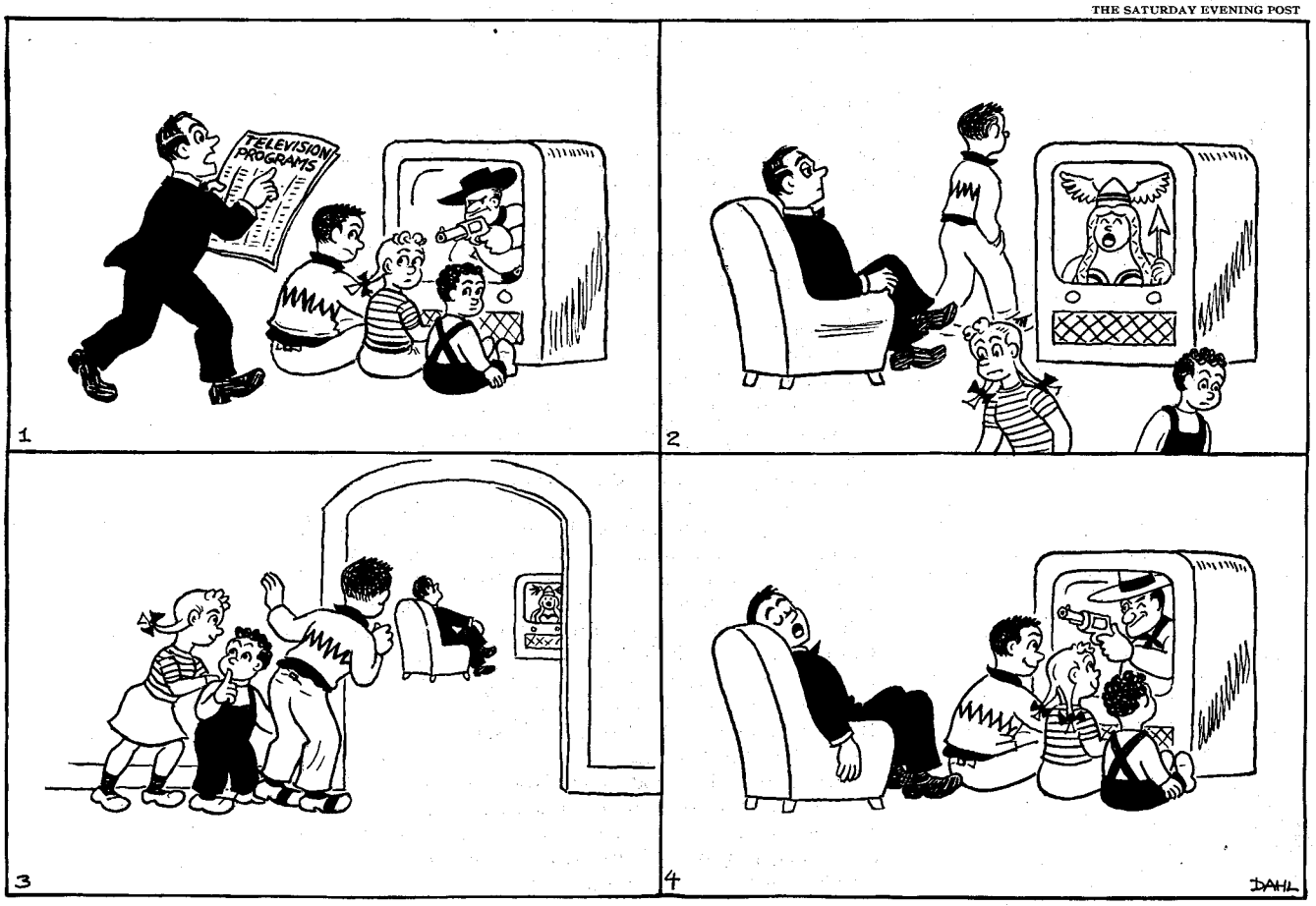
He motioned for the orderly to draw up the chair. "All right, now that the amenities are over, let's get down to business.

"Intelligence thinks there's a Japanese submarine operating in the Santa Barbara Channel; surfacing at night to

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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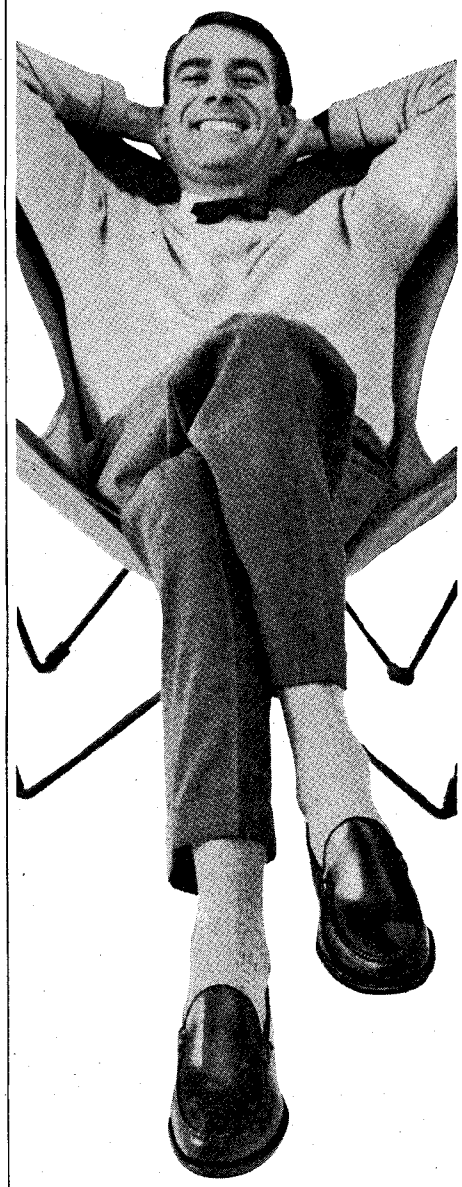

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"I just wanted to know...

how the family is—so I thought

I'd call you all Long Distance"

A Long Distance call puts you in touch with home—and the latest news—so quickly. Why not enjoy a telephone visit right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

charge batteries, probably taking on stores from an offshore tramp under Panamanian registry; possibly landing personnel. This last I doubt. Coast Guard has the beach too tight. Well?"

He looked at Colby intently and expected the right answer.

"What are my orders, sir?"

"If you don't know, I should send my Aunt Minnie. She's only eighty-two, but she's bright for her age. At least brighter than you appear to be. What do you think you should do?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never fought a submarine."

"Well, maybe you will!"

The admiral was spreading out a chart of the Santa Barbara Channel. He beckoned for Colby to stand close.

"Take your ship out tonight and start up the coast. I'll have the submarine net lowered at the entrance to the harbor."

Colby could scarcely contain his eagerness. "I don't need the net lowered, sir."

"How do you propose to get out?"

"The wind is making up, sir, right now. I'll take Teva booming up to that net, knock her down and slide across. She'll right herself."

"Sounds a little—gymnastic. Ever do anything like that before?"

"Yes, sir—across sandbars. Then what are my orders?"

"Tack up and down the channel and hope that Jap submarine blows you out of the water."

"Yes, sir. I'll need a radio. I have none aboard."

"You have now, an FM Voice Radio via Point Vicente." The admiral almost smiled. "A chief radioman and a work party went aboard this morning when you left your ship. Good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

Lieutenant Colby rushed to the Watchorn Basin. Teva was fretting at her mooring lines.

A gray jeep roared down the Twenty-second Street hill in San Pedro and made a right skid onto the Watchorn Basin road. A very fat young officer wedged himself out and puffed down the dock to Teva's slip. Colby was walking along the slip, pushing his ship out. He stayed her with a hand as the young officer tried to get his breath. He said that Colby had additional orders, oral. He wasn't to break radio silence unless he came upon unidentified and, presumably, unfriendly craft. He was then to give the alarm and try to run Teva onto the beach.

Colby shook his head. Neither he nor any Colby before him had ever run a ship on the beach. He wouldn't start now, regardless of the orders.

"Go back and tell whoever sent you that you did the best you could," he said. Then he shoved Teva out into the basin and made a pier-head jump to her deck.

He set the jib and the mizzen in the calm, dirty waters of the basin. Then he coaxed the yawl toward the outer harbor. The wind was freshening by the minute. Colby turned Teva into the wind and set the main. As her skipper had promised, she went booming toward the submarine net. Fifty yards away Colby pressed her. She lay over on her starboard beam, her mainmast almost touching the water. Men in the breakwater light yelled. The crew of the net tender ducked.

Teva slid across the top of the net with, Colby estimated, six inches of her eight feet draft to spare. Then she righted herself, shook her feathers like a Plymouth Rock hen and Colby vowed she said aloud, "Well, I'll declare!"

Teva and Colby stood to sea. Not very far to sea, but to clear Vicente Light, Portuguese Bend and to give coastal cities a wide berth. By night they were northing, past Oxnard, Ventura, Santa Barbara—all these blacked-out landmarks Colby marked on his chart.

It was a fine run for both of them, man and ship. Until the evening of February 23, 1942. The clock in Teva's cabin had just struck off five bells. Her running lights were burning bright. She was dusting along at seven knots in a moderate breeze. The chart showed that the channel islands were to port. Somewhere ashore to starboard were the towns of Ellwood, a cluster of oil-storage tanks and a refinery; and Goleta, more of a town.

Because he was in totally unfamiliar waters, Colby stood with his arm around a stay and his foot on Teva's wheel to keep her full and by. Thus braced, he hove the lead repeatedly, content that there was deep water under him.

Suddenly, dead ahead, a submarine surfaced.

Colby blinked his recognition signal. It was answered—with the sharp crack of a four-inch shell. It holed Teva low, just aft of the collision bulkhead.

Colby gave the position into his voice radio, then dived overside. He was paddling in the dark as the undersea craft lobbed three more shells ashore. Then the submarine and Teva submerged.

Nat Colby, to his own wonderment, didn't seem to feel much immediate grief. It was the kind of death the old lady deserved. Not as a fishing barge; not left to rot on a mudbank, but deep in the sea. That meant more to him than the fact that this was the first time that the mainland of the United States had ever been bombarded by an enemy in the Pacific.

He thought more about this as he paddled toward shore on Teva's hatch. It made him mad. Until then he had regarded the war only as a patriotic obligation to serve. Now it was something personal to him. A member of the family had been killed. He paddled faster.

(*Continued on Page 54*)

On Educational Toys and Fun With a Purpose

By Ruth Branning Molloy

All my O'Learys, bounced
for love alone,
My purposeless scotch-
hopping on cement,
My dreamy licking of a
choc'late cone
Prove now to me my youth
was (well) misspent!
Fun had no purpose then;
its one excuse
Lay in play's pattern and
the player's liking;
Laughter was not lungs'
exercise and use,
Muscles were not the reason
for the hiking.
My highlights were a
sailboat's surge and glide,
Staring at stars, and
swimming in the bay.
Fun was a tender tickle in
my side,
And purpose was a
r u n n i n g
j u m p
' a w a y !

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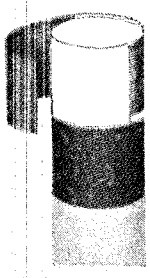

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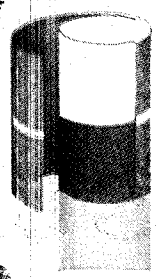

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THE TAREYTON RING MARKS THE REAL THING!

The real thing in *mildness*—in fine tobacco *taste!* For that unique *Dual* filter does more than give you high filtration. It delivers the full range of tobacco flavor!

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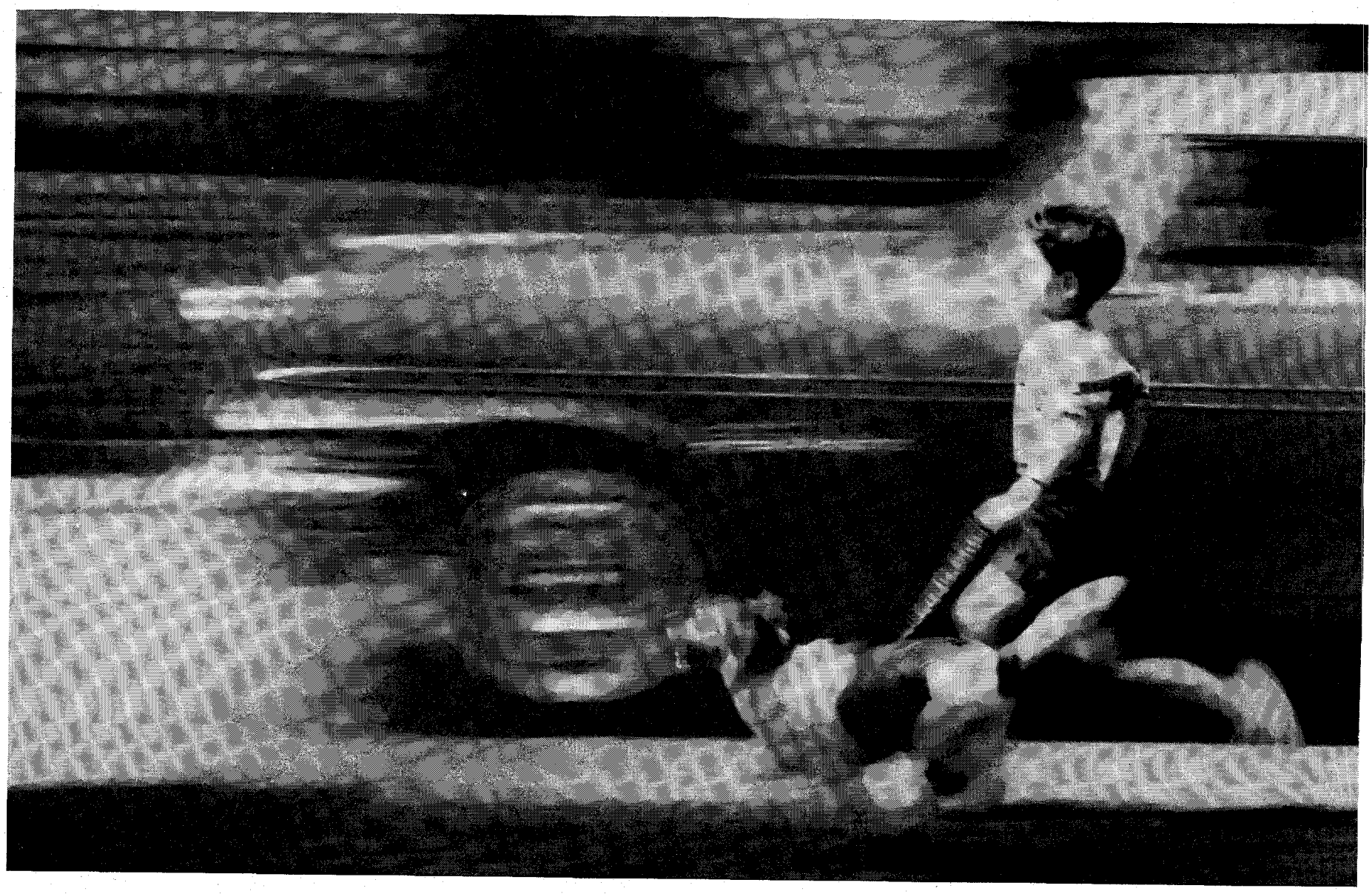

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It is made from cellulose, nature's own "wonder" chemical and is incredibly strong —pound for pound it's stronger than steel — stable, durable and heat resistant. In test after grueling test, in tires on automobiles, trucks and taxis, Tyrex viscose cord outperformed *every* fiber in use today!

This superior performance is of major importance to you and your family, for a tire can be no better than its backbone of cord. Your tires' performance and your own safety and comfort depend on it.

Three major sciences—cellulose, fiber and rubber—combined to produce tires made with Tyrex viscose cord. We know what these tires can do, because cellulose is Rayonier's business, and we are a major supplier.

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(*Continued from Page 50*) It was three hours later when he waded ashore near Ellwood. Several oil-storage tanks had been hit and the earth plowed up by the shelling.

That was about all—except that the enterprising young sailors of the shore installation had hacked up a length of old iron pipe and were selling the pieces at a dollar apiece as souvenir shell fragments. Colby bought one.

By then the sea offshore was tumultuous with destroyers, plowing through each other's wakes, and the sky roared with low-flying aircraft. But the submarine was gone. And so was Teva.

When he had made his report, Colby asked for his orders. He got them, with no thanks for Teva or his swim.

Colby wished he hadn't spoken so highly of skippers from the Great Lakes, when he first met the Old Man, because that is exactly what he got when he went aboard the Liberty Ship Frank B. Gibson. By his papers Colby was fit to command any merchant vessel afloat, but that wasn't what "they" gave him. "They" put him in command of a gun crew on a merchant vessel, with nothing to do with the ship itself.

In that command was Captain Mallard, pronounced as in the duck. This was a convenience because he kept a joke running endlessly about being a sitting duck. The wheeze got to be dreaded from San Francisco to Pearl. The joke must have been an amulet, because Mallard was never shot at by land, sea or air.

It distressed Captain Mallard to see Colby exercising his crew of twenty-four men at the ship's gun. Twenty-five useless men aboard a merchantman. He decided to get some good out of the waste. He assigned Colby to stand a ship's watch, relieving the third mate, with whom he liked to play cribbage.

Colby didn't regard standing a ship's watch as a punishment. He liked it. It also gave him a crack at straightening out the skipper's seamanship. The master never knew this was going on, except that the vessel seemed to get from port to port quicker and with less strain on the plates. He could also unload and load faster and be aweigh again.

Nathaniel Colby, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and currently plowing the South Pacific, stumbled onto a neat way of driving Captain Mallard frantic. It was an artistic endeavor, involving freehand drawing. In the Compass Error Book, always on the bridge, the third column for entering navigational data is headed B/O. All youngsters on the bridge called it Body Odor and thought they had coined a bonny mot. Actually it means Body Observed, or whether the navigator is calculating by sun or star. The symbol for a star sight is drawn, crudely as a child would draw a sheriff's badge. The sun is indicated by a circle and a dot in the center.

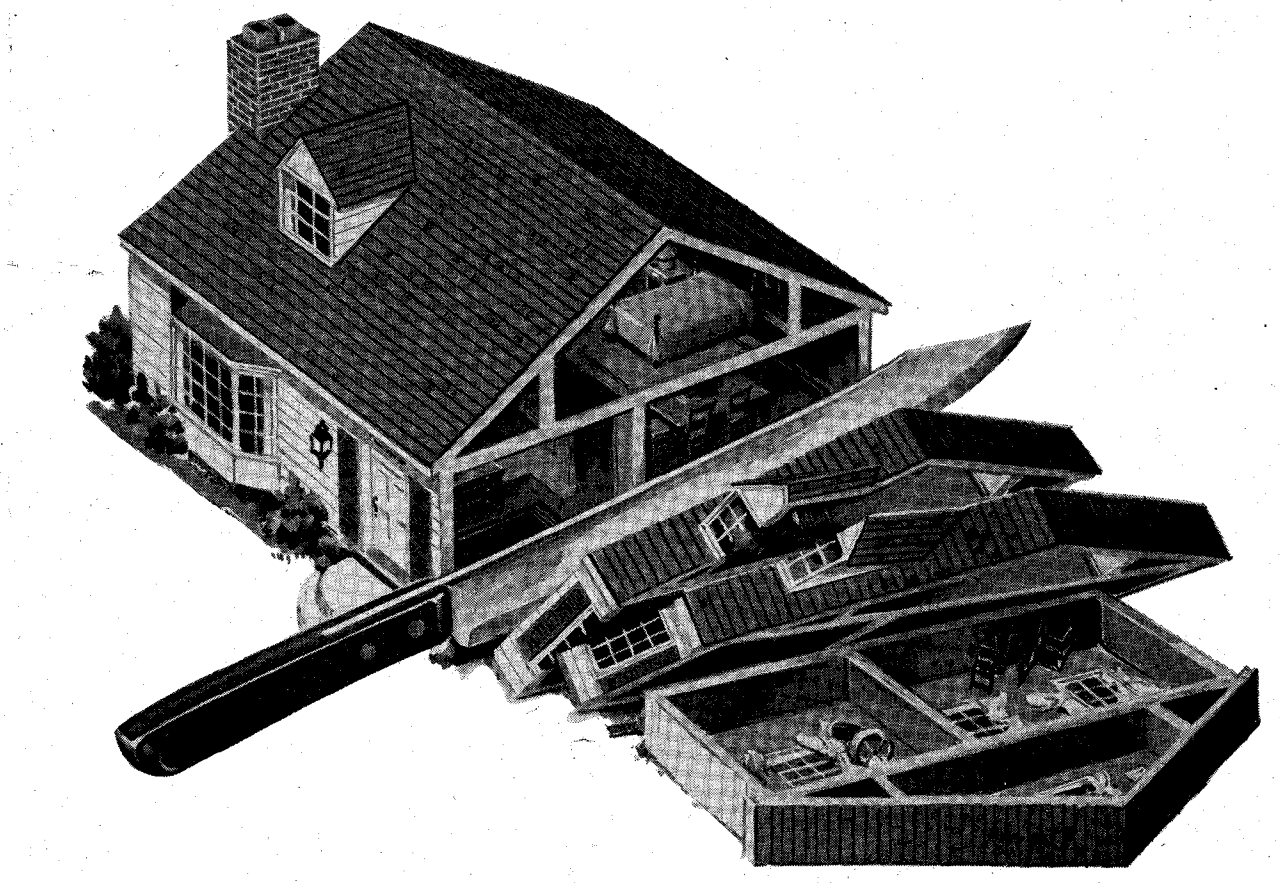
This suggested to Colby a great chance for improvement. Why should our greatest heavenly body be slighted? Surely the sun has a personality. Colby gave it one. It was a modest alteration at first. Just another dot in the circle to make two eyes instead of one. This went unnoticed. Then a happy little crescent of a mouth. Next, one ear and then, the following watch, another ear. The sun was beginning to look like someone! The final blow came when the outraged captain found the sun to be wearing a derby hat and smoking a pipe.

Getting rid of a gunnery officer on a merchant ship is no trick when the captain has taken enough umbrage. Captain Mallard through the desecration of his Compass Error Book had taken enough umbrage to kill a horse. He got off a demand on "they," and "they" had Nat Colby off the ship almost before she was tied up at Pearl. All his fellow officers, who liked him immensely, congratulated Colby and advised him that a sensible man having been beached at Pearl would stay drunk and out of sight. But one would as likely see Old North Church stagger, and it was difficult for Colby to stay out of sight on the horizon. So he wandered around Pearl month after month, calling on "they" every morning to find out how the war was coming on and if there was anything he could do to help.

It came on a Wednesday. Lt. Nathaniel Colby, USNR, would take command of the LST Gloucester at Pearl Harbor and await further orders.

Oh, what a beautiful thing she was, this Landing Ship, Tank, or "Large Slow Target," as the wags called the pack elephants of the war. Colby surveyed her from the dock. He was in no hurry to go out. He wanted to feast his eyes. Captain Colby—he would be called Captain aboard although there were only two stripes on his sleeve—didn't care about rank. He'd been a captain ever since he was twenty-four, and of fine ships, too, he liked to recall. But this lovely thing riding at anchor just offshore was surely the most desirable command afloat. Surely here would be a chance to fire a shot in anger.

Colby was glad that the absentee of the former commanding officer snapped from the yardarm. He liked going aboard alone. He was scarcely aboard when new orders came: Colby of Gloucester would take the LST Gloucester to Cape Gloucester on Dampier Strait in the Bismarcks, on the northwest corner of New Britain



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Island. He went to the bridge to see if anyone had had the wit to improve the sun in the Compass Error Book. No one had. Nat drew a large mustache.

Change of command on an LST is done without much fuss or feathers. With a nicety of New England seafaring, Colby didn't go into the cabin that was to be his until the former skipper returned—which he did in an hour. He asked if Colby wanted to see the guns. He didn't. And as for meeting the officers, he'd do that when they were at sea.

The happy coincidence of a Gloucesterman going to Gloucester in command of the Gloucester pleased Colby. He had heard a pep bulletin from "they" that Cape Gloucester must be captured to guarantee a safe passage through the strait for our naval vessels. Very well. He and his ship were ready, able and willing; about all a man can be in Gloucester language.

Standing on the wing of his bridge, looking down on the deck, Colby saw a boatswain the cut of whose jib he liked better than the ensigns and ratings who rushed around with high purpose but no particular objective. He summoned Mr. Ullman to drink coffee.

From him he learned more of the LST, its care and handling, than he had known. Originally designed to carry tanks, they now carried tanks only very infrequently. Instead, the fat belly of each bulged with supplies of all kinds. They were supposed to land these supplies on the beach, and then get the hell out of there before inevitable attack came from land, sea or air. This last was most important. New practice, the warrant officer went on, was for an LST to unload on the beach in six hours and, failing to unload in that time, to heigh-ho back to sea with what was left of the cargo—or of the ship.

Colby could understand and appreciate all this—all except one little detail: putting a perfectly good ship on the beach. He tried to think of it logically. That's what the LST's were built for. But somehow he couldn't dwell on it. He dismissed the idea of putting his ship on the beach by shaking his head, as one will involuntarily try to shake away an unthinkable thought.

"Thank you, Mr. Ullman. I'll call you when I want you." Which was in fifteen minutes.

"Er—Mr. Ullman. How hard do you ram these ships on the beach, if you have to?"

"According to the beach, sir. Just as hard and fast as possible without tearing the bottom out of her."

Mr. Ullman looked back at the captain, who seemed suddenly pale.

Captain Colby didn't sleep well in his new bed. He wondered if the other lieutenants in command of such freight cars were sleeping. "Much better than Nat Colby," would have been the answer; because on the conscious mind of the other brash young men there did not press down a strange and unreasoning heritage. It was the first time Colby could remember fear; cold, chilling fear and shaking, sweating fear all at once. True, he had any good seaman's respect for the sea, and as a youngster on his father's ships had had his share of qualms off the Grand Banks. But this was different. It was a ridiculous horror, like a man with delirium tremens, knowing how unreal it was; yet dreadfully true. Captain Colby was afraid to put his ship on the beach. He tried listening to the land radio. The silk-kimono voice of Tokyo Rose said, "Our Intelligence has learned you are going to try a landing at Gloucester. It will be the last day for you poor deluded American soldiers, sailors and marines."

The fear diminished somewhat under the blazing sun as the flotilla approached Cape Gloucester. But at night it would close in like the blackout, shining bright only through the chinks in Colby's mind, but blinding in intensity. He was glad his father was dead. "Dad, I put my ship on the beach." He spoke the words ironically, in derision. Yet that was what he was there for. That was why the country he loved had commissioned him in the first place. He sprang from his bunk and rushed to the deck. He was barefooted and in shorts against the sweltering night. The silhouette of the other LST's of his flotilla waddled in column. Then day burst like a paper bag of light, and Captain Colby slipped back into his cabin. A messenger brought a coded dispatch.

The Gloucester would go ashore on Blue Beach, landing personnel and supplies. Through his binoculars Colby made out the smudge of land ahead. So that was Cape Gloucester, where he was to wreck not his ship, but a structure older and more (*Continued on Page 58*)

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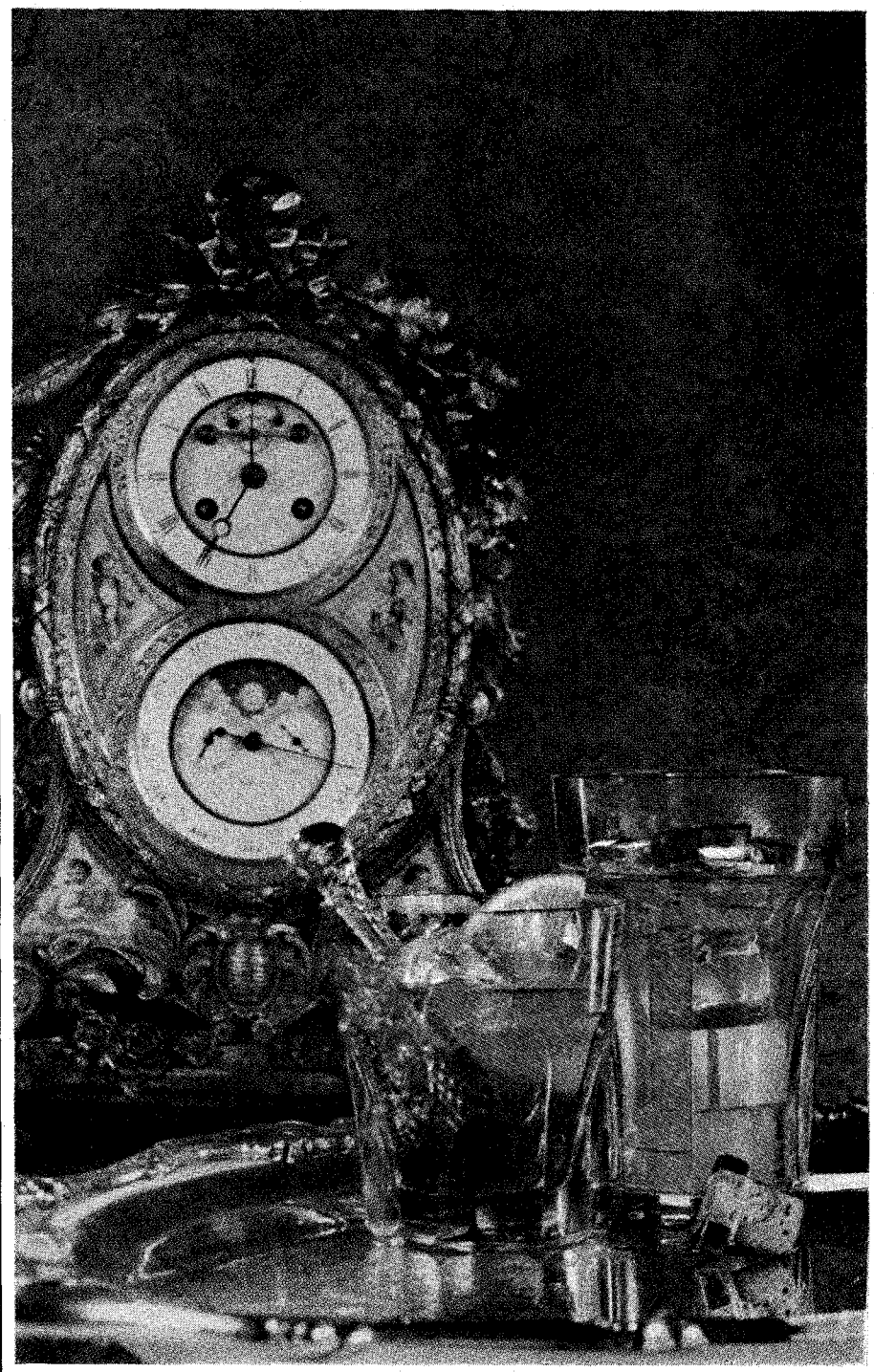

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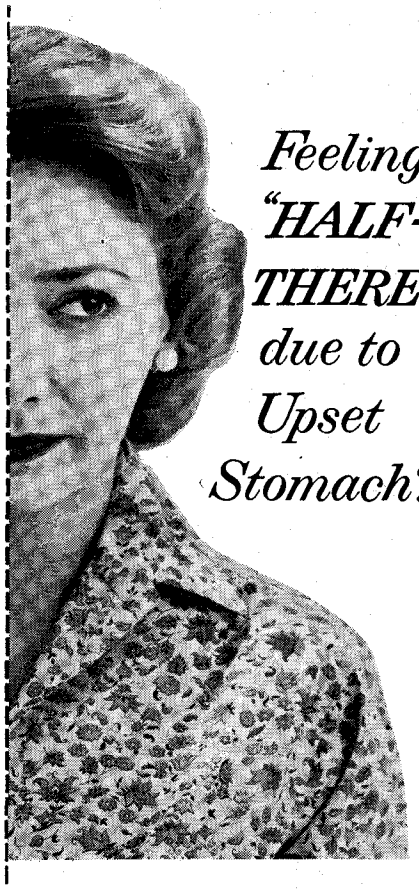

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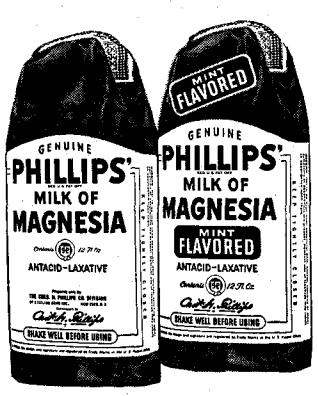


REGULAR OR FLAVORED

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

(*Continued from Page 55*) precious, a tradition—the tradition of the sea that a good master must, at all hazard, keep his ship off the lee shore. His grandfather Colby looked at him from a cloud. The fleece might have been a fringe of white whiskers.

"*Why boy, you must be crazy, thinking of putting a ship on the beach when you don't have to* ——"

But he did have to. There were the orders in his hands.

The thin white strip of beach with jungle tangling behind it came into sharp relief. Gloucester was to be first in and on. The others were standing off. Colby noticed that Mr. Ullman was beside him on the bridge.

"Whenever you say the word, captain. We'll ram her in and use the stern kedge to get her off after unloading."

Captain Colby didn't give the word. He tried, but he couldn't. His mouth wouldn't speak it. His arm wouldn't signal it. Instead he said, "We'll claw off, Mr. Ullman, and stand to sea."

Ullman looked at his captain in amazement. "We're supposed to go up on the beach, captain."

Colby jangled the engine-room telegraph himself to Full Astern.

"I'm taking her off," he said. "The responsibility is entirely mine." Another ten feet and he would have been properly hard and fast, so that it would have taken the swoosh of a destroyer's wake to pry him loose, but now Colby in the Gloucester was floating clear. In an instant he was backing off.

According to the best United States reconnaissance, there were no gun emplacements ashore on Blue Beach. Just palm trees in the usual profusion. Colby had backed off, but something, someone, told him to try a pot shot. Perhaps, he thought, it was his grandfather, who had been a great hand with a musket. He opened up on the palm trees.

From the shore came an angry answer. Heavy Japanese hardware waiting in camouflage to sink the flotilla, had it not churned out of range.

With Gloucester's sister ships safe for the moment, the destroyers raced around like mad whippets, frothing at the bows. They were almost useless against the big shore guns, but they were in there pitching, and the action saved the flotilla.

Then out of the blind sun spot came a new menace. A lone enemy plane. Here was a fat bag. One LST practically on the beach. The others strung out just offshore like a circle of covered wagons against the Indians. The plane would have raked them like a bobcat, but there were Colby's 40-mm, the 20-mm and the two 3-inch guns talking back; and all talking at once. Didn't the crazy man in the elephant boat know that he wasn't built to fight planes; that he was supposed to run up hard and fast on the beach and co-operate with his killer? Apparently not.

By doing almost everything wrong from a war-plans standpoint, Nat Colby fought the enemy aircraft, saved his ship and the rest of the flotilla.

From the flagship and the hand of the Commodore himself blinked "Well done."

When it was all over, no one knew except Mr. Ullman that Colby had been contemplating anything other than running up on the beach. Mr. Ullman was a twenty-year man, and a twenty-year man early learns that wonderful advantage of keeping the mouth shut. So he said nothing. It didn't bother Colby either, just yet. He was glad to have obliged by driving off the enemy in the air and smoking him out of the jungle. His only objection had been to putting his ship on the beach. And he hadn't done it; nor would he. Instead, Nat Colby was returned to Pearl Harbor as a minor hero and from there to San Pedro, where it all started.

When his own heavy cruiser was in port, the Old Man slept and lived aboard. When she was at sea, he lived at the Y.M.C.A. Which made it pretty tough alternately on both organizations.

Colby's orders were to report to the cruiser. He wondered what he'd do on the cruiser. Maybe junior navigator. That would be all right with him. Anything except a ship that has to be piled up on the beach to be considered well skippered.

Going aboard the cruiser, alongside at the dock in San Pedro, Colby was impressed at the marine guard drawn up in smart formation on the quarter- and afterdeck. He was a little alarmed, however, when the Old Man got him by the hand and introduced him to the captain and the executive officer. The admiral propped him up against a turret and began reading:

"To Lieutenant Nathaniel Colby, USNR, the Legion of Merit with V clasp for gallantry in action, whereas off Cape Gloucester instead of putting his LST on the beach, he backed off and gave battle to shore batteries and enemy aircraft in the best tradition of the naval service."

The Old Man was about to pin the medal to Colby's coat when Nat regained his senses and backed away. The decorating party looked at him in disbelief. This big lobster fisherman was not in possession, apparently, of all his slats.

"What's the matter with you?" the Old Man hissed in his ear. "This won't hurt."

But it would hurt him. It was hurting even now. Anticipation of the pin went through the Plymouth Rock of his chest and made him bleed.

"Sir, I can't accept this decoration," he said, remarkably quietly for a man in that spot.

The Old Man was quiet too. He only waved his arms and shouted at infinitesimal annoyances. He was also profoundly polite.

"Do you care to make any explanation, Mr. Colby?"

"Thank you, sir." He paused, and the sweat stood out on his head. "I was awarded the Legion of Merit for gallantry in action, but it was a mistake, sir, growing out of insubordination."

Colby tried to step out of the group, but the Old Man drew him back.

"Have a yeoman take this down," he said to no one in particular. A yoeman with stenographic book turned up in back of the group.

"Go ahead."

"Sir," Colby resumed, "it was very simple, going back ten generations."

"I don't understand what you mean by 'going back ten generations.'"

"Gloucester seafaring generations, sir. We are taught to keep our ships off the beach and to shun a lee shore with its rocks and shoals. It was emotionally and physically impossible for me to ram the ship under my command up on the beach. I clawed off and turned to sea in direct disobedience of orders." Colby was going on, not in justification, but in full confession, when the Old Man stopped him with an upraised hand.

"Where you drove off an enemy aircraft and unmasked shore batteries."

"Entirely by accident, sir."

"Guns don't point and fire by accident."

"Thank you, sir."

The Old Man froze. "Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Colby. On the strength of your own testimony I am placing you in hack to await a general court-martial."

Colby saluted and stepped back. The Old Man strode after him. "I'd like to ask one question, off the record: Why did you wait until now to refuse the decoration? You've known it was coming for three weeks."

"The Legion of Merit is difficult to refuse for a seafaring man, sir. I hoped until now that I could take it in good conscience."

The Old Man turned away. "I will convene a court tomorrow. You are at liberty to go and come as you please."

"Thank you, sir."

"And in the remote possibility that the court should find you fit for further duty, where would you like to go?"

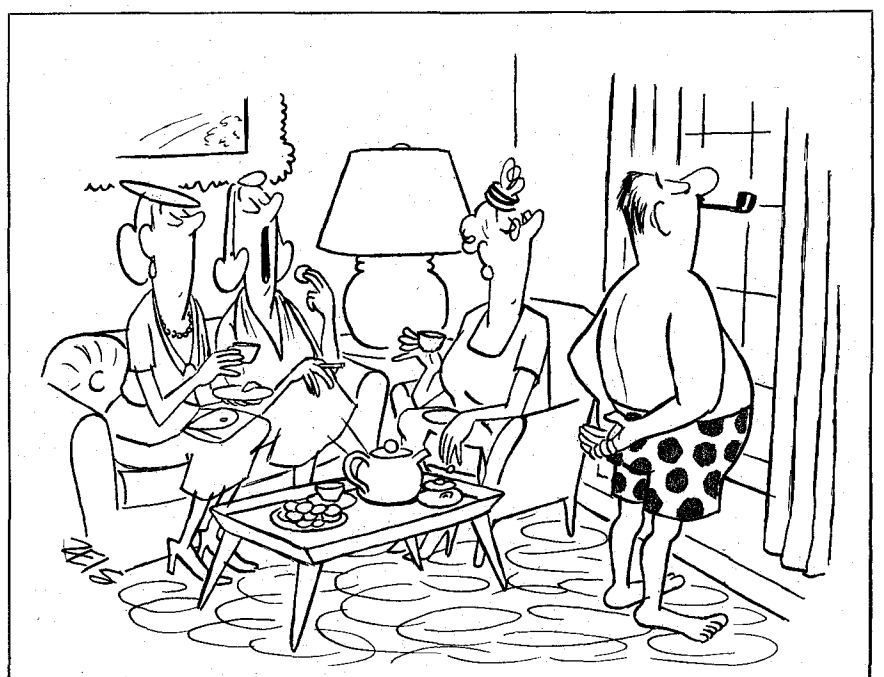
Nat Colby swallowed hard. A prayer with jagged edges is rough going down.

"The LST Gloucester, sir."

To all within earshot, the prosecutor at the court-martial was for hanging Colby. The president of the court wanted to give him the deep six; dump him overside after drawing and quartering. But, as usual, "they" were unpredictable. Colby got three things: a scorching scolding, command of the LST Gloucester—and a medal. With V for valor.

Heavier in his pocket than the medal on his chest was a scrap of iron pipe. To remember the night. To remember Teva.

THE END



"Walter contributed rather generously to the clothing drive."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Death Walk (Continued from Page 29)

a pond that was small even for so light a ship and cluttered with snags to boot. He ambled up from the lower meadow, his stitch-broken cruisers crunching through the heather, his rainproof jacket caped over an eighty-pound load of ore samples and gear. Looking down past scruffy stands of hemlock and yellow cedar from the ridge crest, he saw the plane in the pond, skewered on a snag, tail section and float heels projecting.

Mike shed his pack and headed down at a skidding gallop. The pond-rim litter yielded him a windfall; he splashed out, towing the log alongside him. When the bottom muck dropped from under his boots, he swam with an arm hooked over his log.

The plane was down by the nose at a sixty-degree angle. He wedged a foot in the undercarriage rigging and twisted the cabin door handle. Jammed. As he put his back into the effort, the door opened with a suddenness that almost toppled him from his stance. The plane teetering under him, he speared for an arm that wrenched away—snatched again, and fetched a girl up from the tangle of seats and equipment.

She fought his grip, bloody-nosed. She scratched him and in rank ingratitude tried to bite him.

"Let me go," she sobbed at him. "My father's down there!"

Mike bundled her out of the half-flooded cabin. "Stay put," he ordered her, and dropped feet first through the hatch. The plane protested, lurching ominously. He groped, got a fistful of collar and a purchase for his heels among the dials. The seat belt had been loosed, but the pilot's legs were trapped. Mike labored with head and shoulders under water. The left foot especially gave him trouble; it was pinched between the misplaced engine and the snag which had rammed upward on a diagonal between the passengers. He strained with a shoulder against that drowned hemlock trunk. It shifted below somewhere, the sound water-muffled, and the inert body lifted to Mike's heave. He got a knee over the door sill and, the girl helping, dragged the pilot clear as the aircraft ducked its tail and settled toward the bottom.

Together they worked her father across the log and floundered to shore. Mike packed the man out of the shallows and up to the first timber clump. Weight about one-seventy—Mike Clendon was a connoisseur of weights.

Dripping, he surveyed his catch. The pond had surrendered him a heavy-set pilgrim in his middle fifties, iron-haired, in brown suède jacket, tan slacks and wool shirt of no recognizable tartan. He wore town brogues, the left one creased in a fantastic sort of way, so that a ridge ran the length of the sole. Mike checked for pulse and heartbeat, then for broken bones, squatting on his heels while the girl stood puddling and shivering. She was younger than he, sturdy in a pale green cardigan with a matching pull-over beneath. Her plaid skirt was well-muddied. She wore a single green moccasin.

"Is he ——" Her voice was small and bleak. She let the question ride.

"He's alive." Beyond that at the moment, Mike wasn't prepared to go. Although her nose still trickled blood, the girl seemed to be all of a piece. "Look, I left my pack on top. Could you haul it down here?"

She smeared the back of a hand across her nose in a child's gesture and limped obediently, in her single silly moccasin, up the slope.

That folded foot was very bad. Mike hacked the shoe away. He had seen the aftermath of more than one smash, but he felt his stomach churn as he freed the shredded sock from the blob of breached and purpling flesh. He doubted that foot would ever carry this thick-bodied American again, but at least they were spared any finicking with a tourniquet. Bleeding slight: no problem there.

The girl dragged his packboard down through the heather. Her nose no longer dripped red. This time she finished her question, an amended version. "Is he badly hurt?"

Mike nodded. There would, or should be, a first-aid kit in the plane. He said to the girl, "Better get my blanket around him. You could try for a fire too."

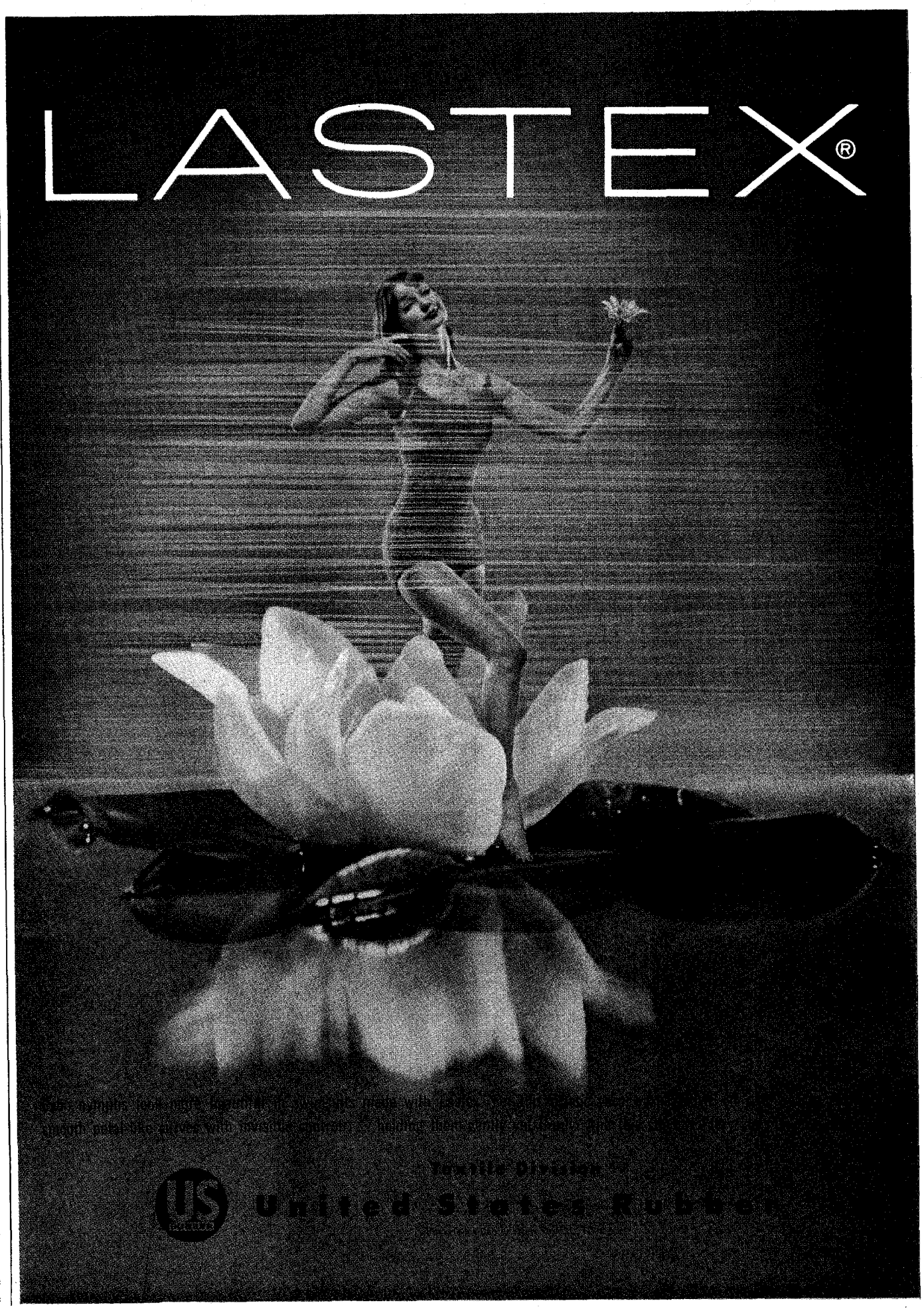
The pond lay tar-black under a thickening overcast. Mike shed boots, socks and the rags he gave courtesy title of shirt, then swam out to the float plane's grave. It had canted so that he had to eel under the wing and grope for the cabin doorway. He found the aid kit bracketed just inside the door.

Her fire was a smudge, fit only to repel the swarming mosquitoes. Mike found the girl's father conscious, sitting with his back against a tree and the blanket around his shoulders. He lifted a pale-blue, unfocused stare from his horrible foot to Mike Clendon and said weakly but precisely, "What tree did you swing out of, son?"

"You're no object of beauty yourself, I'm thinking. How do you feel?"

"Like the very devil."

Mike worked swiftly with damp gauze, his mind detached but his hands gentle,



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wishing the hurt man might have stayed unconscious till they could get the job done. The girl knelt beside him. She gagged a time or two and her cheeks were bleached of color, but she helped where she could. Her father loosed an occasional grunt. Twice he swore. After each outburst he growled to his daughter, "Sorry, duchess."

A city man, but gutsy. There was a thing about him, Mike reflected as they sacked the cocoon of bandage in a square ripped from his pack tarpaulin. It was an attitude, a remembered toughness. The pain would be getting through to him, the mercy of shock wearing thin.

He shook aspirins into his palm. "Do you have relatives in Canada?"

"Nope. Why?"

"It occurred to me you might have a brother or cousin called Jones."

"Do I look like a Welshman?" The hard blue eyes squinted as pain wrung him. "We're Minnesota Swedes."

His daughter murmured, as if from force of long habit, "Oh, Morg——"

He crunched the aspirins. Mike said to him, rising, "You remind me of a partner I once had. His name was Jones."

"What's your name, son?"

When Mike told him, he said, "Well, whiskers, when we're clear of this, you can write your own ticket."

He passed out then. But his pulse was in order; he wasn't about to die on them. This man, Mike decided, would not die easily.

Morgan Halsted was his name—Mike had that from the daughter, who began to talk earnestly and steadily as if from some shock compulsion only now working its way out—and she was Miss Halsted, this informal setting no excuse for first-name familiarity. Their home, when at home, was Oakland, California. Her father manufactured paints and weatherproofing compounds, and was his own best salesman.

She hadn't gone weepy or hysterical, for which Mike was grateful in a preoccupied fashion. He kept her talking while he reduced a yellow-cedar snag to firewood with his Hudson's Bay ax. Since her graduation from Stanford last spring—which made her somewhat older than he had judged—she had flitted about with Morgan Halsted as traveling secretary. They'd been coast-hopping north to Alaska, when up from the water and directly into the propeller rose a big bird—and now this.

"Do you know," she said gravely, standing by with her skirt steaming, "it seems incredible, but my father insisted that bird was a swan."

"A trumpeter," Mike said. "Very rare. There's a couple hereabouts." He read the gale-writhed grain, swung the ax, and his chunk divided cleanly. "By morning we'll have a game warden in from Kinross, and a Mountie or two with handcuffs jangling."

She considered that, watching him, a slight frown between eyes which he thought were gray. "Then you believe we'll be found soon, Mr. Clendon?"

"You're already found," he answered her. "Getting you out may take a wee bit longer."

He set her to work, packing wood, stoking their fire against the swift cooling off that late afternoon brought to the five-thousand-foot level. Not till they had that fire leaping and three others spaced in a triangle across the open meadow did he come back to the crackup.

"Do you happen to know if your dad got off a mayday?"

She had whisked over bad country in a toy plane, but her blank gaze showed that the term didn't register.

"Distress call," he explained.

"I'm sure he didn't." She spoke from her knees, loading an arm with split chunks. Her sweater set looked to be cashmere; a pity to misuse it so. "Everything happened too quickly. We just seemed to pancake."

"I expect he'd have needed to refuel this side of Alaska." Flight plan and estimated time of arrival would have been filed; required data on which a search could be based. "Where had you planned to spend the night?"

"Prince Rupert, I believe." She sounded vague about that also. He asked, "Were you off your course?"

"A few miles. We ran into fog." The girl straightened with her load. She was small, her grave little face as square as a bobcat's. Even with make-up and with her sandy-brown hair brushed and the dried blood washed from the roots of her nose, Mr. Halsted of Oakland's daughter would be no beauty. "Dad decided to swing in toward the mountains. Then we saw you crossing an open place and began arguing whether it was a bear and dropped down to make sure." Under happier circumstances the mouth she made could have passed for a smile. "My father is fond of guessing about people. He decided you were a prospector and likely out of tobacco. We meant to circle and drop you cigarettes. He had a bottle of bourbon, too, stuffed in a cushion."

"Kind of him," Mike told her dryly, gathering a firewood load of his own. He had given up smoking as an avoidable expense when funds ran low during his spring semester at University of British Columbia. What she'd just told him seemed a childish, foolhardy business. One did not play pranks in single-engined aircraft over a wilderness that could punish error savagely.

So, he decided, assembling the pieces, they'd strayed a considerable distance, as much as a hundred miles off their flight path, their destination far north and no distress call sent out. Rescue might be somewhat longer reaching these Halsteds than he had anticipated. There was a thought beyond that thought, and he didn't much like the shape of it. But he had enough on his mind, work to be done, and no use to upset a kid who had so far handled herself well.

The fires were their best bet, flame by night and smoke in the daytime. Even if the Sea Island Search and Rescue sleuths should miss, an Alaska-bound bomber or one of the far-ranging ships of Comox Royal Canadian Air Force station might spot them. Should a bush pilot happen past on a charter, Dave Logan or even that camel-faced fool of a Milt Bates, the three smokes would give the word.

"What should I do now, Mr. Clendon?"

For the moment he had forgotten her, where she stood small and dejected and patient, the troubled blue-gray eyes watching him. He smiled, pushing a shaggy cowlick back from his forehead.

"Well, your dad needs a roof over him and a bed under him. It'll rain before morning. We must dry his clothes. I should have got after that long ago." He started up toward the home fire, dangling the Hudson's Bay chopper. "We could even think about eating, if you care for oatmeal porridge."

"Mush? I hate it. One of our housekeepers force-fed me with it when I was small." The smile flickered. "I bit her. She tasted better than her mush."

"Housekeeper?"

"There's just Morg and me. It's always been like that."

Small talk among the ruins. The tears were suddenly in her voice, thickening it, and the husky words came tumbling.

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"I'm grateful to you, Mr. Clendon. You'll never begin to know how grateful. My father's a pretty wonderful person. If anything happens to him, if he—if ——"

"Nothing will happen," Mike said to her with more conviction than he felt, "except he could possibly lose the foot. I'm no doctor or even a trained first-aid man. But I'm afraid you'll have to face that."

"I've already faced it. And he meant what he told you. When we're out of this, you can name your own price."

"Oh, can I then? That's mighty big of you both!" He kicked a log end so that sparks flew in covey and said to her stiffly, "When Mr. Halsted's up to it, remind me to quote him my rescue rates. There's the safari type with native bearers at a dollar a pound an hour. Then there's my Saint Bernard special, but that's a snow job ——"

"Stop it, Mike!" She was a quiet-seeming girl, but not without a temper of her own. Her hands were clenched and her eyes had darkened, shining at him in firelight grown ruddy with the settling of dusk. "We hadn't the least intention of insulting you. But there's no reason why we should commandeer a—a stranger's services and not pay!" She finished hotly on a released breath, "So please don't fluff up and be stupid about this."

"Ah, forget it." He didn't apologize—he had never been good at that—but as he sank his bit into green hemlock he spared her a grin. "I've never seen an angry deer mouse, but you look exactly like one. Cool off yourself, Miss Halsted."

"My name is Linnea."

"Sounds like a unit of measurement," he commented gallantly. Their silly little flare-up might serve a purpose. Politeness was fine in its place, but it didn't help people to the sort of understanding that might be essential before her father's mangled foot was delivered to the medicos at Kinross hospital down-coast.

"I didn't choose the name, and I don't like it either. You can call me Linn."

"Very well, Linn —— Watch it, eh?"

The hemlock toppled. He set about swamping it. Smokes they'd been about to drop him—and liquor. A big wheel in the paint business who'd go out of his way to make a treat for a chance-seen bush rat might, after all, be a fairly right guy. Also, there was that startling resemblance to his dead partner, Vesuvius Jones. And there was nothing essentially wrong with the man's daughter except that she had the bad luck to be a female in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Mike said, "We'll have a go at salvaging your luggage in the morning." He had found her other moccasin in the muddy shallow and had leaned both to dry on sticks by the fire. The uppers were flimsy things; one vamp lacing had already popped. But the soles, praise be, were heavy, ridged crepe rubber. "You have other shoes, Linn?"

"Loafers and pumps," she told him while he crisscrossed a stack of greenery on his ax handle. "And sandals with three-inch heels. But I don't think those would be much good for roughing it."

The phrase had a quaint sound. It conjured up an Ojibway guide who conversed in grunts; it brought to mind tents and canoes and an outfitter's lodge not too far distant. No Indians in this area, though; they had the sense to stick to the coast. The pair of zany Englishmen who'd tried to run the glacier-fed Maxada had not lived to boast of it, and resorts were conspicuously absent between the Maxada cirque and tidewater sixty airline miles southwest. But Linn didn't know. This girl from the south, the big-city girl, was most unlikely to know. She did not impress him as an outdoor type.

"We'll try for the loafers." He picked up his load of lean-to makings and skirted the fire. "By the way, have you a black dress in that plane?"

"Yes."

"Possibly a Dior?"

Butterfly Collection

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Beneath this glass bound by an ebony frame,
Sheltered forever from winds of north or west,
Butterflies far too brilliant for a name
Stare into Time, their patterned wings at rest.

But more than silent wings are captured here:
Lost words of lovers, petals of sun-hot flowers,
The smell of meadows steaming in yellow rain ——
A summer that never and never again shall be ours.

"Nothing that grand, Mike. The Dior is for state occasions only."

She glanced at him, puzzled. But he did not elucidate, and presently she said, "Why did you ask? About the black dress, I mean."

Constrainedly Mike said to her, "I knew a girl once who had a black Dior. She looked fine in it." He had, perhaps, been too long alone; he was not yet acclimatized to human company, his tongue inclined to betray him. With a clip of the ax he trimmed a roof pole. "We'll be needing water, Linn. Fill the tea pail, would you mind?"

She trudged off into the twilight, that air of sturdy competence about her, the flame-blackened billy aswing in a grimy hand. Alone with the injured man asleep or comatose against his tree, Mike got on with a chore so often repeated in his nine prospecting seasons that his hands moved automatically while his thoughts rambled.

This Yankee girl was a stranger—no sense or need to explain to her how Dior, that famous name, was keyed to the worst mistake of his life, to a lesson painfully learned and digested in bitterness.

He was well over Alison Mackay now, the bitterness leached out of his spirit by two hard years. It no longer hurt to remember one state occasion—Alison in the black Dior, he in a dinner jacket borrowed from Dave Logan and a touch tight across the shoulders—the two of them dancing at the Panorama Roof in Vancouver. That was the night he asked Alison Mackay to marry him, and had learned what any but a naïve character would long ago have guessed—that roving the world as a geologist's wife had no place in Alison's plans.

It was a simple-enough story. Rich girl, poor boy—their backgrounds utterly different, not enough common ground between them to make a marriage. That first love should have ended without complications or permanent scars. All in fun, as Alison had taken it, and nobody hurt.

And it would have ended so, Mike Clendon thought while he thatched his slant roof with hemlock boughs, had others not been involved. His Aunt Meg, who had taken a Scots war orphan and

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reared him as her own. Ves Jones, the rough mountain man who had seen enough in a green and blundering sixteen-year-old to partner up with him, replacing a father never more than a dim, distant memory.

He had ended his senior year in geological engineering that spring of 1957. The Upper Anzac River country which the previous season had yielded them better than $10,000 in free gold was waiting. Ves Jones waited, too, with a sheaf of air-survey photos which he was sure would guide them to the sort of greenstone-and-quartz outcrop free-miners dream of in winter with the hills locked against them. But because of Alison he had let Ves challenge the Anzac country alone, and the scar of that betrayal he would carry always.

Linn Halsted had returned, stepping quietly into the circle of firelight. Unbidden, she set the pail between the green logs of Mike's hearth and began to help him with the last of his roof thatching. Deep in the past still, years and miles away from the Maxada cirque, he was aware only absently of her flesh-and-blood presence beside him.

They had met for a last time, Ves and he, on a May night in a Vancouver skid-road beer parlor. It had always been gold with Ves. Uranium, base metals—the hell with them. Gold was for prospectors, and the gold fever was upon him.

The old man had spoken bluntly. "She ain't the one you'll marry, kid. Anyhow, you're both too young. Quit hanging around, shove off with me."

"I can't, Ves." In his pocket was a ring, bought and paid for. He had been that cocksure. "Give me three weeks, eh?"

"Season's too short. We can't spare three weeks, not in the Anzac. You know that, Mike."

"O.K., then. Suppose you go on ahead? I can follow; I'll know where to find you."

Ves Jones had studied him across the table, the yellow-green eyes in the seamed face unreadable. "You won't change your mind?"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, it's your show." Very deliberately Ves had salted and drained his glass. "When she gives you the business, kid, follow me."

He had got up then, a chunky, grizzled man who looked a lot too much like this Minnesota Swede, this Morgan Halsted, and sauntered toward the door with his limber walk, in his blue serge town suit, his brown fedora tipped a little sideways as he always wore it.

No good-by. That had never been their way. But Mike had gripped the edge of that beer-sloppy table and with the sense of betrayal upon him had wanted more than anything on God's earth to rise up from there and load his gear and move out for the Upper Anzac with Ves Jones.

More than anything—except for Alison Mackay to be his wife. But she hadn't married him, and two weeks later, the ring sold to grubstake him, he had followed his partner into the killer country. Followed—and failed to find him.

He had located Ves Jones' siwash camp and in his cache a few sticks of dynamite. Working out from there, he had come in August to a rockslide at the head of a feeder creek. That tumbled sidehill had yielded him shreds of burned fuse. He was still digging, still shifting the shattered slope with raw hands, when the big snow trapped him in October.

The rest had been nightmare—a broken ankle and near starvation—with only the will to live sustaining him till March, when he forced the Anzac gates on axhewn skis. Released from Kinross hospital, home in Vancouver, he had found his aunt worn to a shadow by grief and worry. He had tended her till August, when a stroke, not her first, had taken her off. Then, with the same stubbornness that had saved him from the Anzac, he had set about picking up the pieces—had settled Aunt Meg's affairs and those of Ves Jones and had started the two-year grind toward his master's degree.

Alison, by that time, was half a year married. The news, received while he was still in the hospital, had left him unmoved. He had not seen Alison since the night of the Panorama Roof. But there had been a letter from her, passed on to him by the Logans at Kinross, four months ago.

A lost-soul sort of letter: her marriage a failure, her final decree due in July. She proposed to visit Dave and Susan Logan at Kinross in September, and would look forward to renewing a friendship that shouldn't have ended.

Reading, he had tried hard to see Alison as she had been—a laughing girl, tall, with lovely red-gold hair. But the picture wouldn't shape, and he had started his first campfire of the season with her letter in the lee of a Mara Creek snowbank, alone in the welcome silence of the hills.

Those pieces, he reflected, starting on a bough bed now, methodically laying hemlock feathers, he did not propose to pick up. If or when he met Alison at Kinross, all might change, but he hoped not. He was older in more than years, and the shoe was on the other foot. At twenty-four, with his master's degree a year away, he had no place in his careful planning for Alison. Or for any other woman.

Halsted had wakened. His deep-set eyes, hard as marbles in the heavy-featured face which in health must be florid, followed the two as they proceeded with their light wilderness housekeeping. Presently Linn crept into the shelter to help lay the final mattress layer. That done, and cursing himself for exposing the hurt man to a chill or worse, Mike helped Halsted out of his damp clothes. Wetness, like hunger, was a condition to which he paid scant heed. In the time since Aunt Meg's death he had not been required to spend much thought on others. He rolled Halsted in the blanket. Between them he and Linn transferred him to the shelter. Halsted tried to assist; the effort set him groaning. When he lay in cover, his face glistened with sweat.

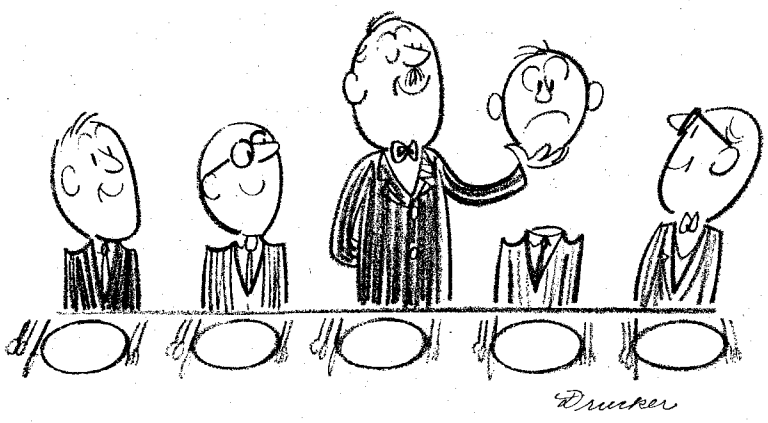
"Think you could work that pack-carrying dingus of yours in behind me, Mike?"

Linn attended to that. The lard pail boiled. Mike added tea, a skinny pinch, then, reluctantly, another. He felt Morgan Halsted's gaze following him.

"I always had a yen to sleep this way," Halsted muttered. "'The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.' That's out of the Bible, but I wouldn't expect you kids to know it. I read the Bible through once, Linny. Did I ever tell you? Only book I ever read in my life." He lay in the disreputable blanket, wrapped like a corpse, propped against Mike's packboard. But the broad, damp face did not belong to a man who contemplated an end. "Closest I ever came to this was an air mattress in an umbrella tent. Remember, Linny? The war was just over, you were nine, and we had us a ball." He chuckled and said, "You sat on my pet bass plug."

"I remember. It was a good trip, Morg." She looked in at her father with an extraordinary softening and lightening of a face Mike had judged rather wooden. "A fine trip, fishhooks and all."

There was a feeling that came to Mike Clendon on occasion, as if he peered from darkness (*Continued on Page 64*)



The Perfect Squelch

Lee, the secretary of the local luncheon club, was so busy attending to everyone else's business that he continually forgot details of his own duties. Never, however, did he let that embarrass him. In fact, he jibed openly at the forgetfulness and mistakes of others, including Tom, the club president.

There came a meeting day when Tom, as president, announced several committee appointments and added: "Would you write that down, please, Mr. Secretary?"

"Sorry, I don't have a pencil or paper," Lee replied. "I just didn't bring my equipment."

"Well," said Tom, "would you please make a mental note?"

"Remind me after the meeting," Lee retorted shortly.

"Why?" Tom asked. "Didn't you bring your equipment?"

Joseph C. Murphy

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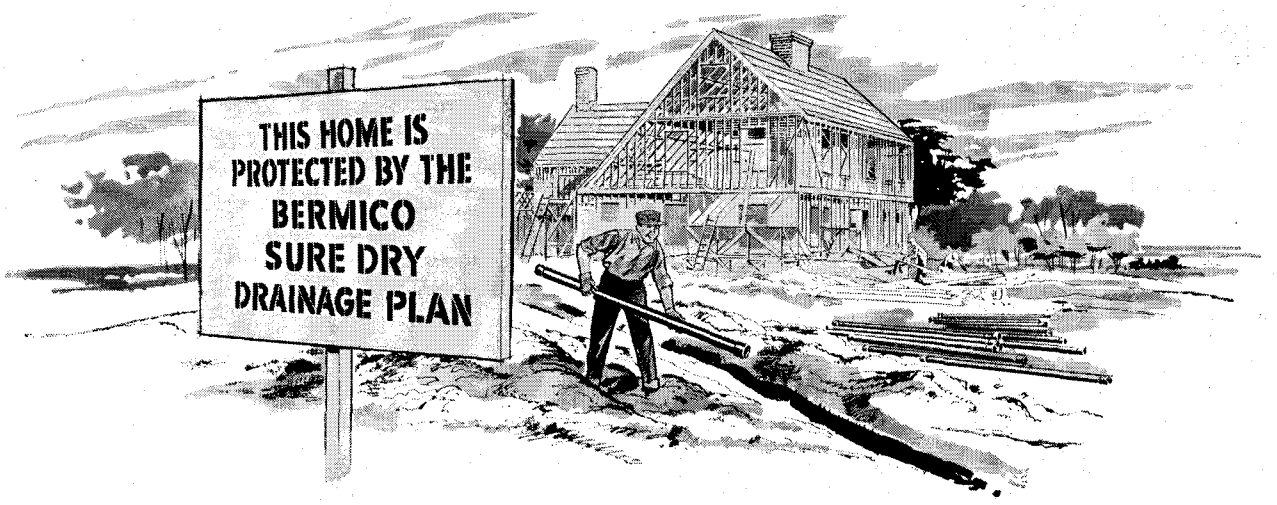

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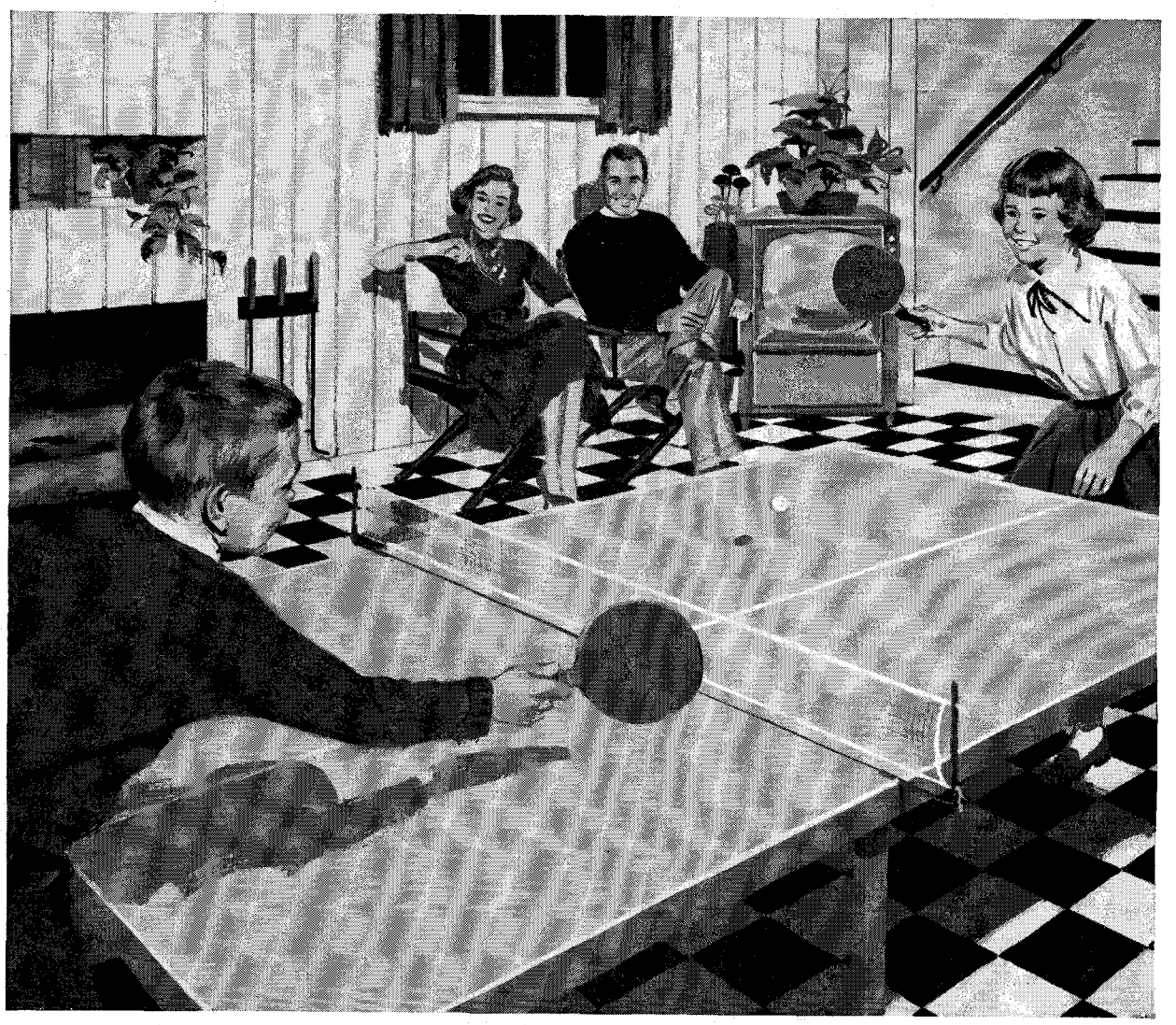

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(*Continued from Page 62*) into a warm and friendly room. It flicked him now. But those rooms had rarely been for him, nor was this one of them. He said dourly, "Give me an air mattress every time. You'll agree before morning."

"Feels good. Smells nice. I like the green ceiling. . . . Linny, have you a smoke?"

Linn found two packs in his jacket pocket, one with the cellophane unbroken. She slipped that one into her cardigan and toasted a damp cigarette from the other on a twig.

"Tastes like seaweed," Halsted grumbled when he had it smoldering between his lips. His eyes beneath the tufted brows continued to watch her in some obscure speculation. He said, "I don't see the counselor's ring, kid."

"It's in the plane, worse luck. In my handbag." The girl pushed back short brown hair. "The band was loose, Morg. It needed taking in. I was afraid of losing it."

What Halsted growled, Mike didn't hear. But he saw, for an instant, the shadow of a frown between the girl's eyes.

"We'll try for that, too," he said, "tomorrow."

He dished porridge into his single tin plate from his gold pan. That broad, shallow vessel was a useful article; besides making wages with it you could boil in it, also bake when you had the wherewithal.

"But I'm not hungry, really," Linn protested.

"It's good for you," he told her. "Sticks to the ribs. I'm informed my granddad on my mother's side went through Edinburgh University on it." He hung over her grimly till she'd eaten half of it, then poured her a mug of hot and sugarless black tea. The rest of her porridge he watered into a disgusting gruel of which Halsted supped a little.

"Fine stuff," he said, and Mike told him, "With respect, mister, you're the king of the liars. But I'm in short supply."

When the Halsteds befell him he had been heading out for the coast, season over, his grub reduced to oatmeal, a fistful of tea, and such game as he could pot with his little grouse gun.

The hurt man's forehead was cool. No fever, not yet. Mike rooted around for the aspirin bottle. "How do you feel?"

"A lot better." The answer was prompt and vigorous. "There was a bottle of whisky in that aircraft and I wish, by the holy, we had it now. When I think of the drinks I've turned down not that they ever amounted to much, and all the good bourbon I've drunk without truly appreciating it ——"

"Will you settle for rye?" Mike asked him, and Halsted groaned and said, "That's a mighty cruel form of ribbing, son."

Linn wasn't smoking. The girl sat drying the rest of the cigarettes from the opened package. She watched while Mike poked among the sacks and small bags which he had bundled in his rectangle of canvas.

"What's that object?" Halsted asked him. "A Scotch air mattress?"

"A thing of my own," Mike replied hastily and flipped the tarp over his gear. "Your doctor mightn't approve, but try this."

"This" was a little flat bottle—what Canadians call a micky—its cap seal unbroken. Mike opened it, unable to resist a touch of ostentation, and poured two fingers into the mug.

"Water or soda?"

"Straight," Halsted told him, "and may the Lord bless and prosper you, boy." His fingers, thick and hairy-backed, wrapped themselves around the mug. "From here on out," he said, "you just call me Morg, huh?"

He threw the drink down fast. "You?" Mike asked, and Linn shook her head.

"Is that standard equipment for a prospector?" She had not approved.

"A sinful luxury." He capped the micky, wondering how to explain the nature of solitude to one who did not walk alone. "Out as I've been, you see, a person has very little. What you can carry, no more. So you hang a carrot in front of the donkey's nose. That crock was for when I found something good, an interesting outcrop, a bar that paid."

"And you didn't?"

"Nothing to cause a rush. But it was for if I met company too. So it's worth the extra weight." He had stated his thesis lamely. The girl was studying him with her small frown. It was a trick of hers, as if she liked to weigh and consider.

"What about the bagpipes, Mike? Another luxury?"

"A change from the sound of my own voice." The red on his cheekbones wasn't all fire heat; he spoke very stiffly. "And to keep in practice. I'm a piper in our reserve forces."

"How about a solo?"

"Ah, you'd not appreciate it. Anyway, I might call in unwanted company. A furry friend."

"A bear? You mean you have grizzlies batting around in here?"

Mike nodded. Linn said to him in her mildly academic way, "I understood the true grizzly was almost extinct. In the wild state, that is."

"If so, the word hasn't reached our pets." This new subject seemed to divert attention from his pipes; he worked to stretch it. "Not in the Maxada country, at least." Truthfully, and for their reassurance if needed, he said, "Big brother minds his own business, though, most times."

"Come on," Halsted urged him. "Or maybe you can't blow them; maybe you just lug 'em around to impress us tourists."

Nettled and embarrassed, feeling the flush burn on his cheeks, Mike scooped up the pipes. "I'll spare you the worst," he said crankily. "I'll remove to our other fires."

He stepped out of the light, the ebony-gleaming chanter laid along his forearm, the three drones dangling.

Between the signal fires and the dull-shimmering pond, Mike Clendon paced with the bag plumped and the heather whispering against his eight-inch cruiser tops. Over the snore of the drones, the skirling had firmed to a pattern and a cadence, a claymore of edged sound that brandished its defy at the mountain darkness.

At last he let the air sough from the bag. Mist had crept down from the veiled peaks of the Maxada, writhing across the pond to dull the fires—these three in their triangle and the isolated star at the edge of the hemlock clump. Mike fed the distress fires more chunks, worrying. Only a God's miracle would keep infection out of that bloated, broken foot, although he had been generous with sulfa from the first-aid kit. Dye had run from the patterned sock, bone splinters must be driven every which way through the flesh to make a trap for gangrene. He could allow the Halsteds, father and daughter, a day for plane waiting if the weather held fair, though reason warned him even that reprieve might be too long.

While he thought well of Morgan Halsted—a man of gritty humor and incredible vitality—he could not forget that,

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generosity or no, Halsted had courted disaster. And the girl annoyed him. When she had wasted tea, pouring the last of her mug so casually into the embers, he could have reached out and cuffed her. If she, damn her, had ever sweated a pack through mountain country, she would know the worth of an ounce of tea. Where did she think they were, this rich man's daughter—dining in some swank hotel and him a tip-hungry flunky?

Pipes under arm and tail still swishing, he tramped back toward camp. He found the hurt man sprawled against the pack-frame with eyes shut. Linn Halsted lay curled in a tight ball by the campfire, deep asleep.

Wry-smiling, Mike looked down at her where she huddled with hair tumbled on a smudged cheek. One way or other, she'd had herself a day. The man whose ring lay in the sunken plane—the fellow in Oakland or wherever—mightn't be marrying a looker, but there were other values, a stanchness among them. The rooms they shared would be good rooms, pleasant and warm.

Mike Clendon wondered about her, ironically amused, a tall man ragged and bearded there; and it was kin to the familiar self-wonder, the *Who am I? What am I?* that plagues the lonely. Even without her help he could have made a fair guess at the frame and outline of this girl's life. But the inner woman remained a stranger. Their circles had touched, but it would be a brief contact. He hoped so, and knew Linn Halsted did also.

He knelt and raised her, limp as a rag doll. It was a very much easier lift than that other, when he had hoisted her father from the shallows. She sagged in his arms, warm against him, and with the wonder still upon him he studied the tipped-back face that sleep had blanked to the face of a weary child.

Mike crossed with her to the shelter. Here, he held about one hundred and ten pounds, including the green moccasins. He had packed much heavier on the curved-frame board which propped a hurt man's shoulders. This was nothing; this he could carry to the world's end if need be. Carefully, trying not to joggle Halsted, Mike settled her on the hemlock bed and spread his tarp over her. The lean-to was cozy with reflected heat. His hostages would sleep warm there; he'd keep the fire in.

He freshened the tea leaves with creek water and set the pail in the embers. Who and what Linn Halsted was didn't signify. As for himself, Michael Ronald Clendon, no fixed address, Canadian of Scots descent, he knew too well what he was.

A schoolboy still, the best part of a year short of the day when he would be off to peck at the earth's crust in Australia or Iran, Saudi or Venezuela. He was also, at times, an old man with a weight heavier than any pack upon his conscience. He had hastened the death of a stern woman who had loved him, and there were nights when he knew he had murdered his partner as surely as if he had drawn a bead and squeezed a trigger.

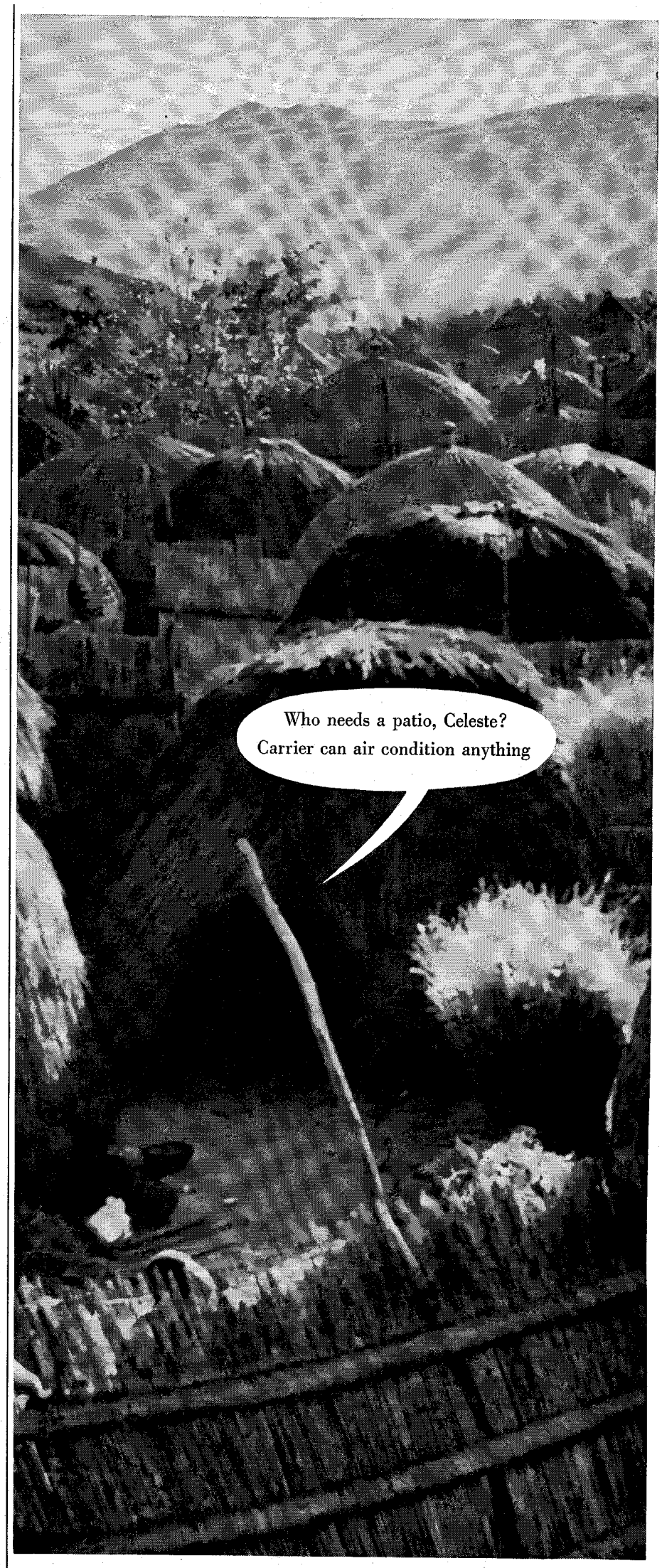
Conscience, however, approved him at the moment; he could squat here supping his tea and realize that conscience, not a bad old joker at heart, had opened a way of atonement. He would have done his best for those two in the shelter in any case. But he would offer them somewhat better than his best. Although he prayed them the luck of a plane, air rescue was most unlikely. The trip he contemplated might be the roughest of his life, worse even than the hell of the Upper Anzac. For a girl and a cripple it could be terrible. The Spanish people had a name for a jaunt of that sort. *Jornada de la muerte*, they called it, and this, for the Halsteds and also for him, could well be a journey of death. But unless a plane came, and soon, the risk must be taken. He could see no other way out.

The sense of being watched fetched his head around. He said softly, "How goes it, Morg?" but drew no answer. For all that, he was sure the hurt man lay wakeful there, in pain in the shadows, toughing it out. He felt, too, that he and Morgan Halsted had achieved an understanding.

"Listen, pop," he said, still softly, "I know you're awake." He poured tea, dug out the micky and laced the posset, then crept part way in and reached across Linn's (*Continued on Page 68*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Uncle Sam beat you to it!"



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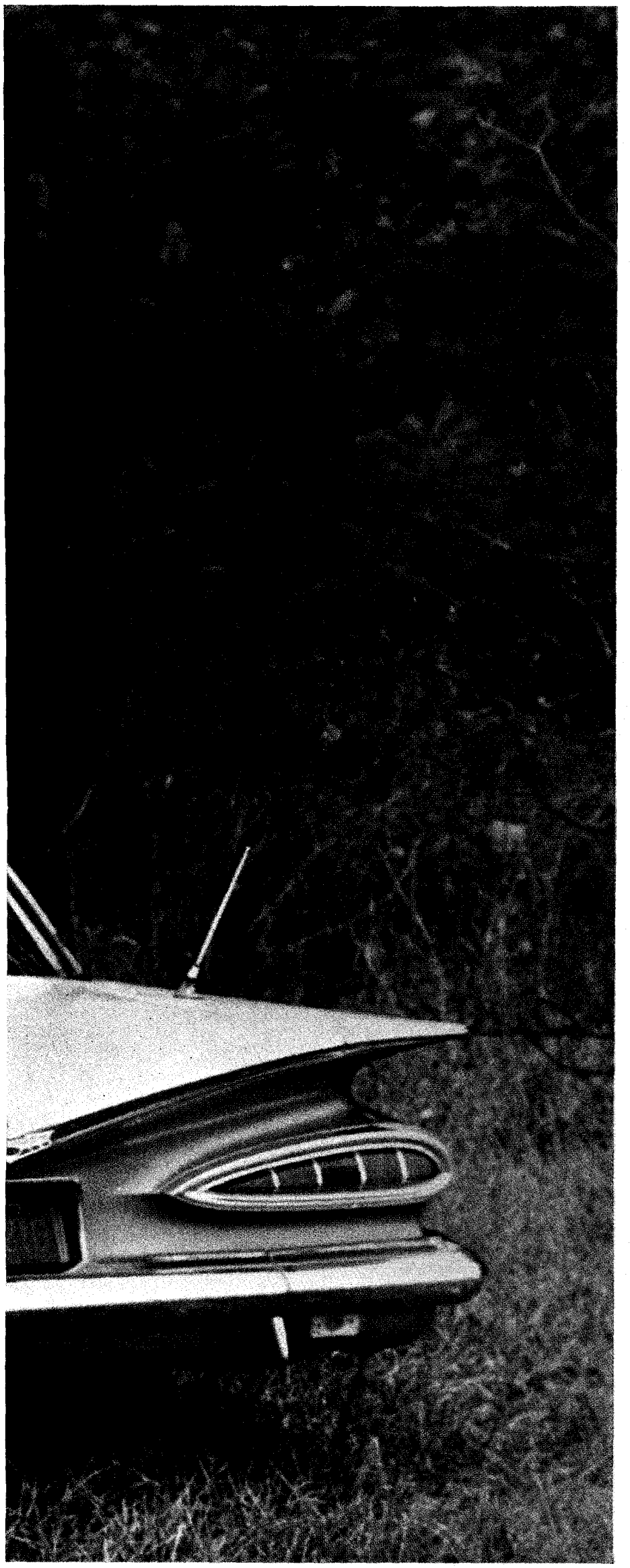

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(*Continued from Page 65*) body. A hand closed on the mug. Halsted chuckled.

"Hey, whiskers, don't you ever sleep?"

"Fat chance you two give me." He groped for Linn's moccasins and for his bag of fixings, the bushwhacker's priceless compendium. The moccasins had dried stiff. He suppled them in his hands, then set about mending the broken thong. "Is this her fellow, the one she was havering about in her sleep a while back?"

"I guess so. But don't ask me why."

"What like is he, Morg? What's his name?"

"Y'know, I always have the darnedest time remembering? Luke something or other. Yeah—Blaine. The nicest little jerk ever got called to the bar of the state of California. Corporations and estates."

"I take it you think poorly of him."

"Nope. I just don't think of him; he doesn't somehow register." Halsted drank noisily. Mike kindled him a smoke and passed it in.

"Thanks, son. The way we stand, the duchess took a chopping from a smooth operator a couple of years ago. A flunked-out football type who figured on getting rich the easy way. Linny was within an ace of marrying him when she wised up. So, when she tried her luck again, it was strictly on a safety-first basis. This counselor of hers, besides being loaded, is solid as a stone house. He'll never give her or me a moment's worry." He sighed, smoking, holding himself together in the shadows. "Linny," he said, "is a fine girl, Mike, but something of a stuffed shirt. Perhaps you've noticed that?"

"I hadn't," Mike said. It had not been his intention to prod Halsted into a dissection of his daughter. He dropped yellow cedar on the fire and threaded a darning needle with coarse linen by the renewed light. Double stitched, her shoes might hold together till they won through to the waterhaul. From that point, high-balling through the rapids and murderous canyons of the Maxada on a log raft, shoes would matter less than a proper standing with the Almighty.

The prospect scared him. Even sitting here, far from the Max headwaters, the thought of what might lie before them brought the damp into his palms.

"You married, Mike?"

"No." He dropped the word dourly. "Single—and I propose to remain so."

"O.K., O.K. I just asked. Look, you knocked her out with your bagpipes. Tell me a story or something. Talk me to sleep."

Mike backed his needle with a chip and pushed it through sleazy leather. "I'll tell you about this partner of mine you could double for." The fire purred. From the little shelter in the big night he heard Linn Halsted's even breathing and her father's pain-tensed silence. "Dead now, lost three seasons ago in the Anzac hills. I met him when I was no but a high-school kid out for the first time, by my lone and bushed to a fare-ye-well with an ax cut in my leg." The past reached for him; he stitched, remembering. "A remarkable man, Ves Jones. He named a mountain in here for a Salt Lake City party girl. Mount Angela. I'll point it out if the chance offers. Not half a day from where you're lying, Morg, he removed his own appendix with a hunk of glacier ice for local anesthetic and a mirror propped on his belly to guide the knife ——"

"From where I'm lying?" Halsted put in.

"You don't believe me?"

"No." The gruff voice reached him in a drowsy rumble. "But go on with it, boy. I love a free-wheeling liar!"

Even so small an item as a mostly blank scrap of paper can be precious to a man who carries his home on his back. Mike Clendon's last act, before he shifted Morgan Halsted and his mean-tempered dunderhead of a daughter from the camp under the Maxada cirque was to print a message with an indelible pencil stub on a pale-blue envelope saved from a letter he had burned at the start of his prospecting season. This note to possible—but improbable—rescuers, he wedged in a cleft sapling inside the lean-to. The way the weather had clamped down, that message mightn't be found for a week or a year; in any case, for a very much longer time than Halsted's mashed foot would tolerate.

Still, it might help reassure a sullen girl with whom less than an hour earlier he had shared a proper cat-and-dog fight about the remove.

Linn Halsted didn't and couldn't understand why a sixty-mile trek by mountain, glacier and river should be required when a plane was certain to spot them. This decision to move was brutal, it was outright sadistic, and if Mike Clendon thought to make himself a hero at her suffering father's expense he had better think again, because she, definitely, Mr. Clendon, wasn't buying it.

At that point, in a voice gone Scots, he had told her pungently what he thought of rich men's spoiled daughters, *genus Americanus* in particular; and the quiet, mildly academic girl had rocked him on his heels with a roundhouse slap.

They moved out now, through a swirling mist, across a fogbound meadow. The three signal fires they left new-stoked with mounds of green boughs. It was an undramatic leave-taking, ludicrous in a way—Halsted on Mike's back, his arms over the young prospector's shoulders, Mike supporting him under the thighs with hands laced across his own middle. The girl trailed them, carrying the packboard. Mike had shortened the wide web shoulder straps. Her load, parceled in tarp and blanket, totaled about thirty-five pounds. It included a pair of dress pants, Morgan Halsted's, from their recovered luggage, white shirts which Mike had selected with an eye to bandages, and all that he felt would be useful from the aid kit. Linn had added a fistful of nylon from her soaked overnight case. There were also the war pipes which Mike's father had carried to his death when the Highland Division shoved off from Alamein. Halsted had insisted on those; and Mike, without too much coaxing, had retrieved them from a discard cache that included his season's ore samples and half his gear.

Linn's retrieved handbag dangled defiantly from a horn of the packboard, her engagement diamond safe in her change purse. She hadn't spoken to Mike since the slap that had blown international relations sky-high. Angry though she still was, that flare-up shocked her. Some of the violence inherent in this raw land must have settled upon her to make her act so, for apart from biting that housekeeper—Scottish also—she had never raised a hand against anyone in all her placid life.

Those two ahead had organized themselves into a stag club, rough and rowdy, from which she was excluded, and glad to be. She tramped after them in a haze of gnats and self-pity. The shrunken skirt bound her waist, and she was hot already in the hip-length car coat Mike had fished out of the sunken plane and dried at their morning fire. As they left that meadow behind, the girl looked back. The camp was only a jerry-built lean-to and a rectangle of white wood ash between charred logs. But sudden tears stung her eyes; it had become in her mind a symbol of security—an oasis, a kind of home.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Girl in the Window (Continued from Page 33)

much too shy to say things like that to a real girl, even if I had known one to whom I wanted to say them. The most I could have said to a real girl was, "Gee, you're cute," or something like that.

One day Mr. Struddlehammer, the owner of the store and a fine fellow if you didn't have to work for him, came blundering into Monet's storeroom, studio and office, and I was stretched out on the real sand smiling up at Helen, who was sitting in the beach chair beside the cardboard sea. I was telling her we would see the whole world together and find true love in every clime.

Mr. Struddlehammer, who wore tennis shoes exclusively, had crept up on me and listened to me for a few moments. When he spoke I jumped up. He said, "Are you crazy?"

I said, "No, sir."

"Then what are you talking to a dummy for?"

I blushed. "I'm practicing for a play. A love story in one act. I—she—you see —— It's about a fellow and a girl."

"It usually is," Mr. Struddlehammer said.

"It's cozier that way," I observed, laughing shrilly.

Mr. Struddlehammer frowned. "Take these props and put them down in the front window, 1 C. We got a fashion show going Thursday. Monet is off somewhere having spots in front of his eyes, so I have to trust you. Make a nice set. I'll give you a diagram. You don't look stupid."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "That's a compliment, coming from you."

I had watched Monet fix windows and it was no trouble at all for me. Of course I had to leave Helen upstairs. I put her in an old-fashioned swing and brought the other props downstairs. Then I had an idea the old-fashioned swing, the kind that goes back and forth and has two seats on it, would be nice too. So I dragged that down.

Mr. Struddlehammer came and looked at the window. "It's not bad," he said. "Can you make showcards?"

"No, sir."

"All right. Have Charbis, on the second floor, make you cards like this: 'Fashion Show. Live! Noon Thursday.' And so on. Here are the slips."

I gave the slips to Charbis and forgot the whole thing. That was Tuesday of that fateful summer. That night I met the girl of my dreams. She was everything us fellows had said she should be. She looked exactly like Helen the mannequin, except she was alive.

I met her in Nagle's drugstore at seventeen minutes past seven. The temperature was 78 and the humidity was 50 per cent, which was very comfortable. I was not.

Even to this day (and I am almost twenty), I have never figured out why a fellow can talk his head off to other fellows and to his parents and even to women of advanced age like teachers, but when he is confronted with the one girl in the known universe with whom he is instantly in love, he is practically struck dumb. Philosophers, they tell me, have been brooding about this for centuries.

There was this "Helen," sitting at the counter drinking a soda, and there was I, red in the neck, beside her, dawdling over a cherry phosphate and I couldn't say a word. Everybody speaks to everybody in Nagle's pharmacy, because if you are in there you are one of the Forest Park crowd and everyone knows everyone else's family. But I could not say a word to this girl for a long time.

Finally she said, "Are you Bob Gorham?"

I was so stunned I just sat there with a grin on my face, sort of in a trance. This girl went on, "Well, don't you know?"

"I'd like a few minutes to think it over," I said. I meant it.

She thought I was clowning and she laughed like little bells. "You're droll," she said. "I've heard about you. I'm James Mackawash's niece. I live on the other side of town. I go to McGuffy's school for girls. Our house burned down and we're staying with the Mackawashes. I saw you throwing a baseball around in the little park in front of our house. I asked who the nice boy was. Mr. Mackawash, my uncle, said it was Bob Gorham. He said you were sort of sappy. I defended you."

> You can always tell when a man has made the last payment on his car. He starts slowing up when passing car dealers' show windows.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

This was all too much for me. I stared into her clear blue eyes and sort of whispered, "Was it a big fire?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "Hot too."

"Lots of smoke, I bet," I said doggedly.

"You're really droll," the doll said, "but I like you. My name is Helen Hooper."

I knew her name couldn't be anything but Helen. I nodded. I wanted to say, "Oh, most beautiful of women on this earth, thy name is well known to me as Helen, for I have consorted with thee on the heights of Athenian mountains and whispered of love to you in Arcadian groves."

I said, "Gee!"

She nodded her head as if she felt sorry for me, and as she got up to leave she gave me such a smile I knocked my drink over and spilled it on my chinos.

The next day it was all over the area that a beautiful, private-school girl with a dream figure, who could have been a New York model if she wanted to, was staying around Cherryvale Park.

I rode by her house on my bicycle the next night and there were seven guys sitting on the porch steps. The panic was on and I felt lost. How I longed to say to her outright, "Helen, I have known you for centuries. In every incarnation I have loved you with all my soul. We belong to each other. Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

About eleven that night I was feverish. I said to my mother, "Mother, we are all out of dried apricots and I happen to know Mrs. Mackawash, down the street, a member of the Faith Church guild group that you belong to, is full of apricots because I saw her coming from Snyder's market with two boxes of them. I just have a crazy yen for some apricots."

"They'll be in bed."

"Apricots don't go to bed very early," I insisted, confused.

My mother looked right into my eyes. "You're not getting enough sleep."

"My blood is tired," I countered. "Apricots are full of rich, red iron."

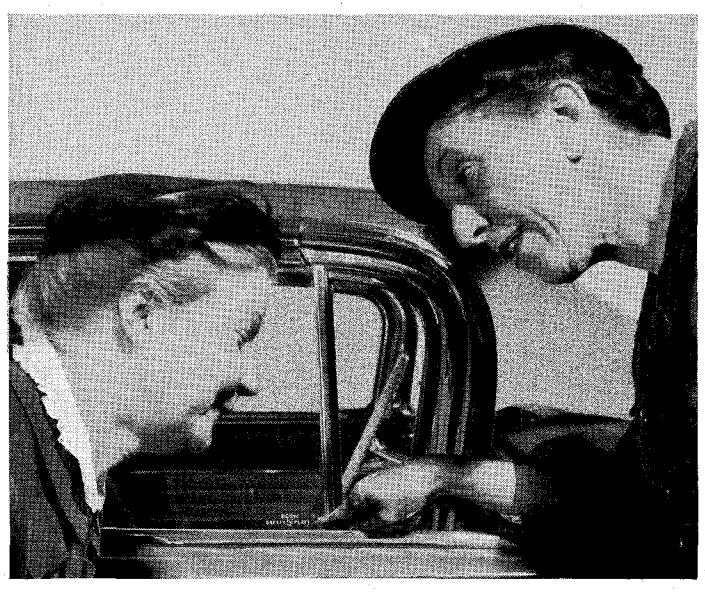
"It couldn't be anything about that new girl over there?" my mother asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"I doubt it," I said nervously.

(*Continued on Page 73*)

"Heavens to Betsy, Abby!
There's a BIG difference in auto glass!"

Margaret Hamilton as Prudence



Nydia Westman as Abby

PRUDENCE: All cars have Safety **PLATE** Glass in windshields. Have to. But only General Motors puts Safety **PLATE** in the side windows, too, of every car made in the whole U.S.A.

ABIGAIL: What's so different about Safety **PLATE**?

PRUDENCE: Gives better vision out the windows.

ABIGAIL: And you can *tell* the difference?

PRUDENCE: Sure can. Not so tiring on the eyes, specially for folks in the back seat. And you can always tell whether a car's got Safety **PLATE** in the side windows by that label there — **P-L-A-T-E.**

ABIGAIL: What's this other word here mean? E-Z-Eye!

PRUDENCE: It's a special kind of Safety **PLATE** that keeps sun heat from baking you. That blue green color sort of filters out sun rays. It's the next best thing to air conditioning. And that shaded band on the windshield cuts down glare even more.

ABIGAIL: No wonder they call it E-Z-Eye!

SAFETY L·O·F PLATE in every window of every
BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC
LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD TOLEDO 3, OHIO

Look for this sign when you need to replace glass.
L·O·F SAFETY GLASS INSTALLED LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD

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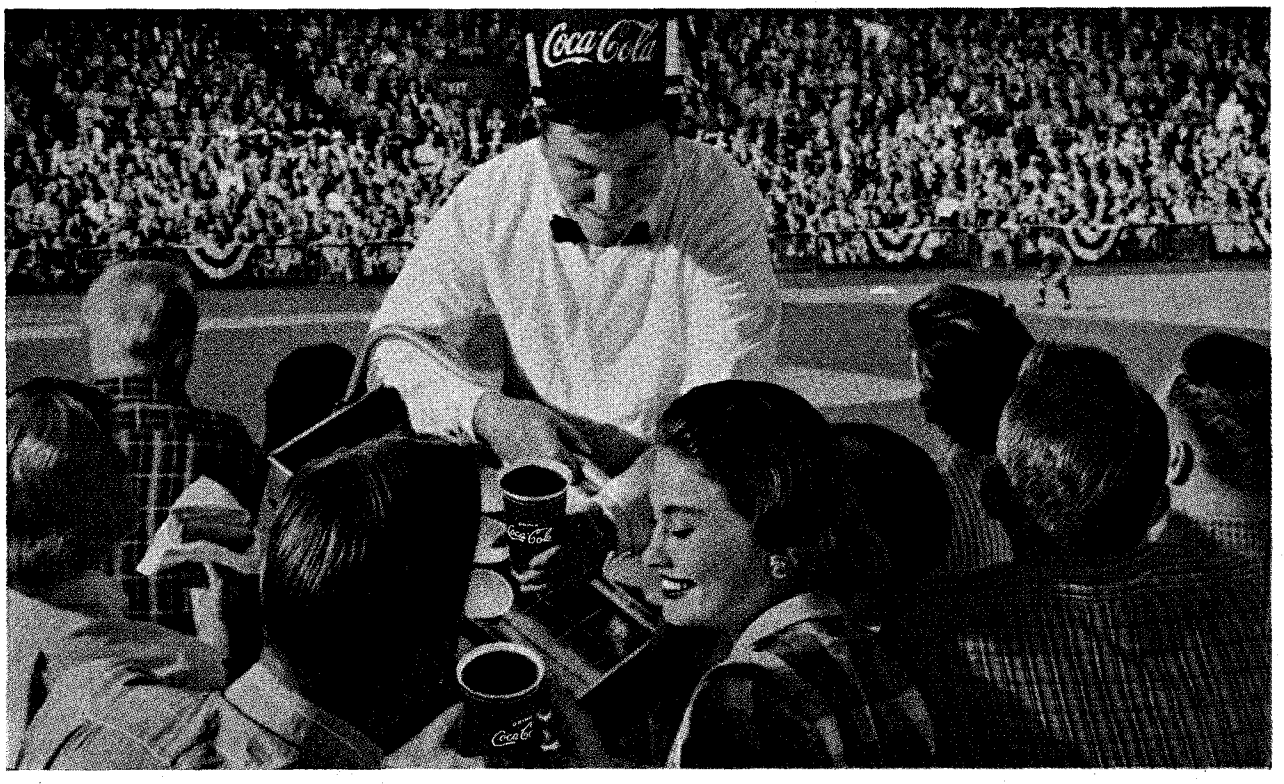
That long and glorious weekend pause ★★★ in this grand and glorious land! The pause that helps 175 million Americans enjoy the heat ★★★ while you set off a thousand Roman candles—safely miles away ★★★ proudly steer every truck in the Firemen's Parade—from the sidewalk ★★★ clout 'em over the left field fence—from Row R on the aisle ★★★ bellyflop into the ole swimming hole—wherever you dip ★★★ outsizzle a first-class chef—in your own backyard! ★★★ It's a glorious pause ★★★ the Fourth ★★★ and Coca-Cola helps you be really refreshed every minute of it! Coke with the cold crisp taste ★★★ the cheerful lift that makes any pause ★★★ the Pause that Refreshes!

AMERICA PAUSES for the 4th



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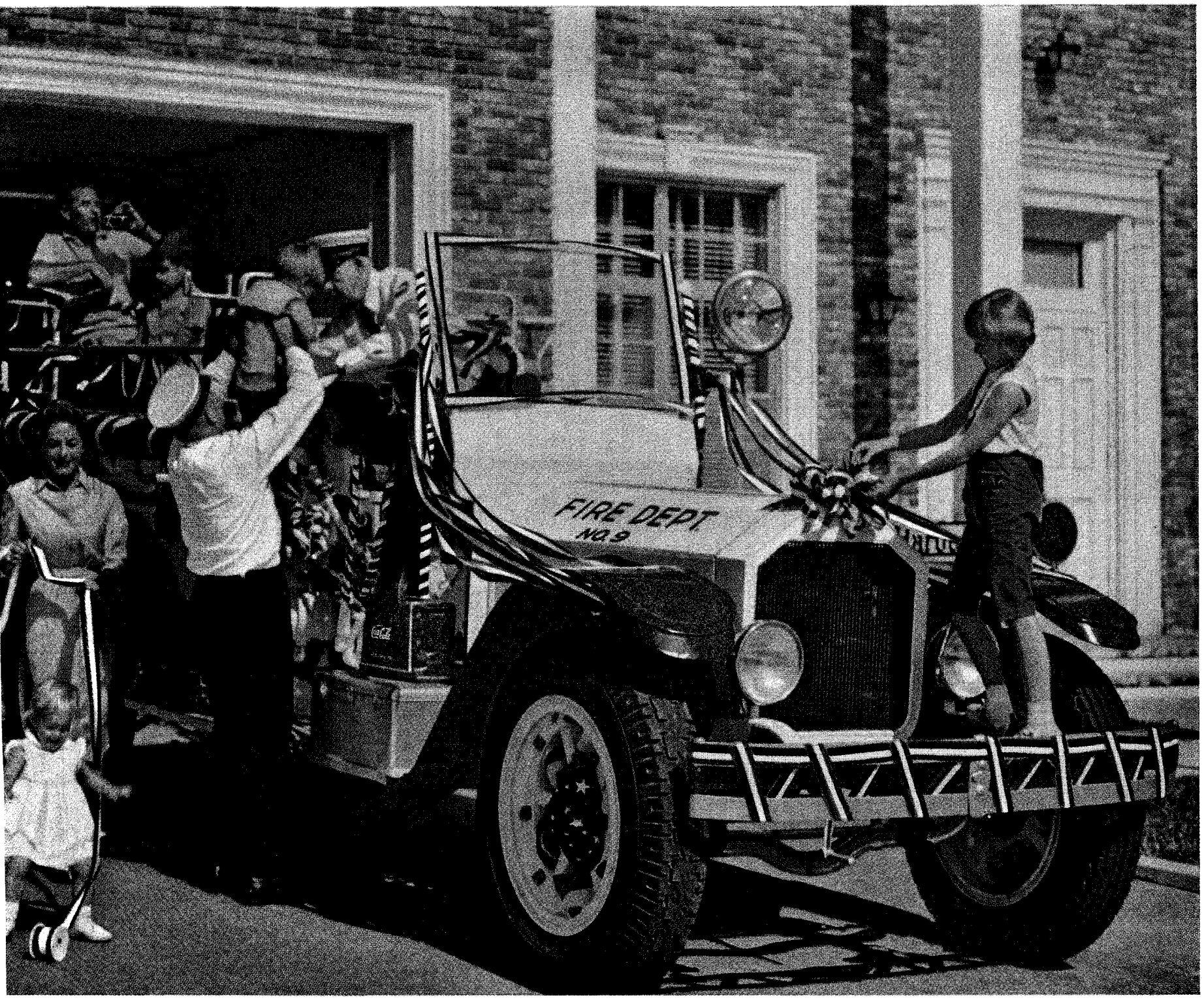

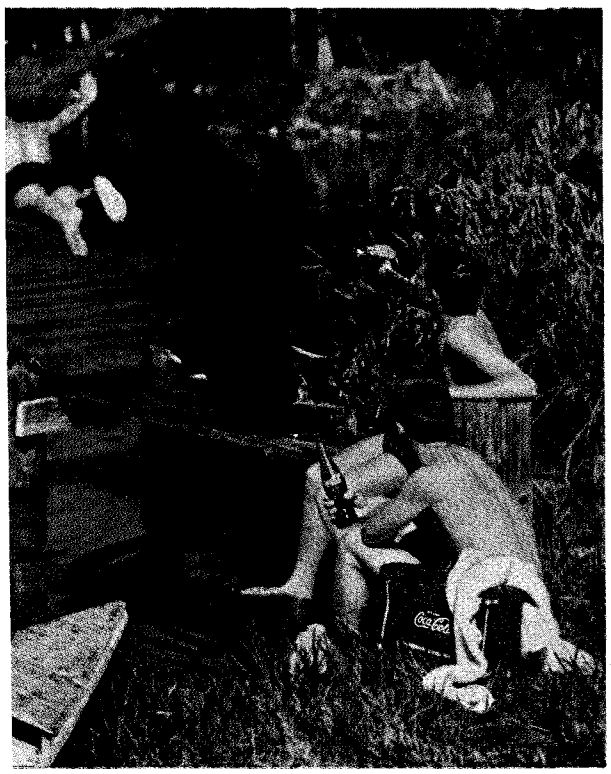

Coca-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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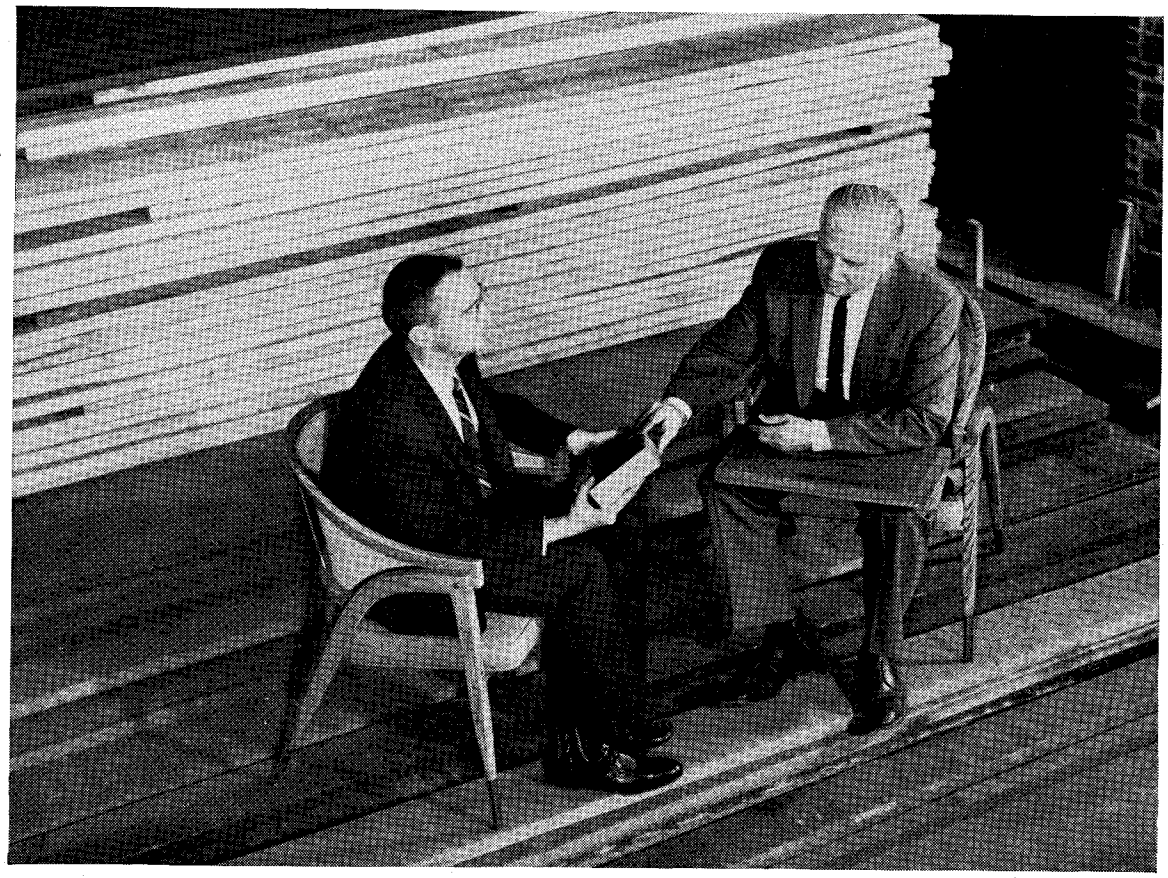
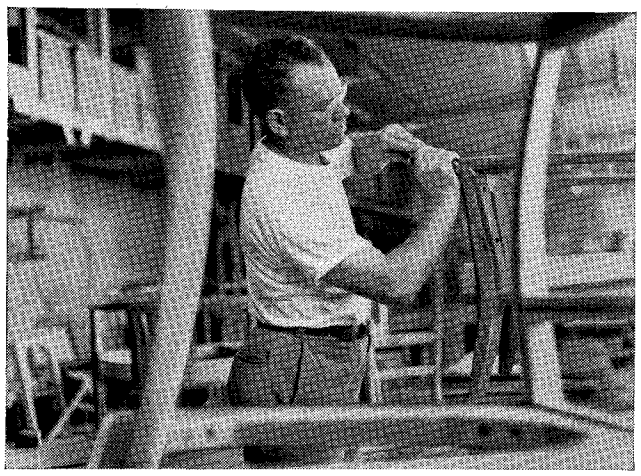
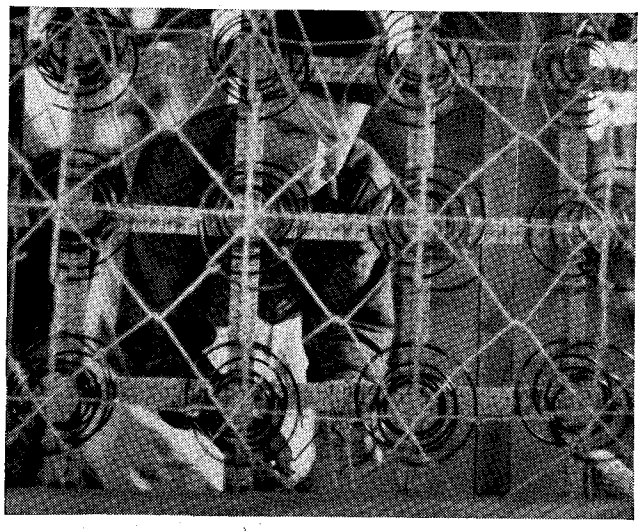
From start to finish, lumber room to shipping dock, Employers Mutuals' men work closely with Dunbar management to prevent accidents, cut insurance costs. Harold Sprunger, Dunbar Vice President (left), confers with Employers Mutuals' Herb Storck . . . using the plant's lumber storage room as an unexpected setting the way Dunbar often does in advertising their furniture.

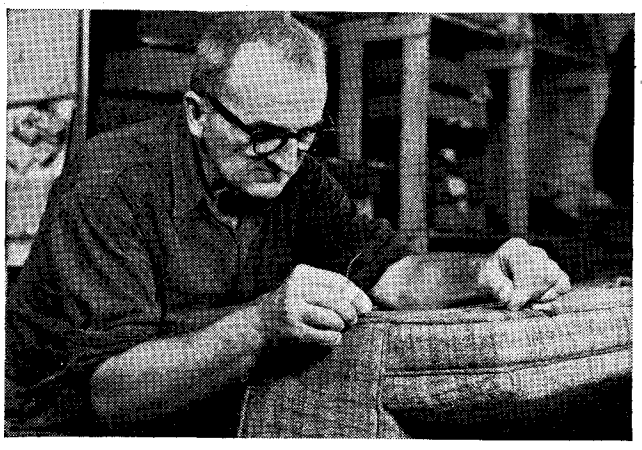




Hand carving blends the joints of machine-milled chair parts. Handwork like this requires special safety education, cannot rely on the usual standardized rules or mechanical guards.



Tying hand-set springs is the work of Alphie Bertsch, 25 year Dunbar craftsman. Specialized as his skill is, he realizes his responsibility in maintaining safe work practices throughout the entire plant.



Trim tailoring of upholstered pieces is another job that requires skilled handwork. All procedures, manual or mechanical, are periodically reviewed by Dunbar's Safety Committee and an Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer.

Dunbar's fine woods come from all corners of the world. Their insurance comes from Wausau, Wisconsin.

THE ROCKING CHAIR THAT KEPT A COMMUNITY'S TRADITION ALIVE...

Wausau Story

AT BERNE, INDIANA

by **GROVER W. SPRUNGER,** *President, The Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Creators of quality contemporary furniture*

"It's 40 years since Aloysius Dunbar took time out from his regular work as a buggy maker to build a leather-covered rocking chair for his wife.

"Today, building Dunbar Furniture is a full-time job for some 300 of us here at Berne. While there are more of us now, building more furniture in greater variety, it's still true that every single piece we create is done with the same care and devotion that made people admire and want a chair like the one in Mrs. Dunbar's parlor.

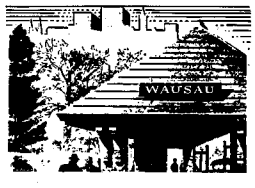
"You see, our people have a natural feeling for craftsmanship. We learned it from our Swiss forebears. We've kept the tradition alive and thriving in our community. Or, more accurately, I should say our community has kept that spirit alive for us. It's like the 'Wausau Way of Working,' the natural feeling for being helpful and interested that Employers Mutuals' people draw from their community. As an Employers Mutuals' policyholder—especially in workmen's compensation—we have a high regard for that unique way of working. It's helped us maintain award-winning safety records and, at the same time, save money on our insurance costs.

"It's easy to cite specific results. Our Safety Committee, for example, which Employers Mutuals helped us set up so that almost every man in our organization has served on it at least once. Safety education couldn't be more effective. Then too, Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineers visit us regularly. Specialists come when specialized help is needed. All this proves that, in their own field, Employers Mutuals' people are skilled and devoted craftsmen too . . . and 'good people to do business with'."

. . . . .

In the Chippewa Indian tongue Wausau, (Wah'-saw) meant "far-away place." But today Wausau is as close as your telephone. There are Employers Mutuals of Wausau offices in 109 cities throughout the United States and personal service is never more than a few hours away. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile) and are one of the largest writers of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 69*) The Mackawashes were still up and Mrs. M. did not seem a bit surprised when I asked her for a cupful of dried apricots. All she said was, "My, you've grown since I saw you two years ago."

She introduced me to Helen, who was stretched out on the floor with a portable phonograph playing Dave Brubeck.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she said.

I nodded. I was tongue-tied. Oh, the lyrics in my heart and oh, the lack of words on my tongue.

"Helen's in a fashion show," Mrs. Mackawash said proudly.

I nodded again and stuffed a dried apricot into my mouth just to have something to do.

Helen went on, "Do you like the Modern Jazz Quartet?"

I said yes, only my mouth was full of apricot.

"Sit down," Helen said, "and talk to me. Tell me all about yourself. Have you written any poetry lately? Where are you going to college?"

I sat down. "No. Amherst."

"You know," Helen said, breaking my heart, "I was told you were a fascinating boy; intelligent, curious, with good taste and a great sense of humor. I can't even get you to talk."

"He's tired," Mrs. Mackawash said.

"I'm tired," I said. "Some people just can't find words."

"Don't you like me?"

This one threw me. Like her? Did Romeo give a little hang about Juliet? Like her? Man, how did Abélard feel about Heloise? How did Dante feel about Beatrice? Did he give her an occasional nod?

"Sure I like you," I said.

She stared at me, I'm afraid, in pity. "I give up."

"Apricots," Mrs. Mackawash said helpfully, "are good for you. Maybe you have tired blood."

"I guess so," I said sadly.

"You better go home and rest it," Helen said good-naturedly.

I didn't sleep much that night. I ate so many apricots they kept me awake, for one thing. For another thing, I kept going over in my head all the things I should have said to Helen. Funny, I could think of all sorts of wonderful phrases once I was safe in bed.

Toward morning I fell asleep wondering why the world had been created in such a manner that when you find a girl you are madly in love with, you can hardly say a word to let her know the facts.

My mother woke me up about six A.M. and said, "You must be having nightmares. You're fighting dragons or something. We could hear you."

I smiled weakly. "It was just a small dragon," I said, "and I would have had him if you hadn't woke me up."

The next day I went to work in a fog because of lack of sleep, nervousness, general debility and, I supposed, tired blood. The apricots hadn't done much good.

Mr. Struddlehammer came at me around ten A.M. because I had got something mixed up. After he bawled me out he said, "Are you sick?"

I said, no. I was heartsick, of course, but that doesn't count. Mr. Struddlehammer said, "This is a big day. We want things to go big today. This is the opening of our annual sale. Struddlehammer's clothes must dress the whole city."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I shall not fail you." I almost saluted.

I went up to the top floor. Monet was asleep, a bottle of wine on his desk. I tiptoed past him and went over to Helen, the mannequin, and spoke to her for a while. I poured my heart out in glowing phrases, the ones I wished I had used on the real Helen, the ones that were in my heart for the real Helen and which I could not speak. Now, I felt, my chance was lost. Helen would go back to her other friends and think of me only as a casual acquaintance with tired blood.

Monet woke up for a moment and stared at me. "I think you're carrying this fantasy too far," he warned. "Next, you'll be taking to the bottle."

"I just felt lonesome," I said.

"The world is full of real girls to love."

"The world is full of only one girl to love and when I see her I just become speechless."

"The less you say, the less you'll have to take back," he murmured sleepily and shut his eyes again.

I did a little work around and then I got a call to go down in the stock room and bring up something or other. I went down and, on a hunch, I decided to look in at the window I had fixed. I got behind the jewelry counter and slid open the walnut doors that shut out the inside of the window from the store proper.

I peeked. I gulped. I shut the doors again and then opened them a tiny crack. It was impossible! No, it wasn't impossible. Obviously that was why no mannequin had been put in the window. It all tied up; Helen being at her aunt's and the stuff about her modeling and Struddlehammer's earlier words.

There she was, a young goddess! Oh, how beautiful she looked in smart clothes! She looked wonderful anyway, but now, walking up and down in the window while dozens of people admired her from the sidewalk, she was as triumphant as any queen.

My heart beat like a hammer. Helen got in the swing now, after taking off a little jacket that went over her dress. She picked up a magazine, looked at it for a few moments, turned and smiled at everyone, swung back and forth a while and then put the jacket back on, got out of the swing and walked up and down. She showed the front of the dress and the back, pointed to her red shoes, took off her hat and then put it on again. She was great, really great.

My tired blood took heart. I went, "Pssst!" She paid no attention. She got in the swing, which brought her closer to the door. I went, "Pssst!" a little louder. She turned and smiled at me.

"You're great," I said.

"What?"

"You're beautiful."

"I can't hear you."

"You're—you're ——" I stopped.

She swung back and forth and smiled. Then she turned in my direction. "If you have anything to say to me come out here and say it."

There it was. If I didn't I was a coward. If I did, Struddlehammer would give me the heave-ho. I would never save enough money for Amherst. My parents would disown me. I'd end up on Old Age Relief or something. Everyone on the sidewalk would laugh. I was cooked.

I hesitated. I started away mournfully. Then I turned back and looked again, this time with half-shut eyes. For a few moments I thought it was Helen the mannequin sitting there and all the words rushed into my head.

Hardly realizing what I was doing, I sprang into the window and sat on the swing opposite the real Helen. I began to talk as I had talked to the spurious beloved. "Helen," I said, "you are so beautiful, so lovely, so gentle and so gracious that I will never understand by what stroke of good fortune Heaven sent you my way."

"That's better," she said, smiling like an angel, her face aglow.

I was inspired. I became oblivious of everything else. I went on, "Helen, I shall love you forever. Until the mountains melt and the stars fall and day becomes night. You are what I have dreamed of all my life. Name a star; your eyes are brighter. Name a bird; your voice is lovelier. Name a confection; your smile is sweeter."

Around about this time I became completely dizzy. Helen got out of the swing and began walking around, showing her dress. I got out of the swing, too, held her in my arms and murmured, "Come with me to Mountain Park next Saturday night and dance to the music of Lester Lanin making a one-night stand and an infrequent one in this area." This was not as poetic as I would have liked it to be, but it was to the point.

She said, "I'd love to," taking off her jacket and handing it to me. I held it for her and then I put my arms around her and kissed her gently.

When I opened my eyes and recovered my equilibrium I suddenly realized that the street was jammed with people, waving and cheering, with a very few making unpleasant faces.

Realizing where I was and what I was doing and beginning to comprehend it was all real and not a scene with the plastic Helen, I bowed hastily and went back through the doors into the store. For a while I stood behind the jewelry department, concealed from everyone, half joyful, half terrified at my conduct.

At last I decided to accept whatever fate had in store for me. At least I had kissed Helen, a real Helen, *the* real Helen, the only woman I had ever loved. I could be fired. I could be disgraced. I could be the laughingstock of the city, but one thing I knew: I had kissed Helen.

I hurried up the back elevator amidst cartons of canned peas destined for the grocery department and finally made my way to Monet's office. He opened one eye. "Where've you been?"

"In the window," I said dully.

"What?" He sat up. "Why?"

"I had to see a girl."

"In the window? Couldn't you wait?"

"It came over me. Like a spell."

Monet smiled and took a glass of wine. "And so?"

"I kissed her and told her I loved her."

"In the window?"

"Yes."

"You will undoubtedly be fired. Before you are, permit me to drink to you. I salute you. Only the brave deserve the fair. *À votre santé.*"

A moment later the telephone jangled. Mr. Struddlehammer wanted me in his office pronto. I told Monet. He shook his head wearily. "This is the fate of poets. Adieu. Recall, in your lowest moments, that love is presumed to conquer all."

"I hope," I said hoarsely.

There is no need to go into detail now. I shivered and shook waiting to enter the boss' office, but I need not have. He greeted me warmly, offered me a cigar, realized my age and retracted the offer.

"That was an astonishing piece of thinking. Going into the window and kissing the model. A stroke of genius. And here I was under the impression you were a dolt. Why, hundreds of people are pouring into the store, fired by that one touch of nature that makes the whole world buy dresses. Everybody wants to look like the model so someone young and handsome will come after them and kiss them. I would never have thought of the idea myself. Hundreds more are waiting outside for a repeat performance. Would you mind doing it regularly on the hour?"

"Mind? No. Not if the girl doesn't."

"She is reconciled. I have given her a slight bonus. You, too, shall have one. On your toes now and back to the window. I shall be watching myself, this time."

As I say, I can look back on it all now from the standpoint of the maturity a man acquires at nineteen. I see myself as emotionally immature and perhaps a little irrational. I guess my blood was also a little tired too. On the other hand, I approve of all my actions, even if some of them were a bit on the adolescent side.

What I've been trying to get at is that Helen and I are sort of engaged to be engaged now, and we see a life of happiness ahead. I know it will be a rich, full life with lots happening. But no matter how fascinating it is I know I shall never forget that weird summer when I was seventeen. Not if I live to be forty!

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Dark Forest (Continued from Page 25)

"The gum's starting to flow," she said, "and we've got six men in the woods, chipping and barking. With both Noel and Isaac gone, somebody's got to keep tally. Reckon I'm elected."

Tatum, huge hands on heavy hips, had studied her for a moment. Then he had handed her a small-caliber automatic pistol.

"I got a couple men out in the woods, too," he said soberly, "watchin' an' listenin'. They hear a shot, they'll come bouncin' like jack rabbits. Take care."

Kathy's eyes had narrowed as she accepted the pistol. "I'll take care. Good care of Isaac if I see him."

Around Palm Valley and Big Cypress they sometimes called Kathy "Turps O'Steen's marsh maverick." There was a wildness about her that caused comment; the reckless manner in which she rode a horse and the careless abandon she had with tractors, 'dozers and automobiles.

Perhaps she absorbed the wildness from her closest associates, because these included marsh coons, wildcats, opossums, razorback hogs and occasionally a Florida panther or a hungry hog bear.

On the other hand, her demeanor may have been a form of rebellion. Two years before, a polio epidemic had swept the valley. Kathy had lost her mother. Turps, the indomitable Turps who liked his coffee black, his whisky white and his horses spirited—and who scoffed at scientific serums—had been left badly crippled. Most of the time Kathy's father got around in a wheel chair.

Now Kathy reined in her horse. It was late March. The crude gum from the slash pines was flowing earlier than usual. From pine gum came turpentine and rosin, and from turpentine and rosin came hard cash.

She observed beads of sweat on the horse's crest so she guided him to an abandoned gator cave in which the water was fresh and sweet. She dismounted and, as the horse gulped thirstily, she listened for echoes of hacks against pine. Six streakers should be working this drift, chipping bark and installing gutters and aluminum cups on the six-year-old virgin pines.

Her ears picked up the lonely sound of a single hack. She wandered deep into the woods, making a rapid tally of prepared pines. Skilled woodsmen could chip at least four thousand pines a week—at five dollars a thousand—plus a free cabin, wood, water and transportation.

Kathy approached the lone worker quietly, and just as he prepared to sink his hack into an unscarred pine she said, "Good morning, Matthew."

He jumped and quivered like a squirrel's tail. "Lord a'mighty, Miz Kathy, you like to churn up my grits an' coffee!"

"Sorry, Matthew. Where are the rest of the boys?"

The whites of his eyes, polished ivory, widened. "They ain't workin'. They 'fraid Isaac still aroun'."

Kathy's heart sank. Abandoned woods meant nonproductive pines—a rapid trail to bankruptcy in an industry already plagued by another furtive enemy, the pine beetle.

"Nonsense," Kathy said, "Isaac's probably up in Georgia or Alabama by now. Besides, if the others are afraid, how come you're here?"

Matthew flicked some pine chips off a shoulder. "I got five childrens to feed an' a ailin' wife."

"Matthew," Kathy's eyes were boring, "did anyone actually see Isaac kill his brother?"

Matthew shook his head.

"Exactly what happened, Matthew?"

Matthew sighed. "Like I tole Sheriff Tatum. Come lunchtime, day 'fore yestiddy, Noel headed for the swamps. Said he was goin' to catch him a fat possum for supper. He don't come back. So before quittin' time, Isaac went to hunt him up. Took his hack along."

"Go on," Kathy urged.

"Isaac come runnin' back from the swamps. Say he saw Noel lyin' flat on the saw grass. Say he saw a man standin' over Noel. Tole me to run tell Mr. Turps. Tole me he was goin' back in the swamps to hunt down the man." Matthew gulped. "If they was a man."

"Matthew, show me exactly where they found Noel's body."

The whites of his eyes flashed like beacons. "I ain't goin' back in Big Cypress for nobody. An', Miz Kathy, you stay out o' the swamp. Isaac can handle his hack like a Seminole swing a tomahawk."

"Just where was Noel's body found?"

Matthew hesitated. "Just beyond Sawpit Creek. All ripped up with a hack." He shrugged and looked mysterious. "Or maybe big claws. Powerful claws." Matthew was shaking. "Miz Kathy, please don't go back there alone."

But Kathy was on her way, walking rapidly over pine needles and cypress leaves, skirting the palmettos, which in this particular area were infested with both timber and diamondback rattlers.

She led the horse over the fire lane to the edge of the saw grass, just beyond Sawpit Creek. Here the horse reared, snorted and began pawing at the muck. She pulled hard on the bridle, but the horse dug in its front hoofs like a mule. So she left it there.

She moved cautiously through the head-high saw grass because she knew it could slash like razor blades. She looked for tracks, but even as she walked in the primeval ooze, her gator-hide boots sank deep in slime.

The calcareous slime suddenly seemed to rise like a monster. Tentacles of mud and sand gripped her knees, then her hips. Frantically she reached for a clump of saw grass; but now the mud had reached her armpits. She knew it was too late. She didn't scream; she didn't panic. She laid her head back and closed her eyes.

God, Kathy thought, *please make it fast. Like drowning. Not slow suffocation.*

A gaseous bubble burst near her face. The odor was nauseating. Something slapped hard against the water near her right shoulder.

"Miz Kathy!" The voice was frantic.

Kathy opened her eyes.

"Get yo' arm over that fat pine log. Hurry—you hear?"

"Isaac," she said faintly. He was stretched across a clump of saw grass. He looked grim, gaunt, but his face was so swollen from insect bites that his eyes were slits.

Kathy managed to raise her right arm. She hung it limply over the log that Isaac had tossed. He vanished—but presently he returned with more logs.

"Hang on," Isaac said hoarsely. "Hang on, Miz Kathy." He inched his way toward her, testing the logs with bare feet. Then he leaned over. She felt muscles bulging as he grunted and strained.

More gas bubbles burst. There was a soggy, sucking sound as Kathy's shoulders emerged. Then her hips were free. She felt her boots come off as Isaac, with one frantic burst of energy, pulled her clear of the quicksand. Carefully he stepped back over the logs, cradling Kathy in his huge arms.

He lowered her gently onto a clump of saw grass and hovered over her, breathing hard. She wanted to cry, but she couldn't cry and even when she spoke it was barely a whisper.

"I—Isaac—did you kill Noel?"

"Course I didn't." He sounded hurt. His eyes, through angrily puffed lids, met hers squarely.

"You swear that, Isaac?"

"I'd sure enough swear it on a stack o' Good Books high as a twelve-year-old slash pine."

Kathy took a deep breath. "Then why are you hiding?"

"Ain't hidin'. Huntin'."

"You know who killed your brother?"

Isaac started sweating again. This time it was cold sweat.

"Isaac," Kathy warned, "a search party's looking for you."

"I know it, Miz Kathy. That's why I keep movin'."

"Tomorrow they're bringing in bloodhounds."

Isaac fumbled in a pocket of his mud-stained khaki trousers. He withdrew a soiled bandanna. Carefully he opened it and revealed the grisly contents to Kathy.

"Hair," Kathy said, her eyes widening, "and a strip of hide."

Isaac nodded. "Found it on Noel's hack," he said grimly.

"You mean a panther or a hog bear got Noel?"

Isaac replaced the bandanna and its contents in his pocket. Fearfully he glanced over each shoulder. "I ain't sayin' nothin' yet, Miz Kathy."

"Isaac," she said, "I'd ask you to come back to the ranch house with me. Talk with Dad. But he's got enough worries. I'm trying to spare him."

Now he was leading her gently, carefully, over clumps of saw grass to the place where she had left her horse.

"Mr. Turps can't he'p me," Isaac said soberly. "This be a one-man job."

"Where are you hiding out, Isaac?"

As he helped her to mount, his slits of eyes searched her face carefully. "You promise you don't tell nobody? Not even Mr. Turps?"

"I promise, Isaac."

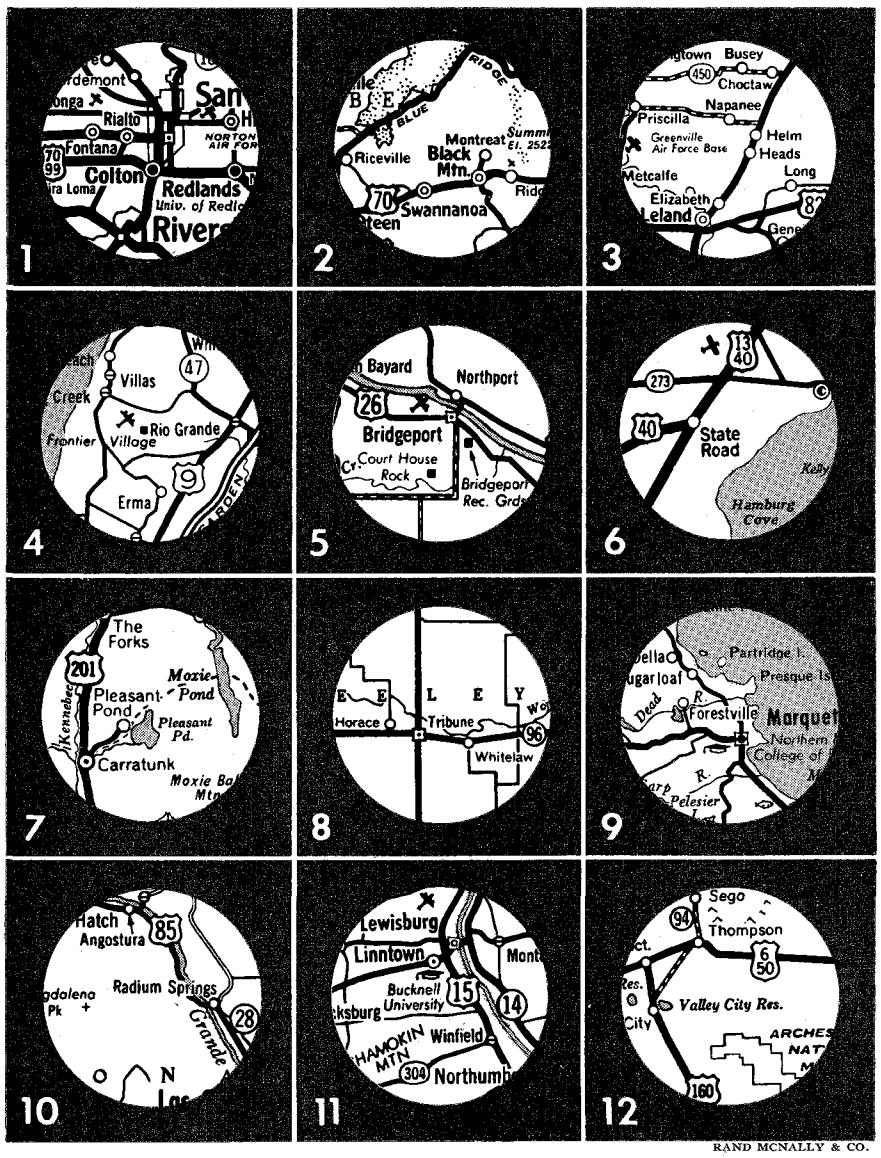
"I get too wore down, I go to the old turpentine still in the north woods. Since you' daddy started sendin' gum to the processors, Noel an' me been usin' it as a fishin' camp."

"You hungry?" Her eyes were serious, intent, sympathetic.

His smile was pathetic. "Got cabbage palm. Some early berries."

"I'll be around tonight, Isaac, with some food."

"Don't you do no such thing." Isaac sounded frightened. "These woods ain't safe for nobody (Continued on Page 76)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 74*) right now, Miz Kathy. You hear? You stay back at the ranch house with yo' daddy."

But she was off at a gallop, down the fire lane toward the ranch house. She was kicking her bare, muddy heels against the horse's ribs and her hair was flying in the wind. Wearily Isaac turned to the swamp. As he walked, the waving saw grass seemed to swallow him.

The ranch house was a rambling, low-level structure, part of which had been built of tabby-coquina rock by slave labor, the rest of solid cypress and knotty pine. The roof was constructed of cedar slabs, and right now Turps O'Steen was trying to raise them.

Turps was bellowing like a bull. "You get a man down, then you tromp on him. Well, I don't take to trompin'—you hear?"

Kathy tied the horse and hurried up the back stairway. She got a glimpse of her father, who was in his wheel chair on the side porch. Turps, since his illness, had aged rapidly. His hair was egret-white. His skin had lost its ruddiness; but his voice retained its volume, and his boiling point—always low—had not changed.

Kathy showered quickly. She changed into fresh blue jeans, a blue blouse and soft moccasins. She stole down the stairway and headed for the porch.

Now Deputy Sheriff Tatum was talking. Her father and a stranger were listening.

"Nobody tryin' to tromp on you, Mr. O'Steen," Tatum was saying. "Mr. McRae, here"—he gestured with his big right hand—"tells me he's with the State Forestry Department. Wants permission to make a beetle check. Tells me you refused and reamed him out. So he come over to the Co'te House to see me."

Turps snorted. "Beetle check! Beetle check! I know what he is—a confounded condemner. Last year they sent a man into my woods. What happened? I'll tell you. A thousand of my best-producin' trees was condemned to the pulp mill."

McRae spoke politely, quietly. "You got paid for them, sir."

McRae was at least six feet four. His brown shoes were neatly polished, his green slacks freshly pressed. But he wore a faded green flannel shirt, open at the collar. His face was bland, sun-bronzed.

Turps snorted again. "Paid for 'em! Hah! Two dollars apiece for ten-year-old producin' pines. Now you want to rob me again."

From the hallway Kathy studied her father's face. Turps, she knew, was putting on his indignation act. But his eyes, as they bored into those of the young forester, held a peculiar gleam.

"Chances are, Mr. O'Steen," McRae said mildly, "if you've followed the department's suggestions for pest control, I won't have to condemn any acreage."

"Oh, all right," Turps said disgustedly. "Go ahead. Snoop around. Tear down my forests. I swear I think some o' you fellows are on the pulp-mill payrolls. But I want to warn you. It's not real healthy-like in my woods right now."

Tatum said, "I already warned him—about Isaac—described him. Told him to shoot on sight if he sees him."

Kathy, quietly as a kitten, stepped onto the porch. Turps beamed. "Glad you're here," he said warmly.

Tatum raised a hand to the front of his broad-brimmed black hat and smiled. McRae removed his hat and nodded.

"My daughter, Kathy," Turps said proudly. . . . "Mr. McRae, I didn't catch your first name."

McRae's smoky-blue eyes looked a little amused as he said, "I didn't throw it, yet, Mr. O'Steen. They call me Cliff." His eyes swept over Kathy again, and now they reflected admiration.

Tatum and McRae left, the former in his patrol car, McRae in a battered jeep. Turps waved at them; then, glancing cagily at Kathy, said, "So, the woodsmen got scared and quit, eh?"

Kathy's jaw slackened. "How did you know?"

"I still get around. All around this porch with a pair o' field glasses."

"They're afraid of Isaac," Kathy said.

"But you're not?" Turps asked curiously. He paused and scratched his chin. "It figgers. You've seen Isaac, gal. Isaac's a good man."

She avoided his eyes. "I can't talk. I promised Isaac."

Turps coughed. "That makes two of us can't be outspoken. Anyhow, you got enough burdens on your shoulders, gal."

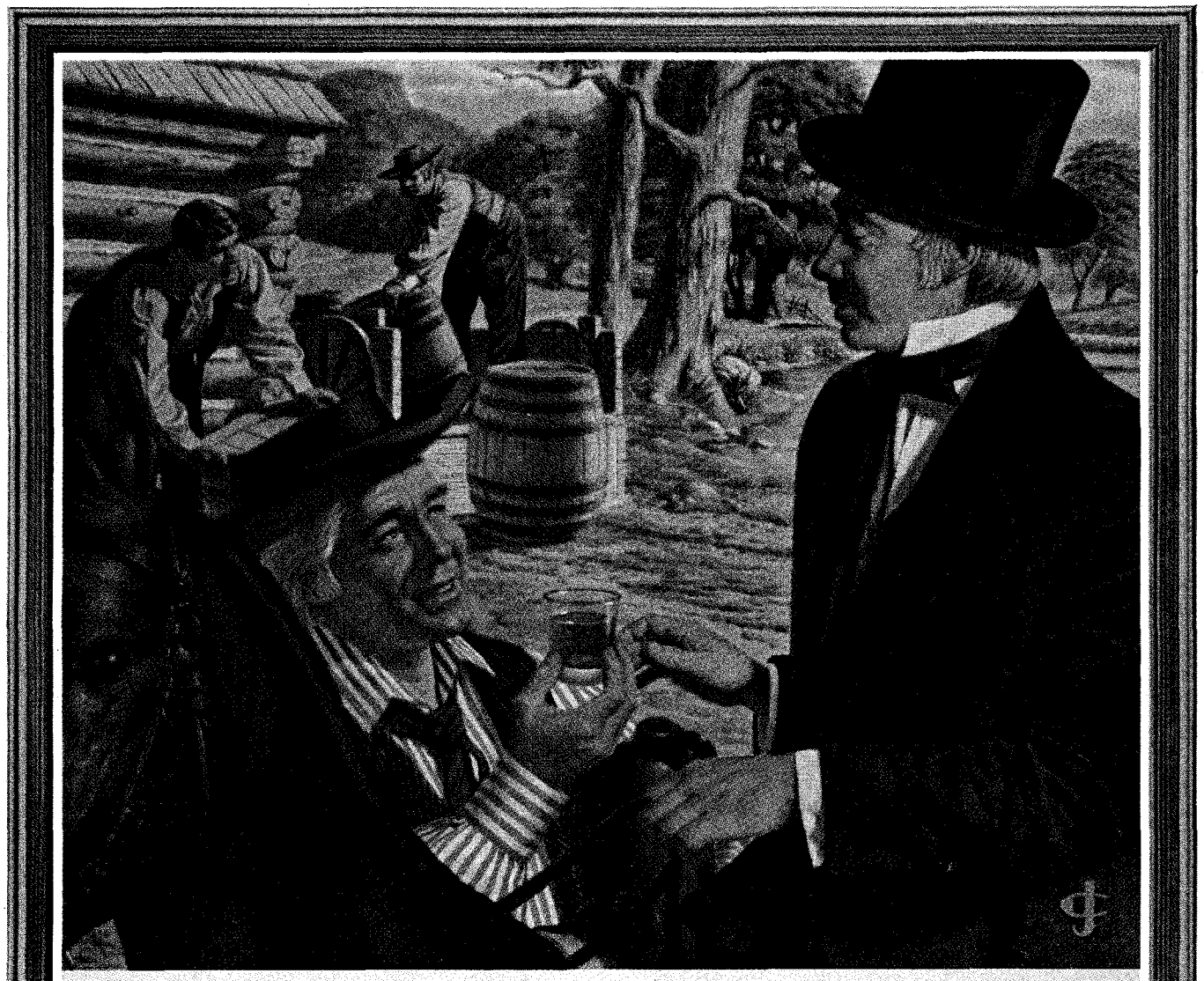
Kathy, changing the subject, pointed to a curious array of leather straps hang-

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 74

1. Calif.	2. N.C.	3. Miss.
4. N.J.	5. Nebr.	6. Del.
7. Maine	8. Kan.	9. Mich.
10. N. Mex.	11. Pa.	12. Utah



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ing from the porch roof. "What on earth are you up to, dad?"

Turps, smiling proudly, rolled his wheel chair over to the door. He raised his arms, grabbed the straps and pulled himself out of the chair. He swung, almost like a trapeze performer, out to the eaves and then back to his chair.

"Exercise," Turps said, breathing heavily. "Man'd go crazy, just sittin'. Matthew nailed up the straps. I call 'em my bootstraps." He chuckled. "Pullin' myself up by my bootstraps, gal."

The lump in Kathy's throat felt larger than an egg. "Dad, you shouldn't. You know what the doctors said."

"Pshaw! If they had their way I'd still be in a hospital bed, 'fraid to move my pinkies. Give me time, gal. Give me time an' I'll swing over those straps into a saddle. Ride with you again."

Kathy hugged him. The lump was still in her throat. "Just don't overdo it, dad. Don't hurt yourself. You're all I have."

Turps smiled. "Kathy, you're all I got. Oh, I got a thousand acres and thirty thousand pines. But you're all I got that's important." The smile vanished and Turps looked grave. "Gal, for the next few days please be all-fired extra careful. I can smell crossfire comin' in the woods just as plain as a turkey buzzard can whiff a carcass."

"I'll take care, dad—provided you do."

She felt, as she so often felt, that she had to get away from things. So she rode the horse at a reckless pace over the fire lane to the North Drifts. Now it was late in the afternoon, and Matthew, probably afraid of all shadows, had quit working. She made a rapid tally of chipped trees. She dismounted to check on gum flow. She heard a twig snap.

As she turned, she reached for the pistol—and realized she had forgotten it.

McRae, smiling and smoking a cigarette, approached. "Told me it wasn't healthy around here," he said. "You look fine."

"Thought you were checking on infestation," Kathy snapped.

"I am, Miss O'Steen."

She had a sudden thought. "Forester who came here last year had a uniform. You're not in uniform."

He shrugged. "It's not mandatory on field inspections."

Kathy's eyes, green clouds of suspicion, studied him. "Good foresters don't smoke cigarettes in dry timberlands."

He was examining, casually, a tree that had been freshly chipped, guttered and cupped. "I guess we all have our little peculiarities. How's your acid-stimulation program working?"

Her eyes widened. "My—my what?"

"You mean you haven't heard of it?"

She shook her head. "Dad never leaves the ranch house. After his illness, I left college. Now I rarely get off the farm."

"Good heavens," he said, "I thought all turpentine farmers knew about that. You use a fifty per cent sulphuric-acid solution, sprayed on every two weeks as the trees are barked. Increases the gum flow much as fifty per cent. Doesn't harm the trees."

Kathy still looked bewildered.

Carefully he scraped away some pine needles. He snuffed out the cigarette in the damp soil. "When things get settled," he said, "I'll show your men how to do it."

Waspishly Kathy said, "What do you mean—settled?"

He smiled, but his eyes, now boring, no longer looked amused.

"I think you know what I mean. Stay out of the quicksand. Better still, stay out of the woods for a while."

He strolled away. Angrily Kathy mounted the horse, dug her heels into its ribs and galloped back to the ranch.

They finished supper—Kathy and Turps—and Turps said, "That was a mighty fine slab of meat."

"Yes, dad," Kathy said. She arose. "Excuse me, please."

"You goin' to leave me tonight, gal?" Turps, master of inner dignity and outer insolence, sounded lonesome and humble.

"I'll be back soon, dad. We—we're fresh out of bread."

"You takin' the car or a horse?"

"Feel easier in a saddle than on a plush seat, dad."

"That," said Turps, "I can sure understand. Wish I could join you. Better tote my shotgun." He fumbled in a pocket. "Here's a pouch of tobacco for Isaac."

Kathy almost dropped the coffeepot, but she accepted the tobacco pouch and said, "I've got a pistol, dad. Moon's in first quarter. Bright too. I should be back in less than an hour."

Turps said grimly, "So he'p me, if you aren't, I'll be out there—somehow—looking for you."

Long before supper, she had packed the saddlebag. It contained shoes, socks, trousers, shirts, canned goods and a dozen fried pork chops. Also Tatum's pistol and a powerful flashlight.

Kathy gave the horse free rein over the fire lane toward the North Drifts. Twice the horse shied as raccoons, hungry after hibernation, rambled clumsily across the trail. The night smelled of spring—of pine, cedar and heady jasmine, mingling with the paleontological odors from the salt mud flats.

The horse nickered nervously, stopped. Kathy stared ahead. She saw four little red eyes. She reached for the flashlight. The beam paralyzed the creatures.

Kathy, dismounting, said to the horse, "Easy, boy." She walked ahead. Carefully she scooped up two baby opossums. They were fuzzy, warm, frightened and, she knew, hungry.

She tucked them into a pocket of her suède jacket and spoke soothingly. "Something got your mother. I know how that is. Now settle down. We'll find you a home."

She reined the horse off the trail deep into the woods. For about five minutes she sat and listened. Satisfied that no one was trailing her, she spoke softly to the horse, and they returned to the fire lane.

About a hundred yards before they reached the old turpentine still she dismounted. She tied the bridle to a pine bough, unsnapped the saddlebag and proceeded on foot.

Swamp mists were rising. In the moonlight the old still made her think of the background drop for the *danse macabre*. Then she saw a horse nibbling at some tufts of grass beside the shack, and she knew where she had seen that horse before—at the county courthouse.

Like an Indian, carefully avoiding fallen branches and twigs, she crept forward until her chin was resting on the crumbling remains of a window sill.

"Two thousand dollars. That all? You ain't lyin'?"

It was the voice of Deputy Sheriff Tatum. Tatum's flashlight was beamed on a battered cypress table. Wads of bills lay on the table. The remains of a mattress were strewn over the floor.

Isaac's voice dripped fear. "Honest, Mr. Tatum, that's every penny that me an' Noel had saved."

Tatum chuckled. "You guys really brewed up a batch o' 'shine."

Isaac sounded indignant over his fear. "We didn't mess around with no stills. Every September, Noel an' me collect slash-pine cones. The childrens he'p us. We give the childrens chocolate bars. Cone dealers pay us a dollah a bushel. Every year we collect maybe three, four hundred bushel."

"Pine cones?" Tatum said curiously. "I'll be dogged."

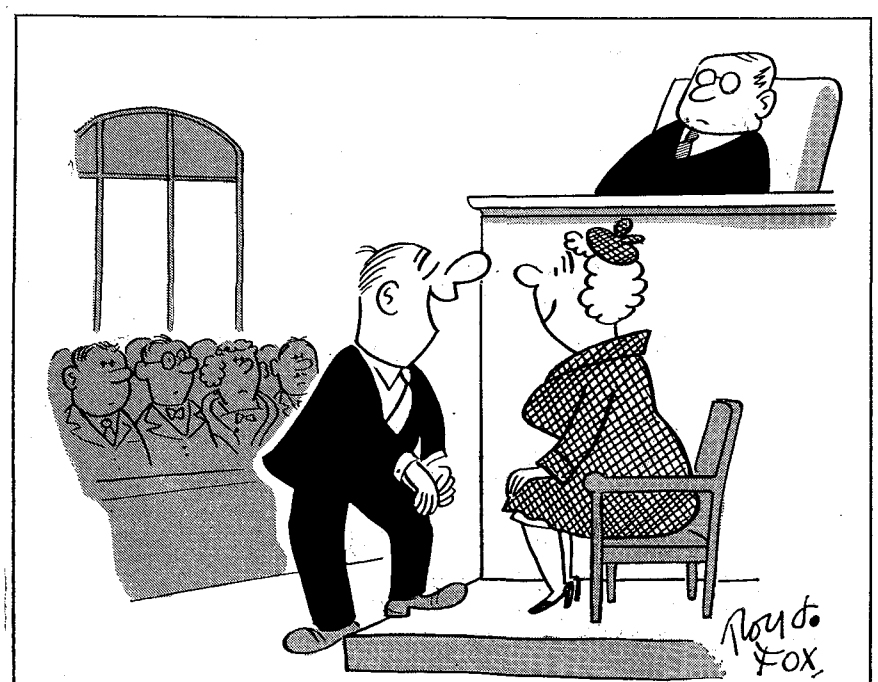
Tatum's flashlight focused on Isaac as the deputy stuffed stacks of bills into his pockets. Kathy could see that Isaac was handcuffed. She could also see Tatum's head. He had removed his black hat. The top of his scalp was covered by a long, wide strip of adhesive tape.

"Look," Tatum said sharply, "your brother got out of hand. Wouldn't tell me where you hid the money." Tatum fingered his scalp. "He got rough with his hack. I had to whomp him with my pistol. Whomp him real hard. He had a tough skull."

Isaac said nothing, but his eyes flashed.

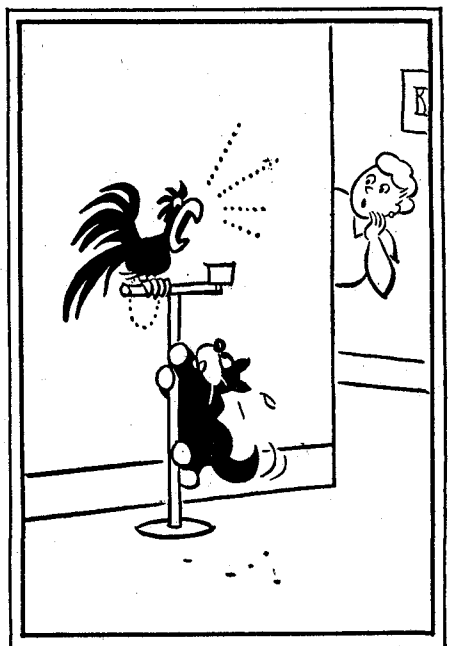
Tatum chuckled again. "I had you all figured out. Knew you'd be cravin' cooked red meat. I been high up in the Palm Valley Ranger Station for two days, just lookin' for smoke. Come sundown, I seen it. Surprised you, didn't I?"

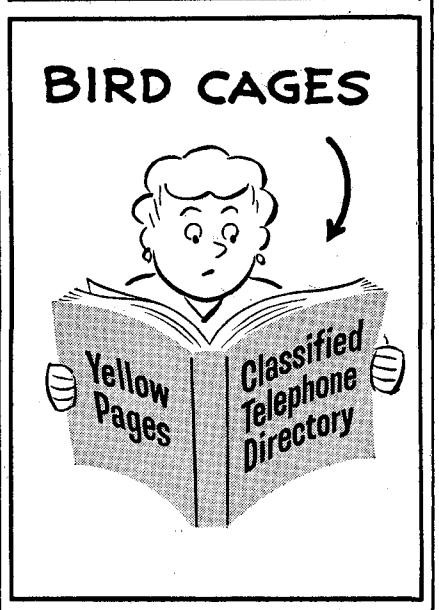
Tatum kicked at an old iron wheelbarrow in which Isaac had started a small charcoal fire. Strips of fresh meat were dangling on an improvised spit.

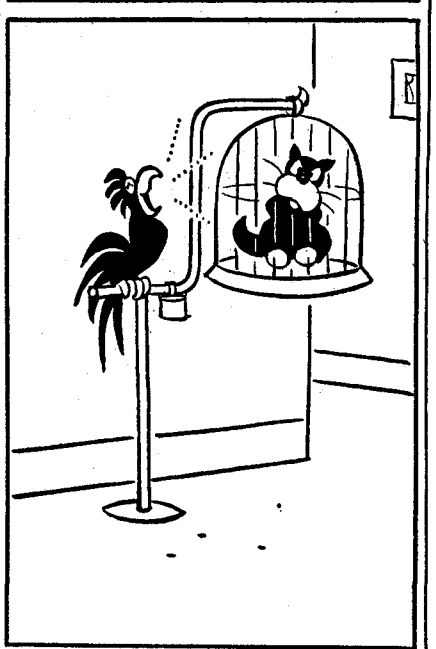


"Think of me as a friend, Mrs. Keegan—someone to talk to—forget I'm the prosecuting attorney."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST







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"Broiled possum, huh?" Tatum said. "Man, you're a broiled possum now. But I'm going to give you a break. Hate to think of you broilin' in the electric chair at Raiford. Walk over to the wall."

Isaac didn't plead. He moved over to the wall, stood erect.

Kathy reached for her pistol. At the same time, her flashlight tumbled out of the saddlebag and clattered on coquina rock. Tatum switched off his flashlight. Kathy crouched, barely breathing. Inside the old still it was pitch-black.

Cautiously Kathy backed up a little. She felt—didn't see—something moving in on her. Something, hard, brutal, clamped around her throat. Tatum flicked on his flashlight.

"Well, now, what d'ya know," Tatum said. "A night-prowlin' she-cat. Stop wavin' those pretty little claws."

Kathy was choking, kicking. Tatum's left arm was powerful. Her throat was in the crotch of that arm. Tatum dragged her inside and over to the wall. Using a knee, he bounced the pistol out of her hand.

"Now," Tatum said, flattening her against the wall beside Isaac, "take it easy. You'll last a little longer." He laid his thirty-eight-caliber revolver on the table and, without taking his eyes off Kathy or Isaac, picked up the pistol.

"This," Tatum said, breathing heavily, "will hold up in any court. You found Isaac, gal. You fought. He got the pistol I loaned you and shot you. I heard the shot—hurried over here and killed Isaac with my other gun. Stand up straight, Miss O'Steen. Real straight."

A voice near the door of the old shack said, "Drop the gun, Wilson." It was McRae's voice.

Tatum turned swiftly. He dropped the flashlight. He fired blindly with the pistol.

Isaac had been waiting, hoping, praying. He moved quickly, silently. He raised his cuffed hands over his head. Kathy heard a solid, sickening thump, a grunt.

"I got him!" Isaac screamed. "I got Noel's killer!"

McRae's flashlight seemed as bright as the sun. He focused the beam on the deputy sheriff. Isaac had struck like a pile driver. The cuffs had mangled Tatum's scalp. Blood was trickling over his face and neck. McRae took his pulse, felt the throb. McRae picked up the pistol, then the thirty-eight-caliber revolver. He pulled wads of money and the handcuff key from Tatum's pockets. He freed Isaac's wrists.

"Isaac," McRae ordered, "my jeep's parked in the fire lane. Got a first-aid kit in it. Drive it over here."

"Yes, sah," Isaac said. He started to accept the wads of money from McRae, then suddenly dumped them on the table.

"Don't want it," he muttered. "All it ever cause me an' Noel is trouble. Miz Kathy, you an' Mr. Turps keep it."

"We can't, Isaac," Kathy said. "It's not ours."

"Sure you can," McRae said easily. "Buy Isaac a stack of Government bonds. Lot safer than a mattress."

Isaac left. Kathy stared bewilderedly at McRae. "How—how did you know I was here? And"—she gestured toward Tatum—"you called him Wilson."

McRae smiled a little. "Ranger in the fire tower is my buddy. When Tatum took off after Isaac, and you took off to help Isaac, I wasn't far behind. Jeep's equipped with short-wave radio. As for him"—McRae glanced disgustedly at the deputy—"Wilson, Williams, Tatum—Lord knows how many other names. He's been a con man around turpentine camps for years, milking and robbing Negroes all over the South."

"A deputy sheriff?" Kathy said unbelievingly.

"He took advantage of the shake-up at the courthouse. Used false papers. Papers he stole from a deputy he shot in Alabama. He's wanted up there, too, for murder. We've been a long time catching up with him. Far too long."

"We?" Kathy asked.

McRae raised the left lapel of his green shirt. The badge bore the initials S.S.S.A.

"Investigator," McRae said quietly. "Southern States Sheriffs' Association. But it wasn't I who pegged Tatum. It was your dad. He's got a photographic memory for faces. Ran into Wilson—or Williams—or Tatum, years ago. At that time our boy Tatum was bolito king in Southeast Georgia. Naturally, when I was called in on this case, your father was sworn to secrecy."

They strolled through the woods to the place where Kathy had left her horse. Now the trail was moon-dappled.

He helped her mount. Looking up at her, with his hand on the horse's crest, he thought, *I have never seen such a naturally beautiful woman.* He said softly, "Kathy, what this farm needs is a full-time foreman with some modern savvy. A foreman who could double production and work strictly on a profit-sharing basis."

"I'll surely give it some thought," Kathy said huskily.

He moved closer. His hand dropped. He meant it to fall on her hand. Instead it brushed against a pocket of her suède jacket. He heard squeals, grunts, rustling.

"What in heaven's name?" he said.

"Possums," said Kathy, "without a mother."

He laughed. It was a rollicking, warming, infectious laugh. Kathy laughed with him, but strangely she was crying too.

"Kathy."

"Yes, Cliff."

"Ever been in love?"

"Haven't had time, Cliff."

"With a full-time foreman around, you will have. After all, those possums need a daddy too."

"Kathy!" The voice was thunderous. It echoed through the woods.

Kathy jumped as though she had been shot. "Why, that's dad!"

"He's all right," McRae said. "Insisted on joining the search. Matthew's with him. Matthew strapped him in the saddle. They're riding the trail. You can't keep a man like Turps down."

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a wife receives what she's worth, she probably has a good job.

The modern pedestrian is somebody who's walking from where he parked.

A bargain is any purchase you must explain to your husband.

A safety zone is where it's a motorist's fault when he hits you.

When a woman keeps a secret, she probably doesn't know it is one.

Nothing makes you so well-disposed toward criticism as giving it.

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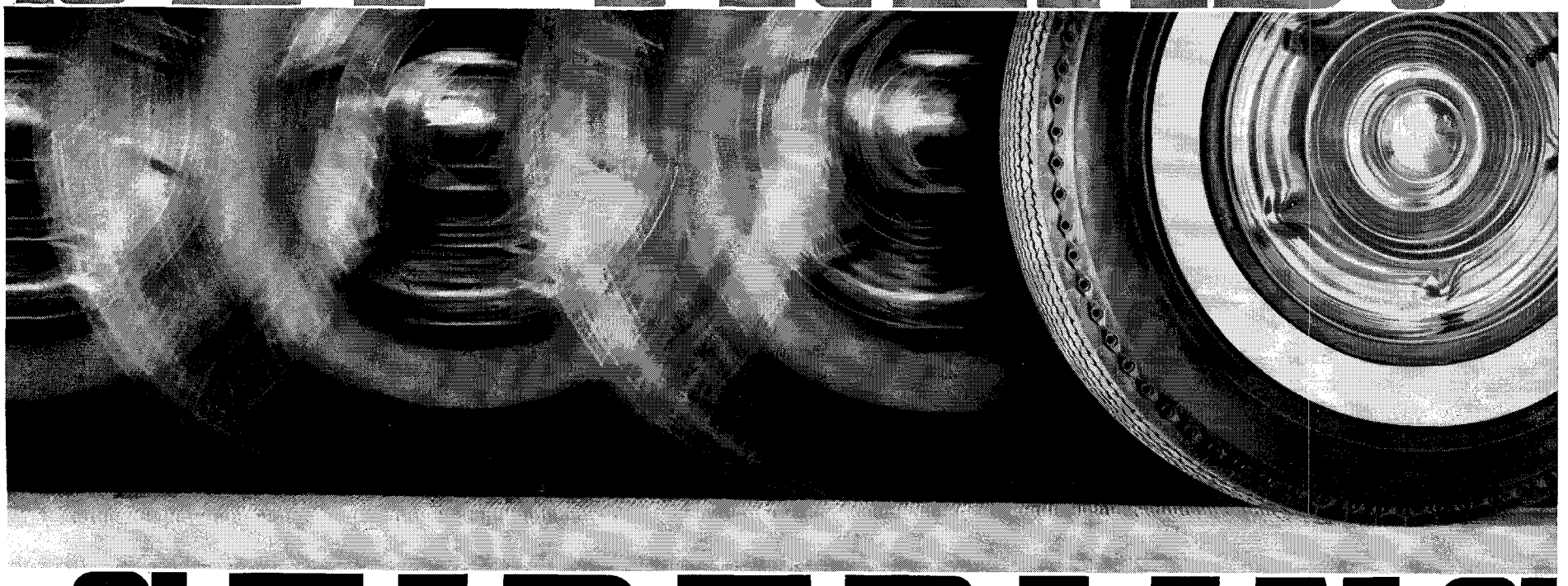
JET TREAD!



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Colona, Gailliaert Oil & Tire Co.
Decatur, Hart's Tire & Treading Service
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Dixon, Terminal Pontiac, Inc.
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Harrisburg, Parker Oil Co.
Jacksonville, Klump Tire Co.
Kankakee, Mogensen Tire Co.
Litchfield, Schmidt Motor Sales
Mt. Carmel, Lambert & Hood
Pontiac, Edwards Tire Service
Rockford, Merritt Tire Service, Inc.
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INDIANA

Evansville, Tire Sales Corp.
Fort Wayne, Fortmeyer's Tire Center, Inc.
Gary, Levin Tire House
Goshen, Smith Motor Supply & Equipment Corp.
Hammond, Hammond Tire House, Inc.
Indianapolis, Troy Oil Co., Inc.
Logansport, Logan Tire Service
Marion, Don Shane Tire Co.
Princeton, Southern Indiana Truck Sales
Sullivan, Jared Implement Sales
Vincennes, Ace Recap Service
Whiting, Whiting Motor Sales

IOWA

Ames, Sidles Co.
Atlantic, Sidles Co.
Boone, Sidles Co.
Centerville, Sidles Co.
Council Bluffs, Sidles Co.
Denison, Automotive Parts Co.
Des Moines, Sidles Co.
Dubuque, Rainbo Oil Company
Mason City, Sidles Co
Missouri Valley, Sidles Co.
Newton, Sidles Co.
Onawa, Sidles Co.
Perry, Sidles Co.
Shenandoah, Sidles Co.
Sioux City, T & W Service

KANSAS

Ada, Barnard Home Oil Co.
Barnard, Barnard Home Oil Co.
Belleville, Melton Motor Co., Inc.
Beloit, Barnard Home Oil Co.
Caldwell, Kansas-Oklahoma Auto Supply
Hutchinson, *Carey-Moss Tire Service*
Leavenworth, Collard Chevrolet
Liberal, Ames Oil Co.
Lincoln, Barnard Home Oil Co.
Manhattan, Massey's Texaco Service
Newton, Jack's Service
Ottawa, Price Oil Company
Parsons, Brown Oil & Supply Co.
Phillipsburg, Sidles Co.
Topeka, Holler Oil Co.
Wichita, Duross-Erhard Oil Co., Inc.
Woodston, John E. Jones Oil Co.

OHIO

Akron, Norris Tire & Battery Co.
Akron, Stazen & Gurley Tire Sales
Bellevue, McConkey's
Barberton, Richard's Auto Service
Canton, Lee Stockon, Inc.
Cincinnati, Les's Service Center
Cincinnati, True Tread Tire Co.
Cleveland, Malco Petroleum Inc., Servicing Cities Service Stations
Columbus, Maize Tire Co., Inc.
Conneaut, Holden Automotive Service
Dayton, B-N Tire Co.
Delphos, Kaskel Super Service
Fremont, Tischler's
Gallipolis, Ohio Valley Implement Co.
Hamilton, Geo. Minas Tire Co.
Kenton, Bird's Shell Station
Lima, The Klay Tire & Battery Co.
Lima, The Parks-Klay Co.
Manchester, Mahaffey Service Station
Portsmouth, Bright-Hawkinson Tread Service
Steubenville, Montgomery Pontiac
Washington Court House, Chet Clay Service Station
West Salem, M & T Chevrolet, Inc.
Wooster, 300 Service
Youngstown, Leyland Tire Co.

MICHIGAN

Albion, Arnold's Tire & Battery Co., Inc.
Allegan, Ken's Tire Service
Battle Creek, Julius Star
Detroit, Al Daly Tire Co.
Detroit, Harper Tire Service Co., Inc.
Ecorse, Kromrei Motors
Flint, Goodwin's Tire Mart
Grand Rapids, Ronda Tire Store
Hazel Park, Harper Tire Service Co., Inc.
Jackson, Blair Tire Service, Inc.
Kalamazoo, Midway Auto Supply
Muskegon, Reed's Tire Service
Port Huron, Custom Bilt Tire Co.
Saginaw, Ferriby Supply Co.
Tawas City, Ottawa Equipment Co.
Wyandotte, G & E Auto Supply, Inc.

MINNESOTA

Alexandria, Oman Supply Co.
Duluth, Tourist Service
Faribault, Merrills Service Store
Minneapolis, Deluxe Tire & Rubber Co.
Minneapolis, National Bushing & Parts Co.
Owatonna, Manke Service
Rochester, Tri-State Tire Co.
St. Paul, Major Tire Co.
St. Paul, Quantrell Cadillac, Inc.
Winona, C. Paul Venables, Inc.
Wilmar, Oman Supply Co., Inc.

MISSOURI

Bevier, Evans Oil Co.
Cape Girardeau, Richardson Tire Service
Jefferson City, Eagan Tire Service
Joplin, Johnson Tire & Battery Service
Kansas City, Arnoldy Tire Co.
Moberly, OK Rubber Welders
Neosho, *Neosho Tire & Appliance Co.*
Poplar Bluff, The Motor Harbor, Inc.
Potosi, Par Tire Co.
Republic, Bacon Tire Service
Rock Hill, E. M. Stivers, Inc.
St. Joseph, Norman Tire Co.
St. Louis, Island Service, Inc.
Sedalia, Bess Tire & Battery
Springfield, Anderson-Seaton Tire Co.
Sweet Springs, Turner Motor Co.
Willow Springs, Bacon Tire Service

NEBRASKA

Alliance, Sidles-Chambers Co.
Beatrice, *Sidles Co.*
Chadron, Sidles-Chambers Co.
Falls City, Sidles Co.
Fremont, Sidles Co.
Grand Island, Sidles Co.
Hastings, Sidles Co.
Holdrege, Sidles Co.
Kearney, Sidles Co.
Lexington, Sidles Co.
Lincoln, Sidles Co.
McCook, Sidles Co.
Nebraska City, Sidles Co.
Norfolk, Sidles Co.
North Platte, Sidles Co.
Omaha, Sidles Co.
O'Neill, Sidles Co.
Scottsbluff, Sidles-Chambers Co.
Valentine, Sidles-Chambers Co.
York, Sidles Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck, Vold's Tire Service
Minot, Westlie Motor Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen, Spaulding Automobile Co., Inc.
Huron, Findley Tire Shop
Rapid City, Puritan Supply, Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA

Wheeling, E. J. Flaccus Tire Center

WISCONSIN

Green Bay, Morley Murphy Co.
La Crosse, United Auto Supply, Inc.
Milwaukee, Charles Lubotsky Stores
Sheboygan, Grasse Bros. Oil Co., Inc.

A nationwide Seiberling dealer organization of qualified tire experts is ready to serve you wherever you drive. Shown above is a partial list of only those Seiberling dealers located in your general geographic area. Many hundreds of additional Seiberling dealers are listed in each of the three other geographic editions of The Saturday Evening Post covering the entire United States.

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I Bet My Shirt on Thin Air

(Continued from Page 31)

theater. I had, at least, written for all these media. Having decided, we then promptly had a narrow escape. Television I loved—then. It was still rather new and still "live" and still exciting, and I came within an inch of buying 20 per cent of a new UHF station not far from New York that was shortly going on the air. It did—for a while. But the experience paid off because in looking into the small-television-station field I discovered that a good many of them were offshoots of small radio stations, and the radio stations were earning the money that paid for the losses the television stations were building up.

This was an eye opener. Until then I hadn't even been aware that there were local radio stations dotted all over the country. It was a business I knew absolutely nothing about; so, of course, we decided to go into it.

Finding a radio station to buy was easy; television was still scaring all the radio-station people out of their wits. Finding the right station was something else again. We had to find one that wasn't right at all or we couldn't afford to buy it. It would have to be so shaggy and beat up that the owner, preferably an absentee owner whose heart wasn't in it, was ready to throw in the sponge. On the other hand, it must not be so beat up that new blood and vigor and enthusiasm couldn't revive it—with luck. We located a media broker and started looking up and down the Atlantic Seaboard.

The station we finally picked out to buy was WBIS in Bristol, Connecticut, an industrial city of some forty-seven thousand population with a weekly industrial payroll of close to $1,000,000. WBIS met all specifications. It had not just one absentee owner, it had four of them—all successful men in other fields who couldn't possibly devote any time to it. It had one salesman where it should have had three. It had one full-time announcer. It was located on Main Street, three flights up in a building that must have looked old when Noah built the ark. Its 200-foot antenna tower was bent so that it pointed in several directions. But it had two good points. It was a functioning radio station. It could be bought for $17,000 down, the balance of $48,000 payable over eight and a half years for a total of $65,000. How could we lose? We bought it. I found out later how we could lose. About a week later.

Normally when you buy a business either you and the former owner get together and he shows you the ropes, or he gets out and you move in. When you buy a radio station, you don't move in. The Federal Communications Commission moves in. You keep out. The FCC says you keep out until it can determine whether you're financially solvent—or rather, whether they think you are—and whether you're generally a responsible sort of person. This makes sense.

The only catch was that at the time I bought WBIS it took the FCC at least sixty days to satisfy itself that a new owner was O.K. During this period business, which was grade-A awful anyway or I wouldn't have been able to buy the station, got worse every day. Just how bad it got I didn't realize until the day I legally took over, which by a startling coincidence happened to be April Fools' Day.

I had set up a big deal for the afternoon of "Take-over Day." Gov. John Lodge, of Connecticut; Mayor James Casey, of Bristol; George Graham, the fire chief, and half a hundred other local V.I.P.'s were coming up to participate in a re-dedication ceremony on the air.

The night before, we all worked—my wife Connie, Dick Kilbourn, a lean Yankee who had come down from Torrington, Connecticut, where he had been program director of a radio station, to be WBIS manager, and I. We washed and ironed curtains, scrubbed floors, moved furniture. The next morning, dressed to the teeth and quivering with dynamic energy, I drove the twenty miles from my new home in Litchfield to my new radio station in Bristol. Boy, was I on top of the world—until I walked into my office.

Dick was sitting there waiting for me. He looked as if he was hating life in general and me in particular. When I stepped into the room he gave me the sort of look people generally reserved for lovable con men who have talked them out of their life's savings. Dick had given up a good job in Torrington to come with me. I thought he was out of his mind to do it. That morning he obviously thought so too. He was thirty-five. He looked fifty-five.

"Well," I said, "what's the matter with you? Tired already?"

"Yes," he said. "I can't remember not being tired since I met you. By the way, this is Thursday."

"I know," I said, "the day we officially take over here."

"Thursday," he said wearily, "is something else too. It's payday for our—I mean for your employees."

I waved a hand at him in what I felt was an executive gesture. "Well," I said, "make out some checks and pay them."

Dick looked at me for a long moment, then he put his hand to his chin and, in a particularly obnoxious Yankee-farmer accent he affects from time to time, said, "Lemme ask ye somethin', Bub. What bank ye want the checks drawn on?"

"What do you mean, what bank?"

"Wa-al it's this-away," he said. "Near as I can figger, you ain't got any money in any of 'em, so ye might as well take your pick."

"Look here, Dicky boy," I said, hurt. "We have almost two thousand dollars."

"Yep," he said, "we sure have—in the checkbook. It ain't the same at all, though, as havin' it in the bank."

Dick had been taking a quick gander at the books. He had found confusion. The books had been kept, after a fashion. That is, they hadn't been thrown away, but they had not been kept by a bookkeeper. Dick suspected that perhaps the checkbook, too, had been "kept" the same way.

I walked across the street to the Bristol Bank and Trust Company and introduced myself to J. Gordon Warner, the vice president. He checked the WBIS account. Dick's guess turned out to be only too right. We didn't have any money in the bank, not really; just a couple of hundred dollars. The payroll was $900. I suddenly stopped being dynamic. I'd been in business for one day and I'd already lost $1800.

I looked at J. Gordon Warner. With one hand he was reaching for a blank note for me to sign, and I saw that his eyes were alight with happy anticipation. I think he saw long, beautiful vistas of the years ahead when I'd be borrowing thousands and thousands of dollars from the Bristol Bank and Trust Company and paying more and more and more interest every year.

He saw right too. He and Charles Terry Treadway, Jr., the president of the bank, and I have become very close friends. I fooled them that day, because I still had some $5000 of my own in another bank, but the station ate that up inside of two months. It had an absolutely voracious appetite for money; and from the day my grubstake was gone, Terry and Gordon and the bank have been—and are—my working capital. I've made progress too. I borrow about three times as much money from them now as I did at first—but I pay it back twice as fast.

For the past five years they've sponsored a weather show I do five days a week. I read the commercial myself. Often it's one of those commercials about how much the friendly folks at the Bristol Bank and Trust Company want to help small business get on its feet and succeed. I put my heart into dishing that one out. I know it's true. I saw it happen.

Well, after we got everybody paid and got through with the governor and the mayor and the V.I.P.'s, Dick and I took a good hard look at another aspect of the business—the accounts receivable. Since the payroll was $900 a week, and the station was selling only a little more than $600 a week in advertising, the accounts receivable were vital. There were about $10,000 of them. I got all dynamic again—until we found out that most of them were only theoretically receivable. Some of them had been paid up and not checked off; some had gone bankrupt; some had left town.

The next disaster didn't happen for almost a month. The announcer, who worked from six in the morning until two in the afternoon and carried practically the whole load, assisted by Dick and a little high-school girl named Mary Lou Jankowski and myself, was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. So I had no announcer. And a radio station with no announcer is almost as bad as a checkbook without any money in the bank. The difference was that Terry and Gordon couldn't help on this one. Dick, who used to be a very good announcer, became one again. I, who had never seen a control board in my life until a month before, became an announcer. Mary Lou became a full-time announcer. In fact, just about anybody who was careless enough to stop in was liable to be pressed into service. It was rough on us, but that wasn't anything compared with what it must have been for the listeners.

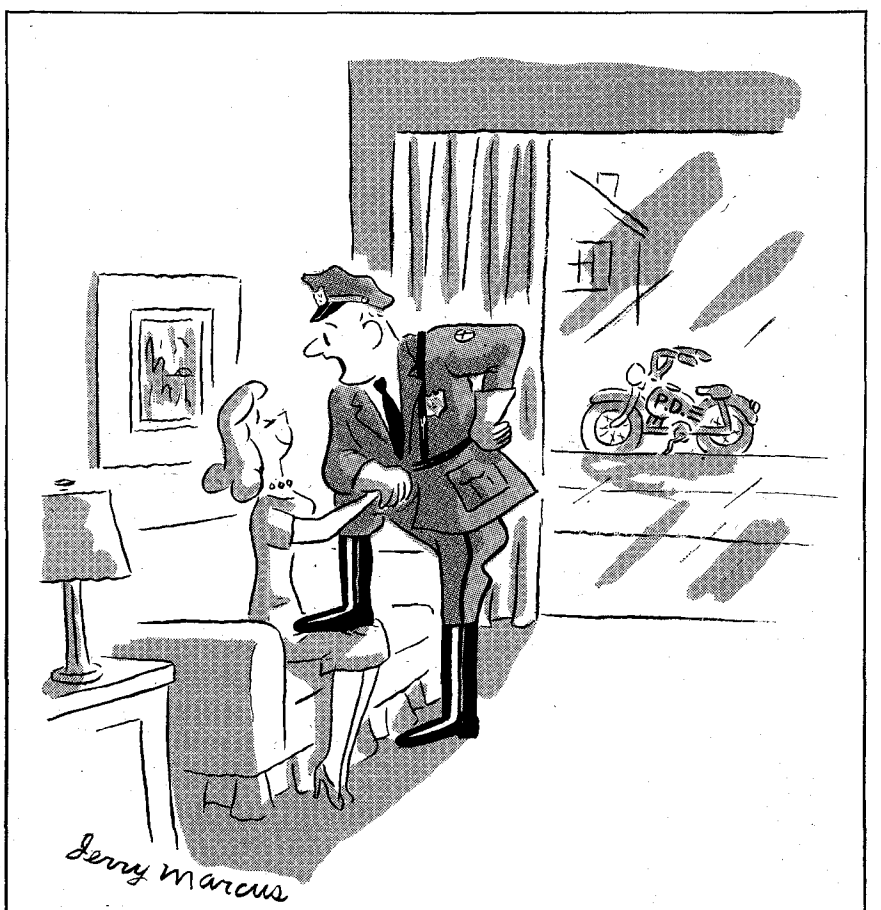
I remember one Sunday I was running the place alone. It said on the log that it was Symphony Time, so I was playing a symphony. I got through a couple of records of it in bang-up style. The next one didn't sound quite right to me. It didn't sound quite right to a lot of people, I guess, because the phones began to ring. It had, it turned out, every reason not to sound quite right. The record was an old "seventy-eight," and I was playing it at thirty-three and a third.

We hired a new announcer in a hurry. He was a perfectly superb announcer who had been with big-time network stations and had a voice like a church organ. We'll call him, for the sake of anonymity, John Barleycorn. He had only two faults. The other was that about 50 per cent of the time, when he was supposed to say, "This is 1440 on your dial, WBIS in Bristol, Connecticut," the gremlins would get to him, and floating over the air would come the slightly misleading words, ". . . WBIS in Bristol, Kentucky!"

The first fault was that he was going through a phase which happens to some people every now and then where every hour seems to them to be the cocktail hour, and must be treated accordingly. This was tragic, because aside from that one slightly noticeable little failing, he was a sweet and wonderful guy, and we needed him and we needed his voice desperately, for he was still a crackajack announcer.

But in a little radio station—at least in mine—people aren't just announcers or bookkeepers or salesmen or newsmen or engineers; they're primarily people, members of the family. We kept this particular announcer for months and months and months because we were all fond of him and hoped to straighten him out, but finally we let him go.

Meanwhile, however, after thinking we had solved our announcer problem with John Barleycorn, we had decided that the next step was to find a salesman. We found (*Continued on Page 82*)



"Evelyn, I want to ask you a very important question."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Cool refresh-mint

...still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 80*) one a week or so after the original announcer was stricken.

Of course, he wasn't a radio-advertising salesman—that would have made things too easy all around. He was an automobile salesman. Valentine B. McCormack his name was. He came with us simply because he was tired of selling automobiles, which really was as good a reason as any. Actually, the reason he was tired of it was that the car he was selling had only six cylinders that year, and all the competing cars had eight cylinders. I think Val felt very much the same way about our radio station that first year. He never came right out and said so, but I sort of doubt that he would have credited us with having five cylinders, or five listeners either, at that time. I think he feels differently now. He's still with me, as senior salesman and acting sales manager.

After Val came with us and we found a couple of nice young announcers right out of radio school who knew even less about radio that I did, things began to improve—slightly—but that first year that Connie and I owned the station was a nightmare. I'd bought it hoping I could sleep nights. I couldn't. I worked nights. So did everybody else, even though the station went off the air at sunset. Connie worked, too, as secretary, writing advertising copy, doing a women's program on the air. All of us somehow had to make ingenuity substitute for money.

For instance, we needed a commercial that would represent the sound of a horse-drawn mail coach clanking down a country road and over a bridge on a stormy night while the coachman and the guard talked about where to pull in for supper—at the sponsor's 100-year-old tavern, natch. We weren't in any position to call up one of the New York outfits that specialize in making things like that—for a price. We made it ourselves. Dick was the Yankee coachman and two horses. I was the Irish guard and the other two horses. Our engineer was the wheels of the coach and the rattling harness chains.

It was quite a production. Rubber balls sliced in half and clop-clopped against the studio table were the hoofbeats. The coach horn we lifted from a fanfare on a record, and the storm noises came from another record. The trick, of course, was that the commercial was introduced by an announcer saying, "The mail coach from Hartford to New York comes over the crest of a lonely hill on a winter's night." Without that announcement to sort of key things, you might have thought you were listening to a recording of the Nautilus getting ready to make a crash dive under the North Pole.

Gradually, as our first year drew to a close, business began to get better. The salesmen reported that more of the new prospects they called on had actually heard of the station's existence. Occasionally little success stories of how our advertising built sales for them began to come in. More of the merchants seemed willing to give us a chance and began buying blocks of commercial spots. Gradually, too, the terror of going broke began to lessen.

I had thought that because we were the only station in town we wouldn't have any competition except the newspaper. We had—and have—plenty of competition. In Hartford, only eighteen miles away, there are four stations, including one 50,000-watt network powerhouse. In New Britain, seven miles away, there are two stations. In Waterbury, ten miles to the south, there are three—and, of course, all of the big New York stations came thundering in. What, then, was going to make the people of Bristol listen to our little station?

The answer was to make WBIS Bristol's own station. We couldn't afford those anonymous-voiced, high-priced announcers you hear on the networks who sound as if they'd all been given speech lessons in the same school. We wanted enthusiastic young men who sounded like enthusiastic young men. We wanted men whom the listeners would grow to know by name and feel a kind of affection for, so that when one of them pulled a blooper, people around town would nudge each other and say, "Boy! Did you hear the goof old J.B. made this morning?"

I don't know what they said the day I made the blooper to end all bloopers. I don't even like to think about it. I was finishing my noon newscast, executed in resonant tones and with veddy, veddy, veddy precise diction. It always ended, "Stay tuned for the local news!" That day it didn't. Into thousands of homes in the area came a big booming voice making the ridiculous request that people "Stay tuned for the loocal nose."

As we started our second year, business definitely had got much better, but in order to make it get better we had had to spend money to make money. Income had gone up about 40 per cent. Our expenses had gone up nearly 100 per cent. We were growing all right—but in two directions. Then on August 19, 1955, something happened that made WBIS, beyond any shadow of a doubt, Bristol's own station. That was the day that the waters went wild, and the big floods came roaring and thundering down the valleys. Bristol was blessed. No lives were lost, though the damage moneywise was heavy, but it was a shocking experience; and in the midst of it the city's whole telephone system went out when water ten feet deep flooded the central exchange and divided the town in two.

Up on the mountain overlooking the town where the WBIS transmitter and the once wobbly tower are located Ric Ricci, the engineer, put the station on the air. He didn't know what to tell people at first because he didn't know what was going on, so he just tried to sound reassuring. Then the mayor and the chief of police and George Graham, the fire chief, got across the flood in a half-track and made their way to the tiny transmitter building. One by one, lugging tape recorders and recorded music and typewriters, the station staff members fought their way up the mountain. Lloyd Chesley, an electrical contractor acting on his own, drove for hours, found a bridge still standing and returned towing a big gasoline generator to use in case the electric power failed. All that day the city was run from WBIS on the mountain. The city officials, Civil Defense, the utility companies were all there; it was the only source of communication between them and 47,000 people who were relying on them to tell them what to do—and on us to make it possible. Perhaps "us" isn't the right word. Dick Kilbourn and I were stranded two rivers away. We didn't get there until the next morning.

After this, business boomed, and for almost the last time I wiped the cold sweat of financial fear from a weary brow. I think every one of us was filled with a sort of humble awe at the sudden realization of the magnitude of our responsibility as a radio station to the community we served. We haven't forgotten it either.

We found the young men we wanted—over the years: Joe Barbarette, our local news reporter, newscaster and program director; Donn Holland, our teen-age-appeal hit-music specialist; John Abery, our six-o'clock-in-the-morning man. I wanted the station to have news about Bristol with lots of names in it. I found Jack Roberts, a sweet guy in his thirties who had polio when he was a kid and uses crutches and knows everybody and can sell advertising like the smiling Irishman that he is. I set him up with a program called the Bristol Bulletin Board. It's a friendly, chatty, gossipy ten minutes about Bristol people, their joys, their sorrows, their lost dogs and kids and cats and parakeets. He restores enormous numbers of these to their homes every year. He's one of the best-known characters in the city now and owns a small share in the station. Not too long ago he went down to the World Series at Yankee Stadium. He didn't have a ticket; he'd forgotten to get one. Being Jackie, he didn't need one. Jackie Farrel, a public relations aide for the Yankees, spotted him. It turned out that the Yankees' Jackie knew our Jackie somehow or other, and our Jackie ended up doing a broadcast for WBIS from the Yankees' dressing room and watching the game from the press box.

George Graham, the fire chief who came to that April Fools' celebration of mine that could have turned out to be anything but that, let us put in a direct line to the chief dispatcher's board at fire headquarters. An alarm goes off. The engines race to the fire. When they get there they radio back what's called a "Signal Twelve." The dispatcher picks up our phone, and gongs ring all over the studio. Within minutes, sometimes seconds, we're on the air telling where the fire is, the nature of the fire and what equipment was called out. George has been for this from the first. He says it cuts way down on fire-engine chasing and it keeps the dispatcher from getting swamped with phone calls just when he's at his busiest dispatching equipment.

We broadcast every local event of importance that we can possibly cover, including the Industrial League softball games. Last summer we had a depression in Bristol—a real one. The factories didn't have enough young men who played ball left on their payrolls to field enough teams to make up a league. WBIS fielded a team, just to keep the league going, made up of men from the factories who couldn't field teams. I was a little embarrassed by the result of my civic goodwill gesture. Our team was too good. They missed winning the championship by a hair—thank goodness!

These are the things that make a local radio station successful: The becoming a part of the community; the public service which seems philanthropic perhaps, but is really commercially worth its weight in gold; the speeches the boss makes at Kiwanis and Rotary and the Lions and the women's clubs; the people in the station who really are the station, and their loyalty to it. I mean people like little Mary Lou, our girl disk jockey, who is all grown up now, and went away to learn to be a trained nurse and then got homesick for her old job and came back after a year; and like Jean Zaino—"Ma," our bookkeeper. We didn't take Ma on because she was a good bookkeeper. We took her on almost five years ago, now, because she was a darn nice woman and made wonderful coffee and cookies. She learned to be a good bookkeeper by going to school after she came to work for us.

There were lots of times, at first, when I felt I would have been a whole lot safer if I had put our grubstake on the daily double at Belmont Park. But now, five years later, let's see what I've got out of it, besides an enormous amount of satisfaction—and, lately, time to go back to writing again.

We had an independent survey made some months ago, conducted after the manner of the big-time surveys. Four young ladies made 1100 completely anonymous telephone calls and asked a series of questions, prefacing them by saying, "This is Radio Survey calling. Can you help us?" On an hour-to-hour basis it came out most favorably for WBIS; the times when our local features were on the air were tops, followed by the world news and—thank goodness—my own 12:45 weather show. But since our goal is to have everybody in Bristol tuned to 1440 from the time they wake up until we go off the air at sunset, the key question, so far as we were concerned was, "What radio station do you generally listen to?"

I dreaded the results. I need not have. Projected, the answers showed that 45 per cent of all listeners in Bristol listened regularly to WBIS. Eighteen per cent listened regularly to the big 50,000-watt network station in Hartford. The other 37 per cent were pretty well divided among the New York stations and two or three other nearby local stations.

The billing has gone from the $49,000 a year the station was earning when I bought it to a comfortable $100,000. The balance owed to the former owners has gone from $48,000 down to $23,000. All of this has been paid out of earnings, and the balance is somewhat more than covered by an insurance policy on my life taken out some years ago for that purpose.

Dick Kilbourn and I take out, all told, somewhat more than $25,000 a year between us. If I died, or became incapacitated now, my share would keep right on coming in. But the *pièce de résistance* is this: The station, which I bought for $17,000 down, has gone up in value. It's gone up quite a little. The last bona fide offer I turned down was $200,000.

Maybe Connie and I did put that grubstake on a daily double at that!

THE END

Charter Member

By Jane Herrick Tenney

Bone marrow, gene and
spirit I must be
Indigenous to this rough
share of ground.
Beyond the scope of lifetime
tenantry
In cords of true belonging
I am bound
For always to this ragged
pasture folding
Its eastern boundary into
the hills:
The drunken stagger of old
fences holding
Disputed claim against the
brush that spills
Bright patchwork to
disguise a stony acre.
My roots are deeply
planted here. I know
The dust and breath that I
owe to my Maker
Were native to this hillside
long ago,
And what is truly me will
haunt this site.
Here, my blurry path, my
phantom light.

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The Mystery of the Master Safe-Cracker

(Continued from Page 37)

"He is my cousin," she replied.

Standing at the curb was a battered old ruin of a T-model which I called my car, a ride in which was well calculated to complete the process of revival. By the time I had driven her as far as the Nanking Road, up past the Bubbling Well, out to the Hungjao Golf Club and down to the Bund, I had heard her life story, or as much of it as I was ever destined to hear. She had been born in Australia, where she took a university degree, and had come to China a bare two years previously. Henry Lom, her cousin, hailed from San Francisco. He had come back to the land of his fathers, and according to May Kwei, had ever since been the object of police persecution.

What was Henry's occupation? A locksmith. May had the grace to blush as she said this. Might she come to see me sometime? She might. I gave her my card. I did not expect ever to see her again, if only because life in Shanghai was not geared to social relationship between a European and an attractive Chinese girl.

Two or three days later, when I arrived around noon, May Kwei was waiting in the entrance of the Comet building. I invited her into my office. She wasted no time in coming to the point.

"You are a good friend of Detective-Inspector Masters, are you not?" she asked. "You were laughing and playing the match game with him."

"I know Masters quite well," I told her, "but he isn't a friend. In my job I have to be on good terms with most of the police. What is it that you want?"

"I want you to arrange with him for some small comforts for Henry."

"I doubt whether Masters would be able to fix anything like that," I replied. "The police and the prison staff are quite separate. Anyway, what sort of comforts?"

"Henry likes to smoke a pipe of opium in the evenings," said May. "It is a small thing, but it will mean much to Henry."

It was this, said so carelessly, that should have awakened me to some realization that May was at heart an outlaw. But it did not. I tried to convince her that she had come to the wrong man and that whatever friendship there might be between Masters and me would not stand the strain of such a request.

Then she wanted to know whether I would help her get a job. That was easy. Chinese girls with a good Western education were rare birds. Most of all, she would like to be a reporter. She was well placed, she pointed out, to ferret out stories which no European could ever get.

Let me say in defense of my own sanity that, lovely and charming as she was, I did not want May Kwei anywhere near me during working hours. There were plenty of other distractions without that. But I promised to help her find a job and we left it at that. The opportunity came sooner than I expected.

I ran into Masters next on the race course. "I didn't think you were going to get a conviction in the case of that chap Henry Lom," I remarked. "The evidence struck me as a bit thin."

"If I could prove the things I know—really know, mark you—about Henry Lom," said Masters viciously, "I could send him up for twenty years. He's too smart to be in circulation. I have a file on him a foot thick. But if it's a story you're looking for, go and have a chat with Gordon McIntyre."

Gordon McIntyre, whom I knew well, was, among other things, sole agent in China for the Baldwin-Kerr Improved Safe, which at that time had a reputation second to none. The new model, which had just come on the market, was supposed to be revolutionary. At that time, only five years after the end of World War I, most of the safes in use in China were fairly old, and Chinese safecrackers, never very far behind safe manufacturers in their techniques, were making hay. Gordon McIntyre, as I knew, was expecting to sweep the board with the latest Baldwin-Kerr model.

"Thanks," I said to Masters. "I'll call on him. There could be a good story in it somewhere."

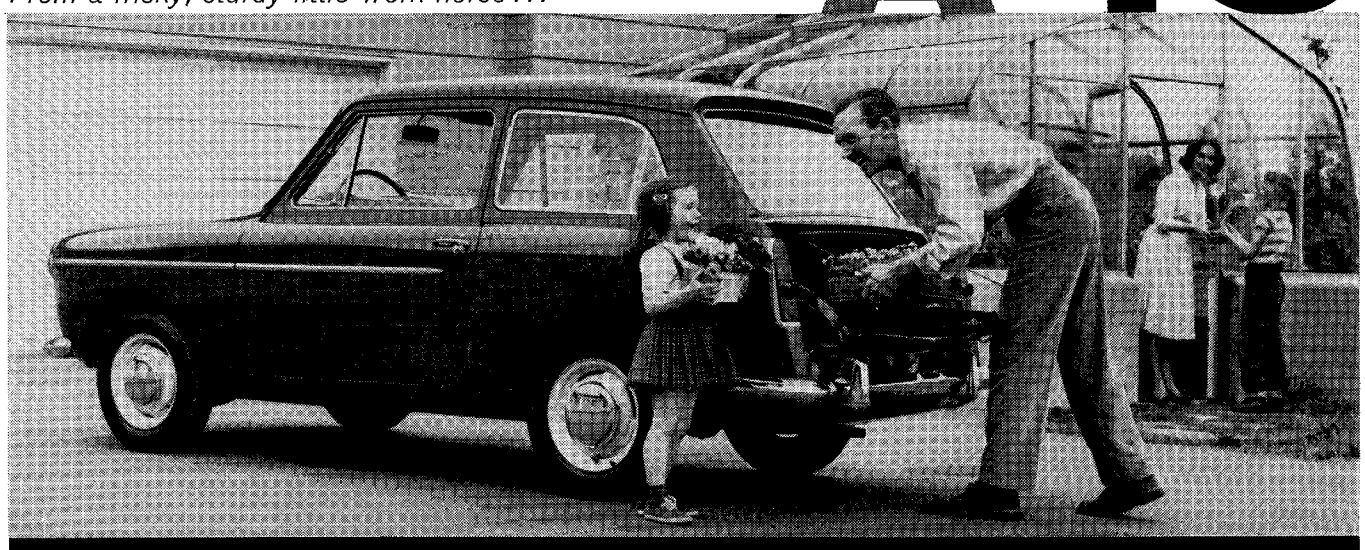
There was. The only snag was that I had to wait thirty-five years before I dared tell it. When I arrived at McIntyre's office he was hopping mad. As I was ushered in by one door, his compradore was leaving by the other. For the benefit of those who don't know already, a compradore was the key man in any foreign business in China, far more important than the boss. A compradore found new Chinese business, guaranteed Chinese credit risks, and frequently acted as banker to the foreign businessman.

"The more I know of these people," McIntyre said, "the less I understand them. If there's a cockeyed, hole-in-the-corner way of doing a simple thing, these Chinese will find it. By any standards, I'm trying to sell the best safe ever offered to the China market. I've a godown full of them. The interest on my bank overdraft is costing me over a hundred dollars a day. How many do you think I've sold?

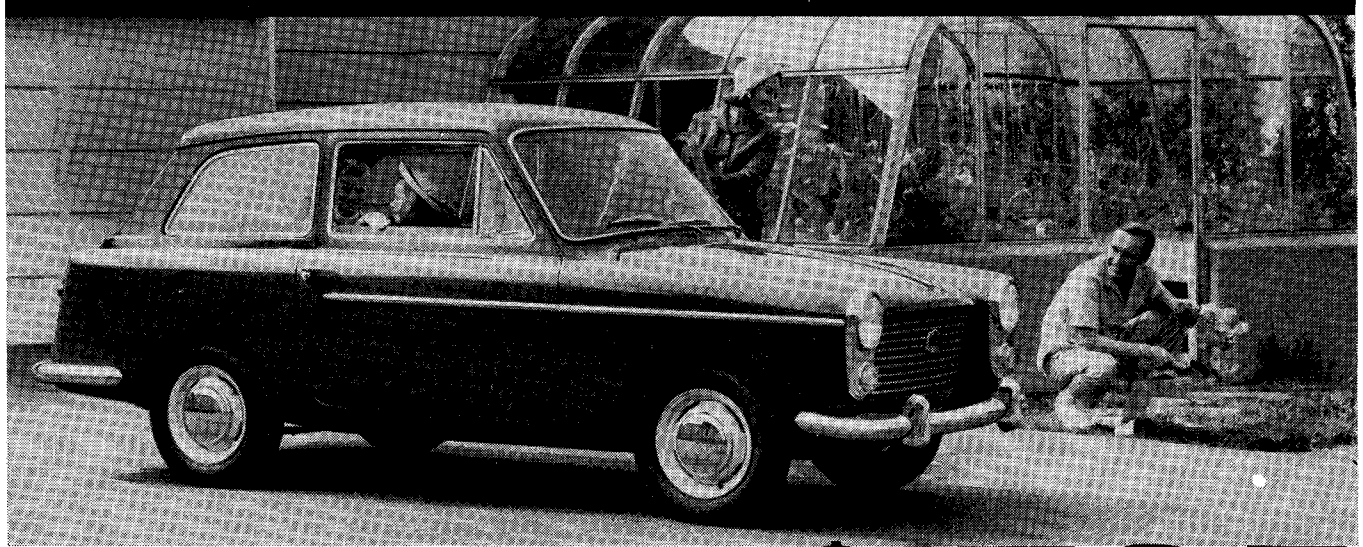
The new Pinin Farina styled

AUSTIN A40

From a frisky, sturdy little work horse . . .



QUICK CHANGE ARTIST!



. . . to the jauntiest little sedan of them all!

Starting as low as $1795 P.O.E. (Includes Heater)

THE GAYEST, ROOMIEST, LIVELIEST ECONOMY SEDAN EVER!
No doubt about it. The new Austin A40 is a wonderfully different car. Brilliant, continental styling by Italy's famous Pinin Farina is combined with BMC precision engineering in a happy marriage of good looks and good sense. Your BMC dealer will be glad to show you how the gay, new A40 will fit into your way of life like nothing else on wheels. See him today!

- 12 month warranty . . . a sure sign of quality.
- Better than 40 miles per gallon of gas.
- Sports car agility and ease of handling.
- Generous headroom and legroom, front and rear.
- Folding rear seat to take outsize loads.
- Picture window visibility all around.

AUSTIN *You can depend on it.*

The new and larger Pinin Farina styled Austin A55 4-door sedan is also now available through BMC dealers.

A product of **THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD.**, makers of Austin-Healey, Austin, MG, Magnette, Morris and Riley cars.
Represented in the United States by HAMBRO AUTOMOTIVE CORP., Dept. A, 27 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.

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I'll tell you," he went on, "I haven't sold one; not one single blasted safe. And why?"

"You tell me," I said.

"Because the Chinese believe that two years hence—less time off for good behavior—the new model Baldwin-Kerr safe will be about as safe as a sardine can as a place to keep valuables. Ever hear of a man called Henry Lom?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was in the Mixed Court the other day when he got two years. But tell me more."

Shorn of the expletives which McIntyre used to punctuate the story, here's the gist of it. "Henry Lom has a reputation from Hong Kong to Tientsin by way of the upriver ports, which makes Houdini sound like an amateur. The Chinese believe—and so do the police—that the safe has not been made that Lom can't open."

"Then you ought to be delighted that he's safely in jail," I remarked, "because that gives you two years' grace before he gets to work on the new Baldwin-Kerr."

"That's how it may look to you," said McIntyre savagely, "but not to the Chinese. My compradore has just been telling me about that. I have scores, literally scores, of customers lined up, willing and anxious to buy the new model. But they all sing the same song. What's the use of buying a new safe when the chances are that when he comes out, Henry Lom will start going the rounds again? I get the same story everywhere—Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hankow. I think Lom has hypnotized them. And if I can't shake the story somehow, I shall go broke. Any ideas?"

I had some ideas, but I wasn't ready to say anything because I didn't know just how crazy they were. "Give me a couple of days," I stalled, "and I may have something for you. But in the meantime, just how sure are you that this chap Lom is what he's supposed to be? After all, he's never been convicted of safecracking."

"I'm not sure at all," replied McIntyre. "It's the Chinese who are so sure. For all I know to the contrary, Lom may be a churchwarden and a much-maligned man. But I tell you frankly that at this minute I'd cheerfully give five thousand dollars to get him out of the cooler and into circulation again, so as to demonstrate to the Chinese that the Baldwin-Kerr safe is too tough a nut for him to crack."

I made a few independent inquiries amongst Chinese merchants of my acquaintance. These convinced me that, justifiably or not, Henry Lom had become a legendary figure, a kind of Robin Hood. Questions of face were involved. The better-known foreign-made safes had for many decades baffled Chinese thieves, which was a kind of triumph for foreigners. Now, in the person of Henry Lom, was a Chinese safebreaker whom the foreign safe maker could not outsmart. Even the most law-abiding Chinese were chuckling at the situation. Loa-Hai-shing, a wealthy silk merchant, told me flatly that although his own safe was obsolete and he needed a new one, he wanted proof, before buying another, that its makers had been smarter than Henry Lom. In the meantime, his old safe was kept in front of a lighted window opening onto the Nanking Road, with a burglar alarm and an armed Sikh watchman. Furthermore, he assured me, he and his fellow members of the Silk Guild were keeping their fingers crossed until Henry Lom should have served his sentence. I was glad I wasn't in the safe business.

When May Kwei called in to see if I had been able to land a job for her, I asked her what she thought about it all. "It is all foolishness," she declared. "Poor Henry is not a thief." And, so help me, with her eyes looking into mine, I was inclined to believe her.

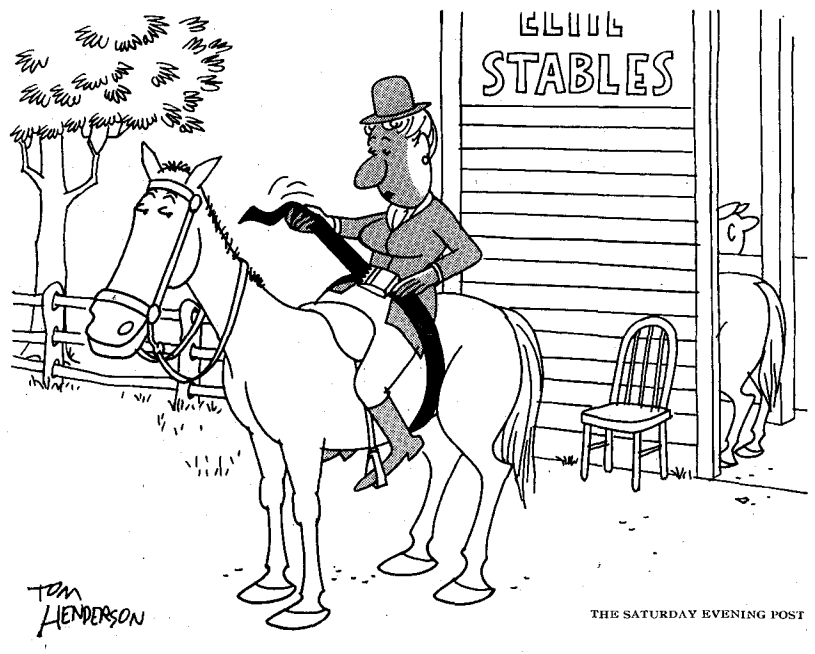
I sent her around to Gordon McIntyre with a note of introduction and no promises. The smile she gave me as she left started a lot of butterflies fluttering at the pit of my stomach. Half of me wished I had not let her go, while the other half, the sane half, hoped she would never come back. Even now, half a lifetime and half a world away, I can feel the warmth of that smile.

While she was on the way, I phoned Gordon McIntyre and told him who she was. "You must be crazy," he told me. "What are my customers going to say if I hire Henry Lom's cousin? They'll think I'm playing both ends against the middle. Anyway, how can she help?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Why not ask her yourself?"

I learned the next day that May Kwei was installed as telephonist in Gordon McIntyre's office and—even now I swallow hard as I make the confession—I could not smother a feeling of resentment. Jealousy? If not, then its first cousin. Then the sane me was thankful that he, not I, had to cope with those incandescent smiles and the laughter lurking just behind them. But I was thankful too soon.

In those days, the Comet being a morning paper, everyone knew where I could be found in the evenings. Everyone included May (*Continued on Page 87*)

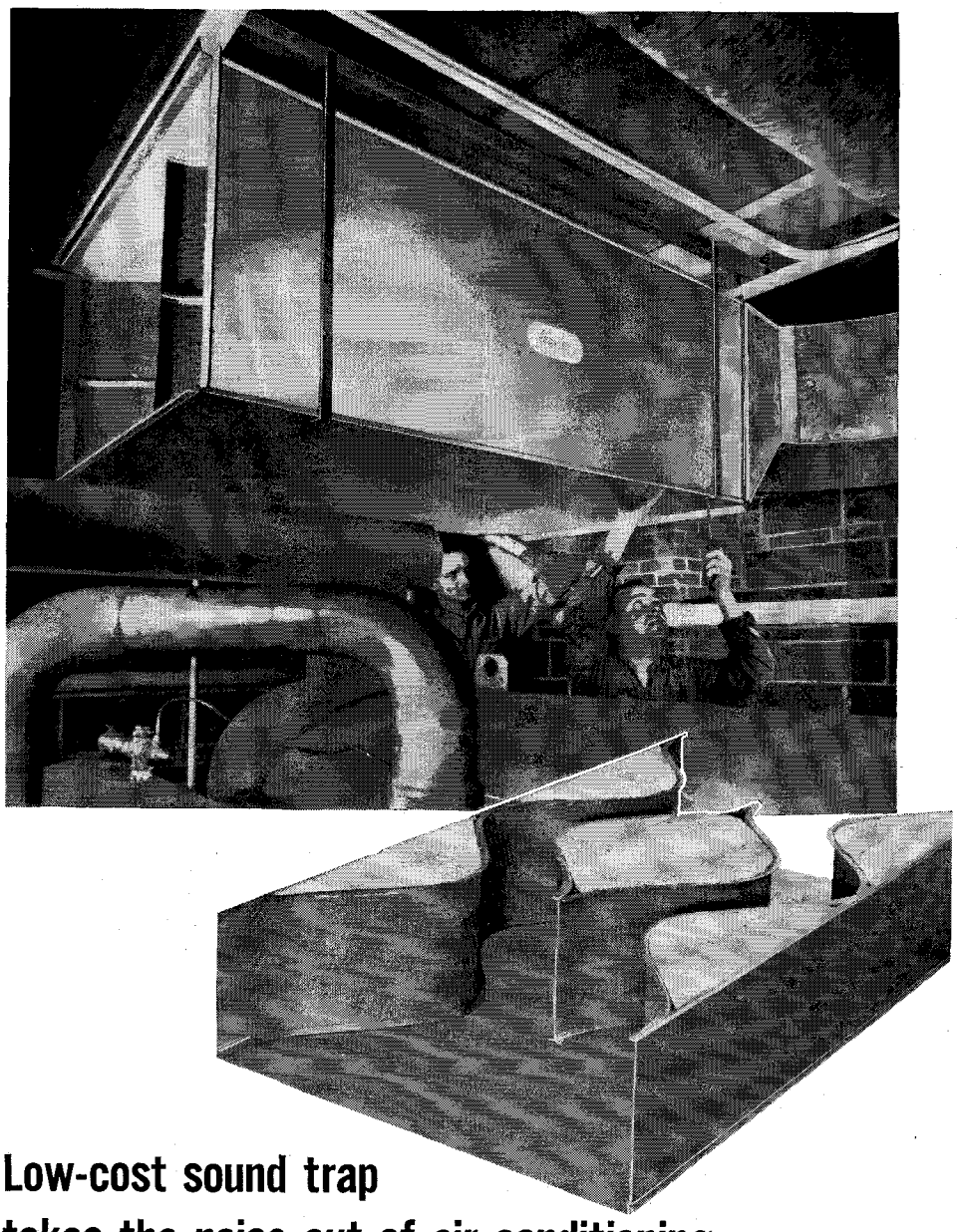


ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

KOPPERS®

These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we will send you full information on the subjects you check.



Low-cost sound trap takes the noise out of air conditioning

You watch them install the AIRCOUSTAT® sound trap and you know that from now on this air conditioning system is muffled; no more rumbling hum coming from the air ducts, no rattling whir of fan blades chopping the air. AIRCOUSTAT's scientific design (see cutaway) traps all frequencies of fan noise —high, middle and low. But it doesn't block the smooth passage of air.

AIRCOUSTAT, designed and manufactured by the Sound Control Department of Koppers, does a big job, for it makes quiet air conditioning possible anywhere. You just can't have foreign background noise in television studios, for instance; or in recording studios, certain hospital rooms, libraries, music rooms, sound stages, theatres, court rooms, etc.

AIRCOUSTAT is economical. It's easy to install; fits right into new or existing ductwork. It is permanent, sturdy, trouble-free, dust-free and fireproof. Thousands of successful applications in every type of building have proved its worth. Are air system duct noises your problem? Check the coupon.

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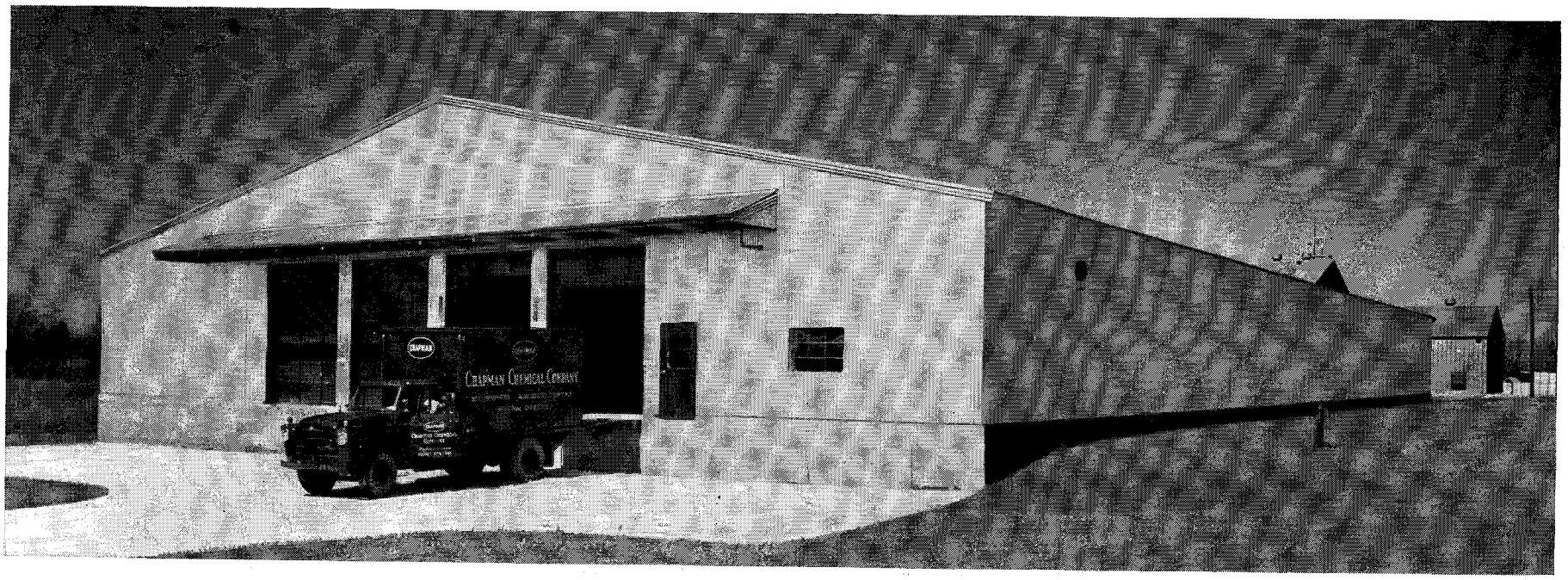
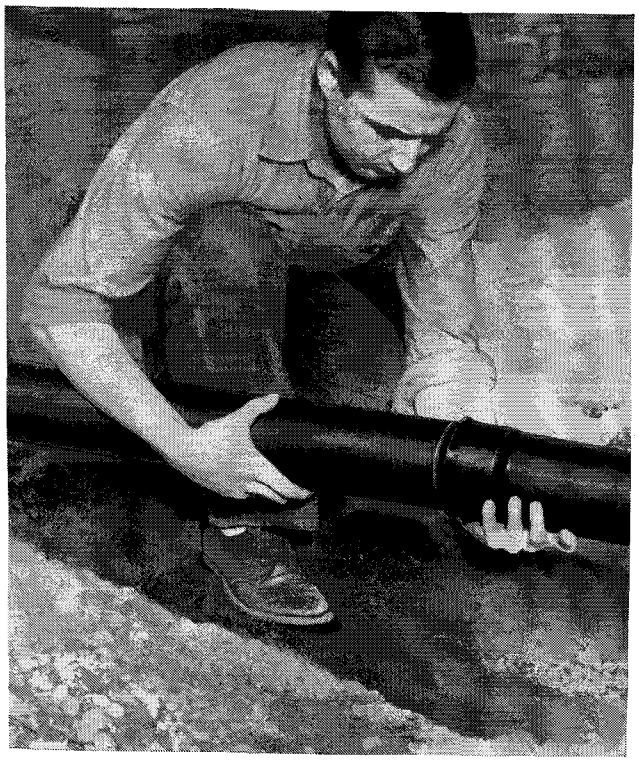


Permanent warehouse built at $2.00 a square foot

It's hard to believe that this low-slung, glistening building owned by Chapman Chemical Company of Memphis, Tennessee, cost so little to build. Its length? 210 feet. Width? 100 feet. Secret of economy? No secret—Pole-Type Construction. Koppers Pole Buildings using *pressure-treated* poles, require no excavating, no costly foundation, no power erection equipment, no custom fabrication and no long, drawn-out construction time. Thus, it is possible to cut building costs 20, 30, sometimes 50%! And a Pole Building from one of Koppers "Qualified Contractors" is truly permanent . . . lasting as long as conventional structures. Maintenance is negligible. Find out how a Koppers Pole Building can be the answer to your dwindling construction dollar. Check the coupon for complete details.



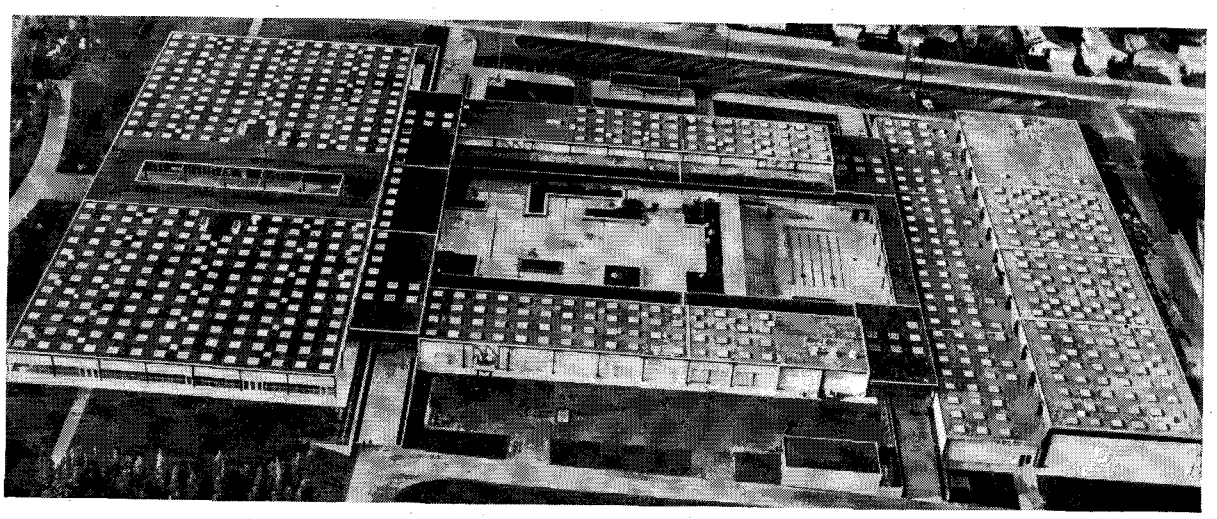
No coupling needed with new Plastic Sewer Pipe

You just pop the end of one section into the hub of the next one and that's it. No adhesives, no solvents, no clamps. The plastic "O" ring you've put inside the hub automatically seals the joint and you're ready for the next section. This new hubbed sewer pipe (also comes perforated for drain pipe) is made of SUPER DYLAN® high-density polyethylene, a product of Koppers Plastics Division. It is fabricated by Pyramid Industries, Inc., Erie, Pa.

Cost? One-third the price of cast iron pipe—even less expensive than clay pipe. *Efficient?* Look: a 10-foot length weighs only 6 pounds, so it's easy to handle. It can be cut with a handsaw, and needs no tapering. Once in the ground it completely ignores waste acids, alkalis, rust, rot and corrosion. And it's resilient enough to take all kinds of physical punishment. *Applications?* You name it, but here are a few —sewer to house connections, house to septic tank, downspouts, industrial sewage lines for raw sewage and special wastes, septic tank disposal fields, storm drains, foundation footing drains, land and roadbed drainage. Perhaps SUPER DYLAN can improve your product. Check the coupon for more information.

• • •

This is the third of a series of advertisements which illustrates how Koppers products cut costs, improve efficiency, and contribute to making a better product. If you would like copies of the complete series to date for your product information file, just write us.



How to build a roof around 700 windows

The helicopter hovers to get the picture and you're tempted to start counting windows. But rather than run out of gas at 500 feet, you decide to take the contractor's word for it—there are more than 700 skylights in the roof of Hillsdale High School, in San Mateo, California. But what kind of roof can have 700 potential holes in it, and not leak? A Koppers Coal-Tar Pitch Built-Up Roof—alternate layers of coal-tar pitch and tarred felt, topped with slag or gravel, which form a continuous membrane—completely water-tight—over the roof surface. No seams, no joints. No place for a leak to start. And even if small checks and cracks should appear, the self-sealing coal-tar pitch flows together and heals itself.

Coal-Tar Pitch Built-Up Roofs, produced by Koppers Tar Products Division, are so good that they can be permanently flooded without danger. Hundreds of them, throughout the world, have already far outlived their 20-year guarantees. Need a truly waterproof flat roof? Get details by checking the coupon.

KOPPERS

Divisions: Chemicals & Dyestuffs • Engineering & Construction • Gas & Coke • Metal Products
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PUT THESE IDEAS TO USE NOW!

To: Fred C. Foy, President
Koppers Company, Inc., Room 1422
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Please send me further information on the money-saving products and ideas checked below:

- ☐ SUPER DYLAN POLYETHYLENE
- ☐ INDUSTRIAL SOUND CONTROL
- ☐ COAL-TAR PITCH BUILT-UP ROOFS
- ☐ POLE-TYPE CONSTRUCTION

3

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zone** ____ **State** _____

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Company _____

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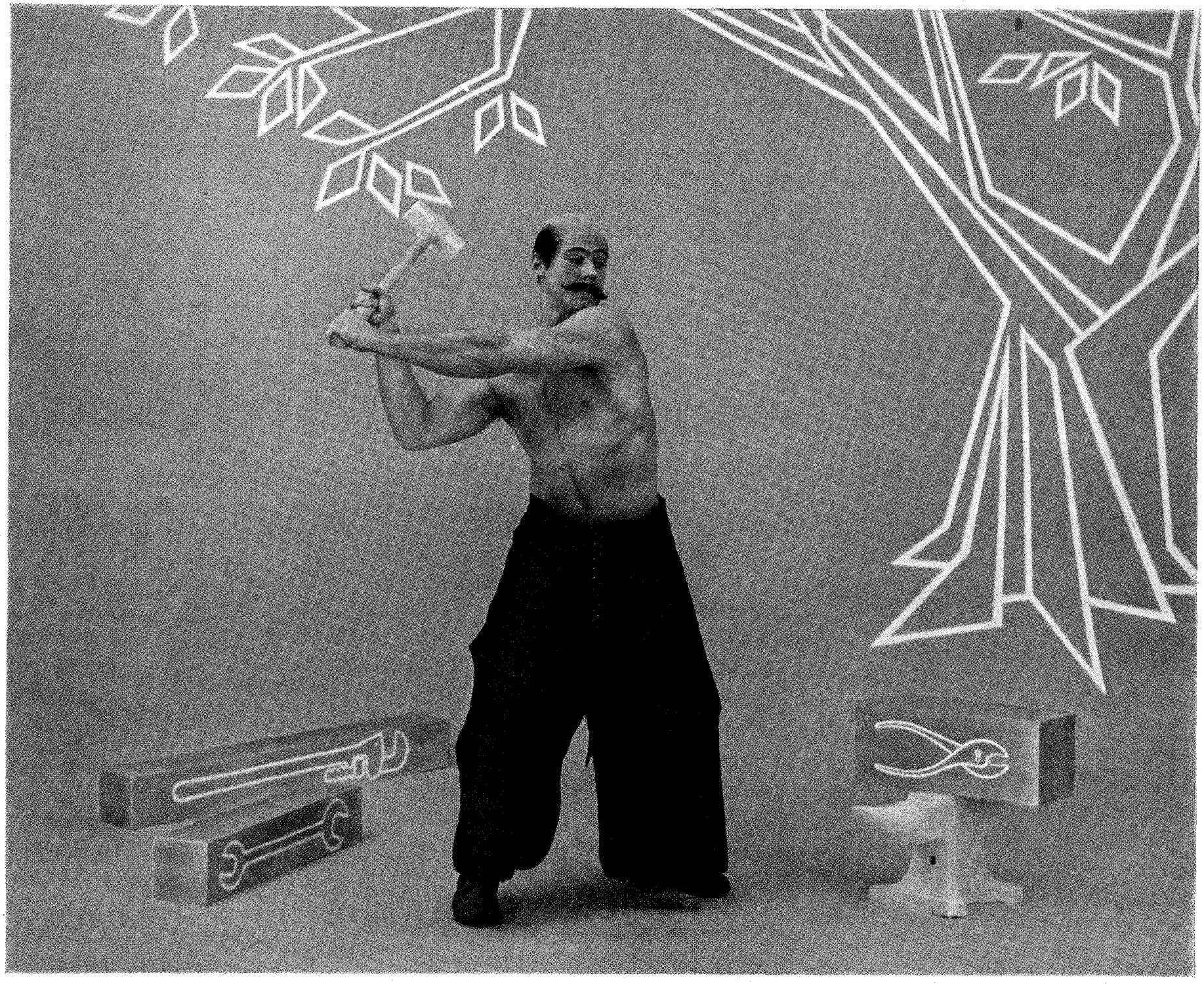

From under the spreading chestnut– billions of dollars

It's been so long since most of us have seen an anvil, we're likely to think the blacksmith disappeared with the chestnut trees.

Actually, the qualities of both added strength and extra "give" are being forged into metal more today than ever before. But today forging hammers wallop with tons – 10, 30, even 300 tons.

When you see "forged steel" on a tool, you know it's worth more. Forgers start with superior steels, then further improve the quality. Forging quality steels are among the best. Many are difficult to make. Republic Steel is the nation's largest supplier of high quality forging steels, carbon, alloy, and stainless, as well as forging quality titanium.

The men who built and manage today's forging industry, spiritual descendants of the village blacksmith, raised the capital needed to create this multi-billion dollar industry, with forges costing as much as $3,000,000 for a single machine. This vast industry serves virtually all other industries, it is so basic. The investment made in forging equipment, the economies effected in production through forging efficiency, deserve much credit for contributing to the low price of American products in proportion to the high purchasing power of American people.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE OF STANDARD STEELS AND STEEL PRODUCTS

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(*Continued from Page 84*) Kwei. She had been a week on her new job when she came to see me. "Poor Mr. McIntyre," she said after some preliminary sparring, "he cannot sell any safes—unless we help him."

"We?"

"Of course; because without you I can do nothing. You have friends in the police. I want to talk to Henry. Please will you ask someone to give me a letter, so that I can visit him in the prison?"

"I don't expect they will let you see him," I told her, "but I don't mind asking Masters. Why do you want to see Henry? To take him some opium?"

She wouldn't tell me, but under the influence of that smile I said I would do what I could.

We newspapermen had many privileges and, provided we did not abuse them too much, all kinds of rules could be, and were, waived. Gordon McIntyre phoned me while May was there, imploring me to help. She had, he told me, an idea which might—just might help him to sell some safes. I fell for it.

"Any idea what it is she wants to see me about?" asked Masters when I broached the matter to him.

"None at all," I told him, "except that it may help McIntyre sell some Baldwin-Kerr safes. This surely is to your interest as much as McIntyre's. If these Baldwin-Kerr safes are as good as he says they are, the sooner customers buy them, the better. There are too many safe robberies in this town and—well, people are beginning to talk and wonder out loud why the police don't do something about it. No, don't fly off the handle. It isn't what I think, it's what is being said, that's all."

When he had cooled down, Masters went so far as to agree to have a chat with May Kwei, which committed him to nothing, and if she could persuade him that it was to the public interest for her to have a talk with Lom, he would put it up to his boss, Superintendent Dawkins, to whom the prison authorities would listen. To make it short, Masters fell for it and so, after five minutes' exposure to May Kwei's scintillating smile, did Superintendent Dawkins, who was, if I ever met one, a hard-boiled copper. May Kwei went off to the Boone Road Gaol—jail if you prefer it—and after submitting to a careful search, had a long conversation with Henry Lom.

May gave her version of what passed to Gordon McIntyre and, after some high-powered persuasion on her part, he came to me to ask me to persuade Masters to agree to a proposition, and this was it. He, Gordon McIntyre, would deliver to the prison one of the new Baldwin-Kerr safes. In it would be a certified check for five thousand dollars, Mex, which would become Henry Lom's property on his release from prison if he could open the safe.

"Don't you see," McIntyre said to me, "there has to be some solid inducement to make Lom co-operate? Five thousand dollars and, if the authorities can be persuaded to play ball with us, the promise of a reduced sentence—say, to one year—should be enough to persuade Lom to do his best to open the safe. If he succeeds, I'm sunk, because my stock of safes will be worth scrap-iron prices. If he fails—and I think he will fail—then he serves his original sentence. The word will go around, and you can trust me to see to that, that the Baldwin-Kerr safe has licked Henry Lom. That's all I need, because I shall sell every safe in stock and as many more as the makers can ship me. Is that plain?"

"It's plain enough, " I replied, "but whose idea was it?"

"The girl's, or Lom's. But does it matter?"

I said I would think it over. That evening May Kwei paid me one of her unannounced visits. When I returned from dinner, feeling a bit mellow, she was draped across the corner of my desk, wearing a compromise between Chinese and Western dress—a golden-yellow skirt piped with royal blue, and a satin tunic which reversed the color scheme. Never at any time did I see her dressed in anything but satin, and what satin! The smile was there, but now it was sad, wistful. I have never cut a wounded deer's throat, but the look in her eyes that evening was what the hunter sees as he unsheathes the knife.

I have always suspected that the ancients knew something by believing that the liver, not the heart, was the seat of human emotions. That evening I learned the meaning of the old phrase "his liver turned to water." Mine did. My critical faculties, never too strong in May's presence, vanished. My sales resistance went the same road. I began all right.

"You know, May," I said, "you seem to be putting yourself and other people to an awful lot of trouble—for a cousin."

"You do not understand," she said sadly, "because you are not Chinese. It is a great shame for the whole family for Henry to be in prison."

"It is a great shame for the whole family," I retorted, "for Henry to deserve to be in prison. But why should the family know, when, as you tell me, half

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Some parents will spend anything on their children but time.

MAURICE SEITTER

---

of the family is in Australia and the other half in San Francisco? Just don't tell them."

Then, after such a good start, May came snuggling along the desk and automatically, it seemed, I found my arm around her. Even now there comes back to me over the years the irresistible appeal of that warm, slender, satin-clad body and the faint musk in the perfume she wore. To say that these sapped my senses is a monumental understatement, for I had no senses to sap. I swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. It suddenly became important to me that Gordon McIntyre, who was no bosom pal of mine, should sell his damned safes; that rich Chinese merchants should be able to sleep in peace, comforted by the security of a Baldwin-Kerr safe; and that Henry Lom, who was lucky not to be inside for ten or twelve years, should be given an opportunity to regain his freedom. To anyone reading these words today, I must sound incredibly naïve. But then, nobody reading these words today in cold blood has an arm round that exquisite, dainty, satin-clad waist, or a pair of melting doe's eyes doing peculiar things to his liver. Enough!

Masters bought it. With the consent of his immediate chief he sold it to the Mixed Court magistrate and assessor who had sentenced Henry Lom. They agreed to the experiment. If Henry Lom succeeded in opening the safe, his sentence would come up for review. There was a condition that in this event Henry Lom would be escorted by police to an outward-bound ship and must never again set foot in Shanghai.

Lom imposed a condition, too: he demanded the services of an assistant, naming a fairly competent safebreaker, one Chung, who was then nearing the end of a three-year sentence in the same prison. There was another condition, that Lom and Chung should be permitted to work in absolute privacy. This, too, was agreed.

Lom wanted all this agreed formally with his lawyer, but the police wouldn't play. It ended by Lom agreeing to accept an oral promise.

Only Gordon McIntyre knew the combination on the safe and—this gave me a laugh—he sent it to the bank for safekeeping! The latest-model Baldwin-Kerr safe was delivered to the prison, while the rest of us awaited events.

My reward for all this—aside, of course, from May's devastating smiles—was the absolutely exclusive rights to the story, but I suspect that even if I had known then how long I would have to wait before I dared tell it. I would have behaved in the same besotted fashion. May—although the phrase was still in the womb of futurity—was very high-octane indeed. She could have sold me the Brooklyn Bridge.

"The more I look at this deal, the more I like it," Masters admitted to me privately. "If the safe beats Lom, it will beat all the other safe robbers in business in China. But if Lom can open it, the fact that he opened it will go into his record, and then, if he ever puts a foot wrong again ——"

There was no need to complete the sentence.

During the next six weeks or thereabouts, the only news from the prison was that Lom and Chung, working twelve hours daily, had thus far failed to open the Baldwin-Kerr safe. Lom pleaded for a further two weeks.

Gordon McIntyre was jubilant, and with cause. In practice a thief seldom gets more than an hour or two to work on a safe undisturbed, while here was Lom, supposedly tops in his chosen field, defeated after six weeks. What a wonderful free advertisement!

Two weeks later, Gordon McIntyre was informed officially that the safe had resisted all efforts to open it and that Lom and Chung had returned to work on the rockpile with the other prisoners. On the strength of this news, McIntyre bought me one of the best dinners I ever ate in my life. Afterward, on returning to the office, I found May perched on the corner of my desk—at a safe distance.

"Poor Henry!" she said sadly. "He must have tried very hard."

I waited for it.

"Mr. McIntyre," she said silkily, "is most grateful. I am sure the police are too. Don't you think," she went on, watching me narrowly for the effect, "that if Mr. McIntyre would speak to the magistrate and assessor, they would reduce poor Henry's sentence?"

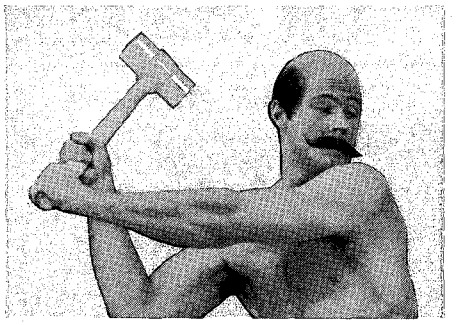
"Why don't you suggest this to Mr. McIntyre?" I countered.

"It would come better from you," she said, switching on the wistful smile, "because Mr. McIntyre is so grateful for what you have done for him."

I might have added that I was already bulging with McIntyre's gratitude, but I didn't, and before I could get rid of her I had given her some kind of a promise.

McIntyre, to my astonishment, thought it a wonderful idea. "I'd like to see Lom stick around Shanghai," he said. "He's my best advertisement, since the Baldwin-Kerr beat him. There's a new American safe just coming on the market here, the Pittsburgh Chilled Steel. It would suit me down to the ground if Henry Lom, as a personal favor, would crack a few of them before retiring from the game. D'you realize that I've sold every safe in stock and I have firm orders for dozens more? The word has got around."

I never did know just how it was worked, but McIntyre told me soon



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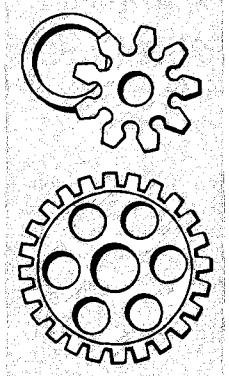

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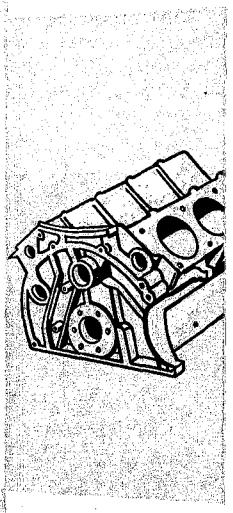

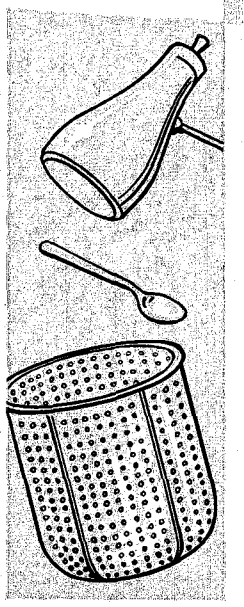

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Republic makes sheet steel with many diverse qualities. Some can be spun-shaped while being whirled against a form. Others can be stamped—having pieces cut out like dough for cookies. Still other sheets are adapted especially to be deep drawn—stretched almost like bubble gum.

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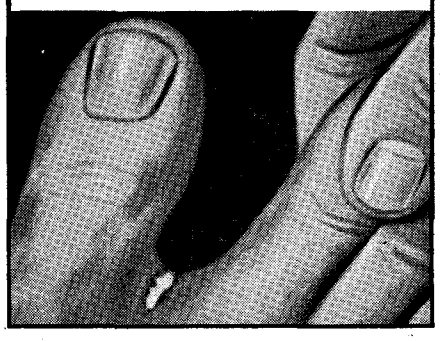
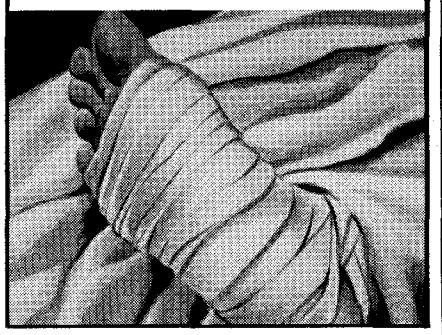


Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your physician or podiatrist.

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That tingling sensation you feel tells you *liquid* Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches—even in tiny cracks.

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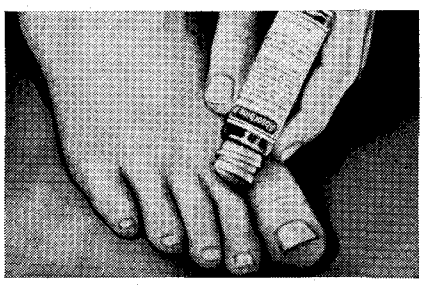

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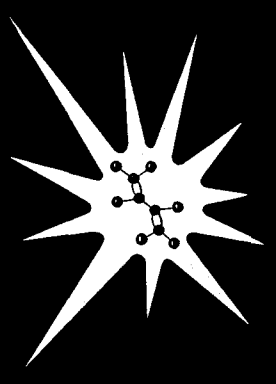

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afterwards that Lom had been promised that six months would be lopped off his sentence provided his conduct remained good. And that, I thought, was that.

During the next months I began to feel like Santa Claus. Masters was all smiles when we met, for with the sale of some four hundred Baldwin-Kerr safes in Shanghai, his job had become a sinecure. Gordon McIntyre was making stacks of money, because the safes were selling all over China on the strength of the good reports from Shanghai. May Kwei, whom I now saw seldom and then only by accident, was sweetly inscrutable and—I can think of no other word—gracious to me. But oh, so distant! She was, she told me, living for the day when, with poor Henry out of prison, the disgrace would be lifted from her family. She felt it keenly. I tried to imagine the rejoicing in San Francisco and Sydney which would assuredly follow Henry's release, but somehow the picture would not focus.

A whole year had passed after Henry's defeat at the hands of the Baldwin-Kerr safe. I had called at the Central Police Station on some forgotten matter when I ran into Detective-Inspector Masters, whose smile did not seem to fit too well.

"Look at this!" he said, leading me into his office and showing me a report on his desk.

Shorn of all the police verbiage, the report said that during the night thieves had entered the premises of the New China Gem Company, near the intersection of Nanking and Honan roads. Two safes containing mostly unset gems and precious metals had been opened by an expert, without gelignite or oxyacetylene blowtorch. The value of the loot was estimated to be in the region of two million, two hundred thousand dollars, Mexican. The safes were the latest-model Baldwin-Kerr. Henry Lom had the best of alibis: he was still in prison.

There followed in quick succession five more safe robberies, all of them Baldwin-Kerrs of the latest type. Two of the victims were small Chinese banks, one a lottery shop, one a wealthy silk merchant, and the last—he was somewhat coy about his losses—a suspected receiver of stolen property. The robberies ended as abruptly as they had begun, the total loot being around a million and a half dollars, U.S. currency, mostly cash, with a realizable value to the thieves of probably not less than one million.

I asked Gordon McIntyre over the phone whether he had any comment to make. He had, but it was not printable. Detective-Inspector Masters, asked whether I might quote him to the effect that the police were baffled, was equally impolite.

Some six weeks later, with the full allowance for good conduct plus the six-months remission promised to him, Henry Lom was released. I went down to the ship in which he was being deported. As she pulled out into the stream of the Whangpoo River, May Kwei came out on deck and I was rewarded by one last sight of her dazzling, heart-warming smile as she stood there waving by Henry Lom's side. The ship was bound for Calcutta, but Henry Lom and May Kwei, I learned later, left it at Singapore, where they vanished temporarily in the vast Chinese community of Malaya.

Once more I believed that I had heard the last of these two, but it was not to be. Masters, who as a matter of routine kept tabs on all safebreakers in the Far East, and maintained a system of exchanged information on the subject, anticipating Interpol by some years, learned soon afterwards that Henry Lom and May Kwei—who were not related to each other—were married and living in splendid luxury and great respectability in the Javanese hill town of Bandung.

At around this time Masters received a circular letter from the Singapore police, who reported a series of safe robberies. All the safes robbed were the latest Baldwin-Kerr model. In one of the robberies the thief had been disturbed at work and during his hasty departure from the scene of the crime had left the prints of a thumb and a forefinger. A photographic enlargement of the prints was attached. Could Shanghai help?

Shanghai could help. The prints corresponded with those of Chung, who had been Henry Lom's assistant in prison. Masters' face was congested with rage as he told me this. "It's as plain as a pikestaff," he snorted. "Chung was Lom's pupil. Lom, with eight weeks to study that safe in prison and no interruptions, learned all there was to know about it."

"But that doesn't make sense," I objected. "If Lom was able to open the safe, why didn't he do so? He would have saved himself a year on the rockpile and would have been able to make a fresh start somewhere else on Gordon McIntyre's five thousand dollars."

"But then, don't you see, he would have branded himself as a safebreaker," said Masters. "Lom was too smart for that. He let Chung take all the risks, while he himself was safe in jail with an unbreakable alibi. The girl, you may be sure, kept tabs on Chung and saw to it that she got the agreed share of Chung's loot—the money they are living on now in Java without putting a foot outside the law."

In the absence of a better one, I accepted that explanation.

There is a sequel. Soon after the events recorded here, I left China. I had the story, but even this wasn't as good as I had hoped, for it foundered on an anticlimax.

Then in 1942, during an air raid, I met Gordon McIntyre again, in the basement of a London club. The Lom story being the chief reminiscence we had in common, we harked back to it.

"Henry Lom was a pretty smart operator," I said, "and for that matter, so was the girl."

"He was indeed," said Gordon McIntyre. "He was not only one of the cleverest locksmiths of his day but an outstanding psychologist into the bargain."

"Psychologist?" I echoed. "I don't see that."

"That's because you don't know something that I know," he said with a grin. "You see, what I never told a living soul at the time was that when the safe came back from the prison to be taken into stock, something had gone wrong with it. We couldn't open it, and for a good reason. It had been reset to a new combination."

"How does that make Lom a psychologist?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that," replied McIntyre with what I can describe only as an evil grin. "You remember, don't you, that inside the safe when it was sent down to the prison was a certified check for five thousand dollars? That was the carrot we dangled to make Lom do his best."

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "what I thought it best not to mention at the time was that, three days after the safe went down to the prison, I learned from my bank that the certified check had been cashed by May Kwei. How many safes would I have sold if that story had leaked? That's why I say that Lom, or the girl, was psychologist enough to realize that intelligent self-interest kept my mouth shut. The five thousand dollars, of course, I charged to advertising—and cheap at the price!"

THE END

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Laziest Star in Tennis

(Continued from Page 22)

publicity chief, Myron McNamara, organized a far-flung campaign among well-wishers to spur Alex on with cablegrams and letters.

After clinching the Davis Cup, Olmedo turned up with a strained stomach muscle which forced him out of the Western Australian championships at Perth. Australian newspapers hinted that the ailment was just an excuse to duck further competition. Kramer and Gonzales then goaded Alex into playing in the Australian nationals at Adelaide. The Peruvian won, although he served only at half speed. After returning to the United States, Olmedo captured the national indoor championship at New York's Seventh Regiment Armory, beating former Wimbledon champion Dick Savitt in a classic three-hour final.

After a March visit to his homeland, where he was hailed as a national hero, Olmedo slipped back into a familiar pattern. He dropped a five-setter to Myron Franks, a collegiate rival, in the Southern California tournament at Los Angeles. Then on May sixteenth he suffered a shocking setback in the semifinals of the California state championships at San Francisco. He was beaten by Clifford Mayne, who is ranked No. 21 nationally, 6–3, 6–1, 6–0.

In this match Alex gave every indication that he didn't care whether he won or lost. He dropped a doubles match on the same day with equal unconcern and immediately took a plane for home. Asked to explain his humiliating defeat, the Peruvian shrugged and said casually, "Clifford—he was too good for me." This left Kramer and his many other admirers more confused.

"I think in winning the Australian national title Olmedo grew another foot as a tennis player," says Kramer. "He proved to himself that he was better than anyone else in the game, even with physical problems. But he turned around and let Savitt carry him to five sets in the indoors when he should have won in three, and he had these two bad performances on the Coast. Olmedo still must prove he has the killer's instinct. We will find out when the important chips are down again."

The big tests for Alex this summer will come at Wimbledon, the grandpappy of all tennis tournaments, and later in the United States nationals at Forest Hills. If he can add these to his Australian title—thus completing the nearest thing to a tennis grand slam since Don Budge took the Australian, French, Wimbledon (British) and United States crowns in 1938—Olmedo will set himself up for possibly the most lucrative professional contract ever.

Promoter Kramer has made no secret of the fact that he would like to build his 1960 plans around the South American. Alex acknowledges that he will be open to offers as soon as he completes his education at the University of Southern California next January. Recently Kramer complained, "He wants more money than I intend to pay." Still, it wouldn't be surprising if Alex got a $150,000 contract, surpassing the record $125,000 guaranteed Australia's Lew Hoad in 1957.

At Southern California, Olmedo, now twenty-three years old, is majoring in business administration. His subjects include psychology, statistics, labor management and office administration. A tennis scholarship provides for his tuition. He pays his living costs through a $100-a-month campus job, plus a part-time position with the Peruvian consulate in Los Angeles. Also he manages, as do all established amateurs, to pocket some of his tournament expense money.

Alex lives in an apartment near the university with another member of the Southern Cal tennis team, Jim Buck. They do much of their own cooking and spend most of their evenings studying and listening to Alex's modest collection of popular and classical records. Alex also likes Western movies, but he says, "I always leave before the end of the picture, while the Indians are still ahead."

Olmedo is one-eighth Inca Indian himself, with copper-colored skin, coal-black hair and chiseled features. Girls find him very attractive. Alex is popularly supposed to be something of a playboy, and he delights in this reputation, but he actually isn't entitled to it.

With the ladies Alex is a flagrant flirt, but no wolf. He can't drive his 1954 car down the boulevard without honking at and passing small talk with every pretty girl he sees. In movies and cocktail lounges he doesn't hesitate to start conversations with attractive and unattached young ladies. Just when he gets them interested, though, he is likely to cut things short with, "Excuse me, I must go now. I must get my sleep."

During tournaments he is often surrounded by bobby-soxers at the end of the day's play. In Australia, schoolgirls in broad-brimmed straw hats and uniforms would crowd around the entrance to the Americans' dressing room and clamor for Olmedo. Alex never disappointed them. Although at times he should have been resting or preparing for an important match, he would chat with the little misses by the hour.

"There is one word for Alex—he is sweet," says Gladys Heldman, publisher of World Tennis magazine. "He has a fear of offending people. Nobody is too small or insignificant for his attention. When he came east to New York for the national indoor tournament in February, there was an airline foul-up, and he had to sit up all night in a Los Angeles terminal. He got to New York just in time to play his first match—without sleep—and he apologized for being late."

This "nice guy" reputation of Olmedo's—on the tennis court as well as off—was well known to Perry Jones when he became the 1958 Davis Cup captain, succeeding Bill Talbert, who had held the post for five straight years. Two persons figured prominently in Jones' plans from the start. One was Olmedo, whom he considered capable of being the world's best amateur, even though Alex had never won a major title. The other was Jack Kramer, whom he called "the most brilliant man in the sport."

These were unexpected choices. For that matter, the appointment of Jones had also come as a surprise. He had made his mark in tennis as an administrator, serving as secretary and then president of the powerful Southern California Tennis Association, and as director of the Pacific Southwest tournament. He wasn't a tactician in the manner of ex-stars like Talbert and the Australian captain, Harry Hopman. There also was the question of whether at his age—then seventy—he would be able to stand the long trip across the Pacific and sit at courtside for hours under a sweltering sun, as is demanded of captains.

Jones was better known for his many fetishes than for his mastery of the game. A fastidious dresser, with a partiality for white flannel pants, dark jacket and white shoes, he always insisted that players under his supervision wear white and be spotlessly clean. Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly, the 1951–53 women's champion, never wore shorts "because Mr. Jones didn't like them." Jack Kramer has said that Jones always was more concerned with the cleanliness of his shoes than with how he hit a backhand.

Conscious of his limitations as a tennis strategist, Jones prevailed on Kramer to act as his "chief counsel." Kramer was to help train and discipline the squad and aid Jones in making decisions. Although the assignment carried no pay and would take time away from Kramer's pro-tour responsibilities, Jack agreed to serve. "I couldn't let the old man down," Kramer said later. "He had done too much for me down the years."

Kramer recently announced that he would not be back again this year, because the job had involved too many headaches. Kramer's role was resented by amateur purists in the United States. There also was much criticism in Australia. Jack was involved in a bitter war with the Australian tennis authorities over the use of the big amateur arenas by his pros. Furthermore, Kramer was in the position of dangling professional offers before Australia's stars, Cooper and Anderson, while at the same time sharpening America's Davis Cup forces.

Meanwhile, there was controversy of another sort over Alex Olmedo. At issue here was the fact that Olmedo was still a Peruvian citizen, although for the past five years he had been attending schools in the United States. There had never been a foreigner on an American Davis Cup team, and many of the high tennis brass resisted the idea of borrowing talent from another country.

The Olmedo hassle continued through the summer. One of the stoutest objectors was James B. Moffet, of San Francisco, chairman of the Davis Cup selection committee. "I must tell you, Perry, I'm against it," Moffet said to Jones over the dinner table at Westchester Country Club in July. "It's like getting somebody to fight our wars for us. If a big country like ours must dip down to Peru to get a player, I'm afraid we will be held up to world ridicule."

Jones argued otherwise. "Alex has lived here five years," he said. "We developed his tennis. Peru doesn't have a team. Under Davis Cup rules he is eligible. I say use him. It would be a tragedy if a fine player such as Olmedo were denied a chance to play for the Davis Cup."

In September the selection committee voted unanimously to include Olmedo on the squad, along with twenty-five-year-old Ham Richardson, of New Orleans, the nation's No. 1 player; twenty-two-year-old Barry MacKay, of Dayton, Ohio, who had played so well the year before; Chris Crawford, a gangly nineteen-year-old from Piedmont, California, and Earl Buchholz, eighteen, a trigger-tempered junior from St. Louis.

It was a young and inexperienced team, and hardly anybody conceded it a chance. American hopes weren't brightened by performances in the preliminary Australian tournaments. At Sydney, the Yanks' "Big Three"—Richardson, Olmedo and MacKay—fizzled badly. The best showing was made by the junior, Buchholz, who gained the final round, only to lose to Cooper in straight sets.

None made a menacing gesture in the next tournament, at Melbourne. From there the team moved to Perth, in Western Australia, for the Davis Cup interzone match against Italy. There was some uneasiness in the American camp as to whether the boys would even get past the Italians.

Jones admitted privately that he was concerned, but in public he was his usual distinctive self. At civic functions he recited poetry of his own composition. At tennis matches, contrary to custom, he often leaped to his feet and cheered wildly when one of his players scored a vital or exciting point.

Once he became so excited that he fell over backward in his chair alongside the center court. In full view of thousands, he lay there a moment, struggling with his arms and legs like a giant overturned turtle. The crowd loved it.

The Italian hurdle was surmounted handily enough. With Richardson and Olmedo playing the opening singles and teaming in doubles, the Americans whitewashed the Italians, 5–0. Then the Yanks moved on to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, for the showdown with the Australians.

At this point the atmosphere on the squad was tense. Richardson, Olmedo and MacKay each thought he had a legitimate claim to one of the two singles berths. Jones, although his mind apparently was made up, insisted on keeping his line-up a secret, even from the players.

"It keeps them on edge," reasoned the captain. (*Continued on Page 91*)

"Like it? . . . It's called insect repellent."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 89*) "Besides, Casey Stengel doesn't tip his hand in advance, does he?"

Friction built up between Jones and his senior player, Ham Richardson. It had begun with early disagreements over practice procedures. Richardson, a diabetic, felt he should be permitted to set his own training pace. Jones and Kramer preferred that Richardson prove his right to a place on the team by going out and knocking heads with the other boys.

Both Jones and Kramer publicly indicated concern over the state of Richardson's health, expressing doubt that Ham would be able to go three days at top speed. Richardson, a brilliant Rhodes scholar serving on the staff of Senator Long, of Louisiana, interpreted this as a preliminary move toward freezing him out of a singles assignment.

"They knew I was a diabetic when they begged me to make this trip at great sacrifice to both myself and my wife," he fumed. "I have been a diabetic for years, but it never has vitally affected my tennis—except over a long haul such as the Wimbledon tournament."

Richardson argued his case vehemently. He had earned the No. 1 ranking in the United States, he said, and thus must be the best American player. He had victories to his credit over both the Australian players, Cooper and Anderson. He had beaten his team rivals, Olmedo and MacKay, regularly in practice. But none of this swayed Jones and Kramer.

A week before the Challenge Round, Richardson and his wife, Anne, quit eating with the rest of the team, taking their meals instead in their hotel room. Three days before the matches Ham accused Jones of slipping behind a bamboo curtain and refusing to talk to him. On the day before the draw Richardson skipped practice and went to the races.

That evening Jones called a hurried ten P.M. press conference in his room and announced that Olmedo and MacKay were his singles choices to face the Australians. He said he felt Richardson would be stronger in doubles if not forced to play the opening singles.

On the floor above, in the famous Lennons Hotel, where Gen. Douglas MacArthur and his staff were quartered during much of World War II, Richardson batted out a two-page typewritten statement sharply criticizing the captain for what he called "lack of courage and lack of common courtesy." Rumors flew that Richardson would bolt the team and return home. However, he stayed.

Two days before the matches big Pancho Gonzales had checked in and joined his pro boss, Kramer, in helping to whip the Americans into fighting trim. Pancho's special target was Olmedo. MacKay had been the sensation of the 1957 Challenge Round in Melbourne, carrying Anderson to five hard sets and beating Cooper in five after Australia had clinched the cup. But now he hadn't won an important match in months. Jones and Kramer pinned their main hopes for an American upset on Olmedo.

Alex had an unimpressive tournament record, highlighted chiefly by national collegiate championships in 1956 and 1958. In his only Wimbledon appearance, in 1957, he was beaten in the first round. He never got far enough at Forest Hills to make a headline. He had demonstrated remarkable talent, but none of the "chew 'em up" meanness which seems to characterize great champions.

The previous August, Olmedo had lost a five-set marathon duel to MacKay in the final of the Pennsylvania state championships, wasting seven match points. When a friend sought to commiserate with Olmedo, Alex said, "You know, there is a Creator. Maybe I have not been such a good boy, and He show me."

Jones and Kramer realized that a recurrence of this type of thinking would be disastrous to the American cause. They had to build up Alex's confidence, and they had to make him mad. One phase of the build-up was handled by the publicity man, Myron McNamara, a former playing companion of Olmedo. McNamara got Alex's friends overseas to bombard him with messages exhorting him to all-out effort.

Perry Jones used the daily press conference as another device for bolstering Alex's morale. "The Australians may have the best tennis players in the record books, but we have the best on the court," the captain would say. "Olmedo is the best amateur in the world." Brisbane newspapers featured these laudatory remarks, and Alex read them.

Other members of the United States team joined in the "whoop 'em up" campaign. The American dressing room took on the tone of a college pep rally before a big football game.

After Jones benched Richardson in favor of Olmedo and MacKay, the United States captain drew heavy abuse from the Australian press. He was painted as a senile old man who had pulled a "prize boner," and virtually conceded the cup to the Australians. Even Harry Hopman, the Australian captain, joined in, saying, "We are pleasantly surprised that Olmedo and MacKay were picked to play for the Americans. We think Richardson is the strongest man on the team." These newspaper clippings were strung around the American dressing room and called to the attention of the players—particularly Olmedo.

On the day the Challenge Round began, Jack Kramer had lunch alone with the young man from Peru. "Do you see how they're crucifying the old man?" Jack said. "Mister Jones has stuck out his neck just for you. If you lose now, they'll murder him in the press. He's been nice to you. You can't let him down."

Olmedo's lips tightened. "I win for Mister Jones," he said grimly.

A final treatment was applied by Pancho Gonzales, who has always been Alex's idol. Shortly before Olmedo was scheduled to go out for his opening match with Mal Anderson, the swarthy pro king took Olmedo to a side court for a warm up. Soon the two Latins were cracking the ball back and forth at each other like a pair of slugging heavyweights. "That's great, that's great," Gonzales kept repeating, until he had Alex feeling that he could lick the world.

Big Pancho told Olmedo to keep the pressure on Anderson by constantly rushing the net. The Peruvian followed instructions and won, 8–6, 2–6, 9–7, 8–6. MacKay, limp from cheering Alex in the opener, dropped the second singles match to Cooper in four sets. The next day Olmedo and Richardson took the doubles from Anderson and left-handed Neale Fraser in a four-hour struggle, 10–12, 3–6, 16–14, 6–3, 7–5, to send the United States into a 2–1 lead. A pointer from Gonzales at intermission—advising Olmedo and Richardson to play the same side of the court when serving to Fraser—did much to turn the tide.

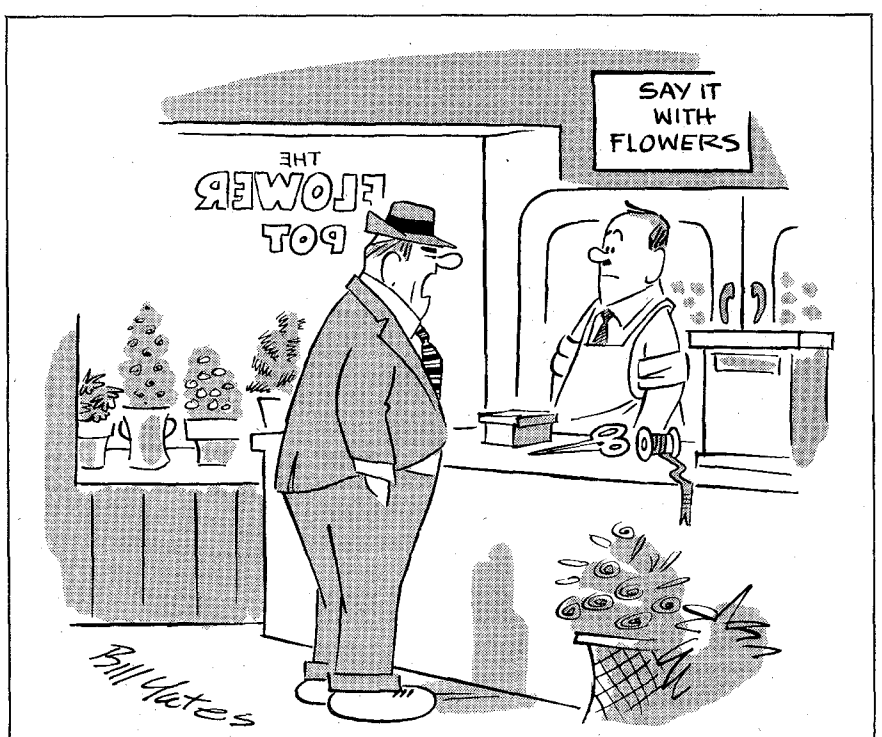
When Olmedo went against Cooper, the Wimbledon champion, on the final day, Gonzales advised Alex to keep the heavy-legged Australian on the move and to try to disconcert him by jumping around while receiving service. Cooper committed eleven double faults. Olmedo won, 6–3, 4–6, 6–4, 8–6. That clinched the cup. It was anticlimactic when MacKay dropped the fifth and final match to Anderson.

Later Olmedo gave much of the credit to Gonzales: "He is—how you say it?—the best tactic man in the world."

His pleasure was dampened a bit by the reaction of some critics in the United States. They said the country should be ashamed of having to borrow talent from a small neighbor, and that the Davis Cup should be sent to Peru.

Olmedo disagreed. "The United States is my tennis home, my adopted country," he said. "I am merely paying back for all the help which has been given me by my friends in America."

Alex Olmedo comes from Peru's third-largest city, Arequipa, which has an elevation of 7800 feet. He was born March 24, 1936. His mother, whose maiden name is Rodriguez, is pure Spanish. His father is one fourth Inca. Alex is the second oldest of seven children. The boy might have grown up to be a carpenter or a rancher had not his father worked as a caretaker at a local tennis club. Young Alejandro was chewing on racket handles before he was big enough to walk.



"I'd like a nice bouquet of something that will irritate an allergy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As a youngster he liked all sports. He played soccer, the national game. He was also a swimmer, cyclist, track man and weight-lifter. As a fourteen-year-old he was good enough to make the Peruvian squad for the first Pan American Games, at Buenos Aires in 1951. His specialties were the dashes—he did the 100 meters in 10.9 seconds—and bicycling. However, he didn't get into action in Buenos Aires.

Alex played tennis with his brother, Mario, who was two years older. Both were coached by their father, who used to put up a movie ticket and candy money as a prize for their grudge matches. "I was fourteen before I got good enough to win one of those movie tickets," Alex says.

That same year he swiped his father's favorite racket one day, entered the men's tournament at the club—and won it. The father gave the boy the racket as a reward. The club gave him a membership.

A year later Olmedo attracted the eye of Jorge Harten, president of the Peruvian Tennis Association. Harten called in an American professional from Lima, Stanley Singer, to look over the youngster. "I've never seen more natural ability," Singer said enthusiastically.

Harten subsequently arranged for Alex to go to school in Lima, the capital of Peru, and take regular lessons from Singer. Olmedo moved into the Singer household and began daily workouts around the year.

Singer says, "Alex had the two major requisites—a natural, heavy service and the ability to flow easily and swiftly toward a batted ball. But I found I had to use a psychological approach. I had to make it fun for him or give him a goal."

When Alex was nearly eighteen, Singer got friends to take up a collection to send his protégé to California. On March 12, 1954, the frightened, wide-eyed youth set off by ship from the Peruvian port of Callao for Havana. There he took a plane to Miami, and then, with seventy-five dollars remaining in his pocket, boarded a bus for Los Angeles.

The cross-country trip took five days. It was a harrowing one for the young Peruvian, who spoke no English. He was repeatedly stopped and questioned by police. "I wore my hair long," Alex said. "They must have thought I was a Mexican wetback."

In Los Angeles, Olmedo looked up a friend of Singer, Joe Cianci, who owned a tennis shop at one of the public parks. Cianci took him under his wing for the first months. They communicated via sign language until Alex finally learned a smattering of English by attending night school.

Seven months later Olmedo entered Modesto Junior College in Modesto, California. After a year and a half he transferred to the University of Southern California. Meanwhile, he began playing in California tournaments and cultivating friends.

One of his closest buddies was Pancho Segura, the pro player whom he had first met back in South America in 1951. Then there was George Toley, the Southern Cal tennis coach. "George worked with me by the hour," Olmedo says. "I know of no one I owe so much."

It was inevitable that Olmedo should be thrown into contact with Perry Jones, the virtual czar of competitive tennis in Southern California. Jones, a bachelor, took a fatherly interest in the boy. He saw to it that Alex met the right people and got into the proper clubs. He advised the Peruvian on personal and business matters.

Alex became a dapper dresser. He moved from the public-park courts to

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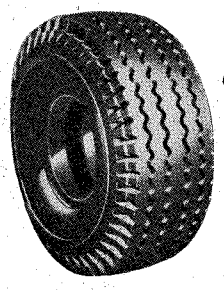

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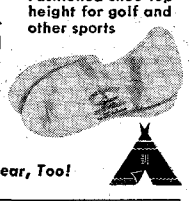

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the swank country clubs. He became friendly with members of the movie colony. Yet he continued to be known for his frugality, and he maintained close ties with his native land through his job at the Peruvian consulate.

Today, in his new-found eminence, Olmedo is occasionally criticized because he still hasn't applied for United States citizenship. He has been accused of holding off in order to avoid the military draft.

Alex resents such charges. "I came to the United States for two reasons," he says. "One was to go to school, the other to improve my tennis. I have done both, and now my education is almost completed. I still love Peru. When I am through college in January, I will decide what work I want to do. Then I will decide on my home and country.

"Who knows? I may join Big Jake"—a nickname for Kramer—"and become a citizen of the world."

The Struggle to Get Hoffa (Continued from Page 21)

going to work. Kennedy roughhouses affectionately with his six children, musters real enthusiasm for their accomplishments, telling them loudly, "Well, gosh, that's just terrific, gang." When he arrives home of an evening, children and dogs swarm all over him, and he loves it. Weekends he is likely to wear shorts, tennis shoes and sport shirt or no shirt at all.

He is a physical man, who displays his body and takes care of it and wants to "keep in shape." (So does Hoffa.) He does push ups. (So does Hoffa.) Kennedy and his wife, Ethel, could move in high Washington society, but do not. They have people for dinner nearly every evening, but they are nearly always newspapermen or committee investigators. The Kennedys seem unaware of their surroundings and their position of wealth and power. (So does Hoffa.)

Ethel Kennedy is thirty-one, pretty, vivacious, full of life, with large, round eyes and dark, wind-blown hair. She is quieter than Kennedy and, though she joins in his noisy play with the dogs and children, she sometimes seems a little overwhelmed. She is as deeply absorbed in Kennedy's work as he. She attends many of the hearings and takes the committee's ups and downs hard. She attended Hoffa's trial on a criminal charge which arose out of the committee's work, and Hoffa spies planted near her reported that, when the prosecutor was cross-examining Hoffa, she said, half aloud, "Give it to him," and that, when Kennedy was under cross-examination, she said intensely, "They have no right to ask him those questions."

Jimmy Hoffa is seldom far from Kennedy's thoughts. Every night on his way home Kennedy drives past the gleaming, lovely Teamster headquarters, which faces the Capitol across the park, and sometimes, observing it and smiling wryly, he says, "My first love is Jimmy Hoffa." Often during the Hoffa hearings Kennedy brought staff members home evenings to talk until past midnight, planning the next day's hearing. On weekends he and the investigators discuss their cases around his swimming pool. They entertain one another with yarns about the investigation—about how one investigator crawled under a drunken housemaid's bed looking for some missing Teamster records; about how Kennedy, the Boston millionaire, one dark, cold night last winter found himself digging in an Illinois cornfield, looking for a human body. (He didn't find it.)

As chief counsel to the committee, Bob Kennedy is, more than any other single man, responsible for its success or failure. The senators get the headlines and write the legislation; the staff digs up the information on which the hearings are based. But it is Kennedy who decides what line of investigation will be pursued, how it will be done and what witnesses will be presented at the hearings. And it is Kennedy, in the main, who questions witnesses during the hearings. Kennedy has said, "It's a perpetual fight in which you can't afford to lose a round. I have to get ready for witness after witness, a tough one in the morning and a tough one in the afternoon. It's like playing Notre Dame and Michigan State morning and afternoon day after day."

Kennedy, like some politicians, has a deep, almost mystic faith in the democratic system. Like them, he links it with the righteousness of his own cause. He feels that, although Hoffa may win a battle, he can never win the war, because justice and right will prevail, owing to the excellence of the democratic system and the good sense and decency of the American people. He feels that when the democratic system fails, it is because the nation's leaders do not do their duty. By leaders Kennedy means not only elected officials but all citizens with ability and education. He feels it his duty to get Hoffa—"I feel deeply that it is the obligation of people with advantages to lead those who lack them." It is an ancient feeling, the sense of aristocratic obligation; it is deeply ingrained in Kennedy.

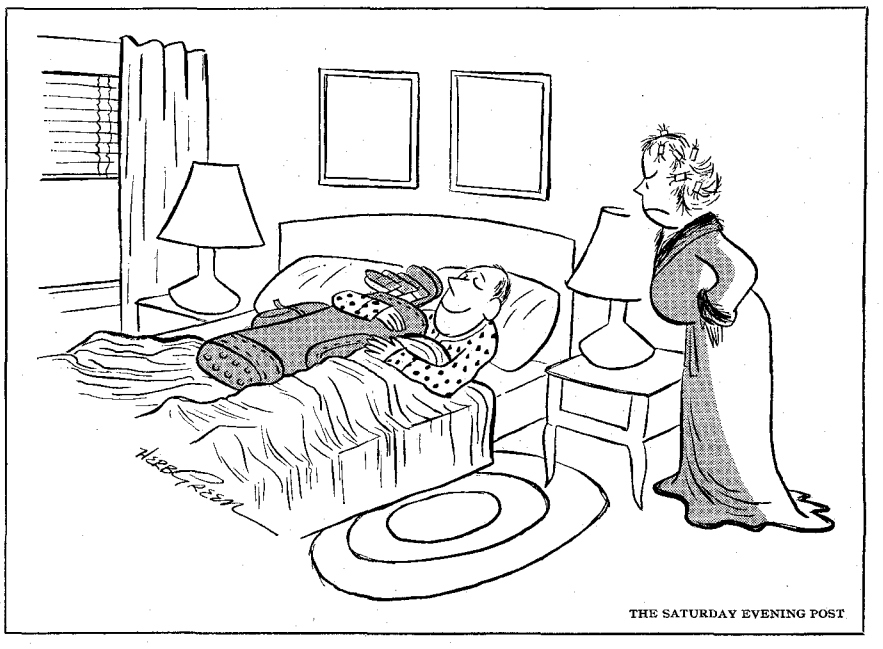
Robert F. Kennedy was born November 20, 1925, in Boston, the seventh of four boys and five girls. His father is Joseph P. Kennedy, a former ambassador to Great Britain. One of his brothers is Sen. Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, a member of the McClellan committee and now the front runner for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination. The Kennedy family is Irish, Catholic, rich, powerful and involved in public affairs. After being graduated from Harvard in 1948, Bob Kennedy visited Israel and Jordan during the British withdrawal, Greece during the civil war, Czechoslovakia at the time of Jan Masaryk's death, and a family friend got him on a plane to Berlin during the Berlin airlift. Kennedy entered the University of Virginia Law School in 1948, married in 1950, and was graduated in 1951 and went around the world with his brother Jack. They visited all the trouble spots in the Far East—"It was terrific," Kennedy says. He was then only twenty-five. Already he had seen from the inside most of the upheavals of the postwar world.

Returning to the United States in the fall of 1951, he went to work in Washington for the Department of Justice—a friend of his father hired him. In 1952 he worked in his brother Jack's successful campaign for the United States Senate; then Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin hired him as assistant counsel to the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations—the McCarthy committee.

Now, congressional committees possess enormous power. From the earliest years of the republic their basic purposes have been to expose wrongdoing and to obtain information on which to base legislation. Some investigations have led to important reform legislation; others have produced little but headlines. And some committees have abused their powers. Some people object that congressional committees go on "fishing expeditions," are not restrained by rules of evidence, permit hearsay testimony, assassinate reputations and use disreputable witnesses.

Kennedy feels that although committees sometimes do abuse their power, so do district attorneys and policemen, but this is no reason to abolish them. He thinks the press is a built-in safeguard against the abuse of committee power. Any affirmative witness automatically becomes a committee witness. If he lies, the press will say so; ultimately the committee will be destroyed. Kennedy does not let a friendly witness testify unless he can present corroborative documentation. If he intends to present derogatory testimony about a man, he notifies that man before the hearings and gives him an opportunity to deny it immediately.

The McCarthy committee which hired Kennedy early in 1953 had developed out of the old Truman war investigating committee. Its jurisdiction was the efficiency of the operation of the Government, but by the time the cry of "Who promoted Peress?" was raised, the connection between its hearings and its purpose had become rather attenuated. Kennedy enjoyed McCarthy's confidence—"I couldn't get as worked up about 'McCarthyism' as a lot of people because I feel that if a com-



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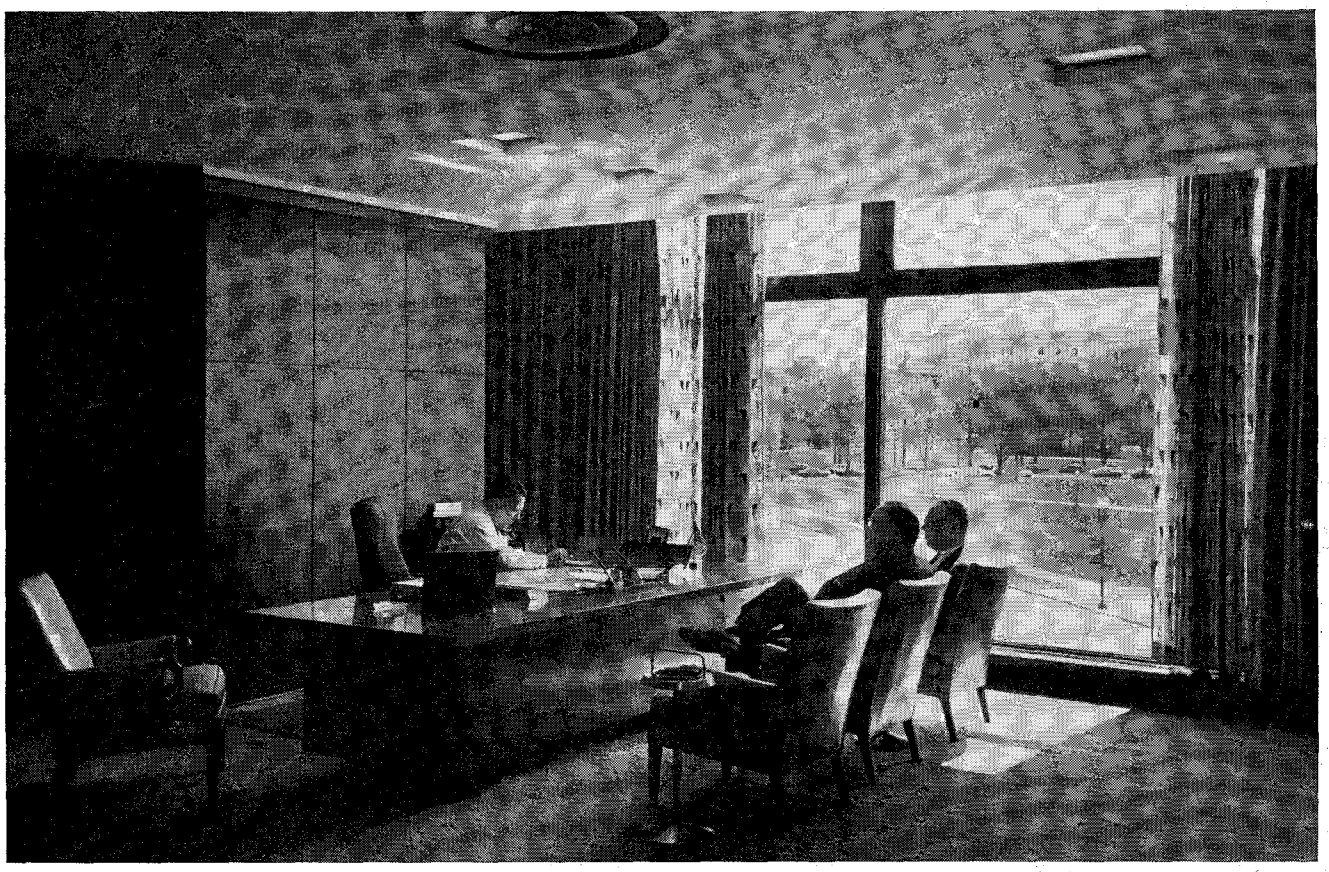

Teamster boss Hoffa (behind desk) rules his empire from this luxurious office in the union's $5,250,000 headquarters in Washington. From here he can see the Senate Office Building, where Bob Kennedy works.

mittee behaves as that one did, it will be knocked off." Kennedy felt Roy Cohn was running it "like a circus." He told McCarthy so and resigned. At about the same time the Democratic senators, led by McClellan, also walked out. They returned in February, 1954, and took Kennedy back with them as their counsel, and when the Democrats won the 1954 elections, McClellan replaced McCarthy as chairman and Kennedy became chief counsel.

In the fall of 1955 Kennedy launched an investigation of Army procurement which led to Johnny Dio, a New York racketeer who was a friend of Jimmy Hoffa of the Teamsters Union. Further investigation convinced Kennedy that racketeers had infiltrated the Teamsters in New York. Clark Mollenhoff and other newspapermen told him the same thing was true in Minneapolis, Detroit, Portland, Oregon, and elsewhere. Kennedy began thinking in terms of a Senate investigation of the Teamsters.

Now, racketeers' infiltration of labor unions is nothing new. In the 1930's Al Capone's Chicago gang and the New York murder mob turned to labor for revenue. They moved in mainly on the old-line AFL craft unions, such as the Teamsters, not the big, new CIO unions. For several years when the AFL and CIO were attempting to merge, the AFL complained that the CIO was dominated by Communists, while the CIO complained the AFL was dominated by racketeers. Finally merging in 1955, they agreed there would be no room in the AFL-CIO for either Communists or crooks, and they wrote codes of ethical practices. At about this time Bob Kennedy became interested in the Teamsters. During the preceding ten years several congressional committees had touched on labor rackets, but nobody had attempted a full-scale investigation of them. Kennedy's experienced assistant chief counsel, Jerome Adlerman, has said, "No one had ever had the guts to take on labor."

After the 1956 election Kennedy went to California to look into the Teamsters. He took with him Carmine Bellino, an expert investigative accountant. In Los Angeles policemen gave them leads. They called two investigators out and went on to Portland and Seattle. Seattle was Dave Beck's home town. Here as a boy Beck had sold newspapers on the streets and become a truck driver. Here he had risen to power in the Teamsters Union. He maintained his power up and down the West Coast in many a bloody battle during the 1920's and 1930's. The Northwest has a tradition of radical unionism, but Beck was no radical—he had helped break the IWW's 1919 general strike in Seattle. Employers regarded him as a "safe" union leader. He considered himself a businessman. He became a civic leader. He went on to become general president of the Teamsters International Union in 1952, and now, his rough-and-tumble days behind him, he had become a labor statesman, aloof and unreachable, conferring on high with George Meany, traveling frequently to Europe to attend international labor conferences and, as a climax, endorsing Eisenhower for re-election in 1956 from the White House steps. Beck was known as "His Majesty, the Wheel."

Kennedy and Bellino subpoenaed the Teamsters' books. They called Adlerman, the assistant chief counsel, and another investigator out to Portland. Then they set out for Chicago to see Nathan Shefferman. Shefferman performed "labor relations" work for employers throughout the country—used, as the committee later found in its report, "illegal and improper" means to beat down legitimate efforts at unionization.

Kennedy had been tipped off that Shefferman was the key to Dave Beck's personal finances. "I interviewed him," Kennedy recalls, "and grabbed his books and records the same day. These books were the ones that showed Beck had been stealing."

Kennedy spent Christmas of 1956 in Boston, then went immediately to Washington and talked to Senator McClellan. He held hearings on Beck's finances and the link between the Teamsters and syndicated vice in Portland. The Teamsters challenged the committee's jurisdiction and sent out a telegram to Teamster officials around the country advising them that if they took the Fifth Amendment they would not be disciplined by the union. McClellan made the telegram public. Congress, outraged at Teamster defiance, settled the jurisdiction question—created, on January 30, 1957, a new committee for the sole purpose of investigating labor and management rackets. This was and is "the McClellan committee." Being a select committee, it was bipartisan—four Democrats, four Republicans. The chairman was Senator McClellan. The other Democratic members were Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina, and Pat McNamara of Michigan. The Republicans were McCarthy, Irving Ives of New York, Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota, and Barry Goldwater of Arizona. The chief counsel was Bob Kennedy.

During this period Bob Kennedy was involved in a maze of secret maneuvers with the Teamsters resembling the espionage and counterespionage of hostile powers. He says that several people who applied for jobs as investigators were sent as spies by the Teamsters. One, John Cye Cheasty, became a double agent. Somebody began an investigation in Arkansas of Senator McClellan. A man was approached to investigate Kennedy. And Kennedy was maneuvering to establish his own fifth column inside the Teamsters Union.

Any great power structure contains fissures which under pressure may split it asunder. At various times the Teamsters' headquarters, with its president and executive board and staffers, has resembled a Venetian court, filled with scheming princelings. Kennedy now sought to exploit their rivalries.

It was no secret that the elderly secretary-treasurer of the Teamsters, John F. English, opposed Dave Beck. Kennedy made it his business to call on English. He urged English to launch a cleanup movement in the Teamsters lest the union be expelled from the AFL-CIO, which English loved. They met for several weeks. Kennedy recalls, "Finally I went to him and told him the time had come when he had to make up his mind whether

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he'd do it. He said he couldn't. It was asking him to give up his pension, everything he'd worked for for fifty years."

Kennedy had an even more delicate negotiation in progress. He says that a man close to Jimmy Hoffa was feeding him information on Dave Beck. The inference is that Hoffa, ambitious to succeed Beck as president, was feeding damaging information on Beck to Kennedy—using the committee to get Beck. Hoffa has denied it—"I could have moved Beck out of the way any time I wanted to. We had the votes. We made him president." But it is possible that somebody close to Hoffa was giving Kennedy information on Beck without Hoffa's knowledge. It was this informer who gave the committee the telegram advising Teamster officials they could take the Fifth. And he furnished other valuable information.

Kennedy will not say who the informer was. It may have been Eddie Cheyfitz. When Kennedy made his first trip to the West Coast, Cheyfitz gave him the name of at least one man there who might help him, and when Kennedy returned, Cheyfitz telephoned him immediately. He advised Kennedy to follow up the Shefferman lead. He also visited Kennedy's house on several Sundays.

Just before his recent death, Eddie Cheyfitz himself denied he was the informer. "I'm not the Judas. I never knew anything on Beck—who knew about Beck except Beck? Sure I used to visit Kennedy on Sundays—we played touch football and our kids rode his horses. He wanted to know about unions, and I had him over to the Teamsters to teach him. I suggested he see a couple of men on the West Coast—one was a professor. But after the select committee was formed, I had nothing to do with Kennedy. I never gave the telegram to the committee. I don't recall if I advised Kennedy to follow up on Shefferman. I never gave Kennedy anything but background information."

Late in January the AFL-CIO Executive Council met in Miami Beach. Before it were all the problems posed by the impending investigation, including the question of whether labor leaders had a right to take the Fifth Amendment. Already the Fifth was an issue that agitated the nation. Senator McCarthy had excoriated witnesses who "took the Fifth" and implied that they must be Communists or else they would testify. Civil libertarians, regarding the Fifth as an indispensable safeguard of individual liberty, maintained that a man's invoking it did not necessarily prove his guilt. The Supreme Court agreed. On January twenty-eighth the AFL-CIO condemned the Teamsters' position on the Fifth. It said that a union official who took the Fifth to avoid scrutiny of his alleged corruption had no right to continue to hold union office.

The Teamsters' executive board was meeting in Miami Beach at the same time. Jimmy Hoffa had a breakfast appointment with Beck one morning, but when Hoffa went to Beck's room, Beck had disappeared. "We couldn't find him," Hoffa recalls. "Then we found out he'd run off to Nassau. I called him there and told him to get back here where he belonged. He said his wife was sick. After that I didn't bother to call him any more. I knew he was running. He kept on running till he ran outta gas. That's when your nerve runs out—you run. When that hole card don't look good no more. Beck had no guts. He wouldn't fight. He wanted to associate with employers and become a statesman. And when the heat got on, rather than face an issue, he'd run." Beck kept running—to Europe.

At ten A.M. on February twenty-sixth the committee held its first hearing in the caucus room of the Senate Office Building. Kennedy called to the witness stand a Portland newspaperman—the first of 1366 witnesses he would call during the next two and a half years.

For eight days the committee heard testimony about Portland. On the first day, Dave Beck's name was mentioned, the word "goon" was used, and McClellan badgered a witness who took the Fifth Amendment. Sometimes Kennedy bored in like a cross-examining prosecutor. His star witness, Jim Elkins, the head of Portland's criminal syndicate, testified he formed an alliance with Teamster leaders and the Portland district attorney, William Langley, to set up rackets in Portland. But he fell out with them, and, to protect himself and obtain evidence against them, he tapped their phones and "bugged" their apartments. Thus, he testified, he obtained tape recordings of conversations relating to prostitution, abortion, gambling, bootlegging and after-hours joints. Frank Brewster, chairman of the Western Conference of Teamsters, told him, he said, "If you bother my two boys . . . you will find yourself wading across Lake Washington with a pair of concrete boots." Some testimony concerned the immense power, political and economic, of the Teamsters in Oregon—how they elected or defeated candidates for public office, how they forced stores to put in their punchboards and pinball games by threatening to shut off deliveries to them.

Frank Brewster, close to Beck, was the first nationally important Teamster to come before the committee. The committee found in its report that he had "enriched himself at the expense of Teamster members"—had spent union dues money to operate his stable of race horses and had used $4000 in union funds as a down payment on his house in Palm Springs. It found that Brewster had been "careless" with the union's money—$800,000 had been "dissipated."

The committee seemed to feel Brewster had been more careless than wicked. It turned next to Beck, whom it considered wicked. On March tenth Beck returned to the United States and flew immediately to Seattle. He proclaimed that the Teamsters would not be hurt by the investigation, said he would not resign, and praised Brewster and Hoffa. In Washington the FBI, trailing the double agent Cye Cheasty, was closing in on Jimmy Hoffa.

According to Cheasty, this is what happened:

On the afternoon of March twelfth, Cheasty, using tweezers, placed committee documents in an envelope and telephoned Hoffa. Hoffa suggested Cheasty come to his room in the Dupont Plaza Hotel; Cheasty said it was dangerous. Hoffa told him to drive by the hotel in a taxi and Hoffa would get in. Cheasty agreed. Cheasty got into a taxi driven by an FBI agent and drove to Dupont Circle, not far from the White House. Hoffa, standing beneath the hotel canopy, got in. Cheasty told the driver to drive around the circle. He told Hoffa he had something for him and opened a folded newspaper to disclose a brown envelope. Hoffa gestured downward and told the driver to stop. Cheasty gave the driver a dollar, and he and Hoffa got out and walked slowly back toward the hotel. Cheasty told him he had part of the Shefferman file here; Hoffa could take it to his room, but Cheasty would have to retrieve it later. Hoffa said he'd return it at eleven. Hoffa said, "I have a couple of thousand for you. Do you want it now?" Cheasty replied, "Nobody ever said no to money." Hoffa shook hands with Cheasty, and in his palm was a fat wad of money. Cheasty went back to his own hotel and reported to two FBI agents.

At 10:30, again in a cab driven by an FBI man, Cheasty went to Dupont Circle. He got out and waited in front of the hotel. At 11:30 a cab drove up and Hoffa joined him, and they strolled away together. Hoffa said he had read the documents and they were in his room. Hoffa said, "If that's the kind of stuff they have on Beck it looks as though his goose is cooked." Back at the hotel Hoffa went up to his room, came down with the envelope and gave it to Cheasty. They parted.

Next day McClellan, Kennedy and an assistant attorney general decided to spring the trap. Cheasty prepared another packet of documents, telephoned Hoffa, met him in front of the glass doors of the Dupont Plaza Hotel and gave him the envelope. Hoffa smiled, thanked Cheasty, put the envelope in his pocket and walked into the lobby. FBI agents surrounded him.

They took him to the Federal courthouse. Kennedy and his wife went there, too, very pleased. Kennedy has recalled, "He stared at me for three minutes, with complete hatred in his eyes. Then somehow," laughing, "we got into a discussion about who could do the most push ups. We talked about how much exercise each of us got, who was in better shape, who was tougher."

Hoffa remembers the occasion differently: "I said, 'Listen, Bobby, you run your business and I'll run mine. You go on home and go to bed, I'll take care of things. Let's don't have no problems.' He was very unhappy because I called him Bobby. He's a kid, a spoiled kid."

Kennedy and Hoffa never again spoke together outside the Senate Office Building. Thenceforward they were avowed enemies.

Kennedy went home that night jubilant—they were about to get Beck and already they had Hoffa. The case against Hoffa seemed airtight. The FBI even had motion pictures of Cheasty's handing Hoffa the documents. But, as it turned out, things weren't quite that simple.

Next week Mr. Martin describes the private life of the Teamsters' boss and tells how Hoffa battled his way up to the presidency of the union. —THE EDITORS

NEXT WEEK

HOW HOFFA GOT THAT WAY

A Labor Leader Claws His Way to the Top

By John Bartlow Martin

IN COLOR:

THE LADY AND THE SHARKS

Florida's Fearless Woman Expert

HOSPITAL OF FAMOUS PATIENTS

The Army's Walter Reed Hospital

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND: 30

THE PLEASURES OF MUSIC

By Aaron Copland

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Island of Hate (Continued from Page 45)

"Oh, my God," Jill said.

A thing of great cruelty, Angela agreed. A crime that required payment certainly, though not payment in kind, as they had planned. Death, and the body hanging in the tree, was enough. There was much killing in war—there had to be. But there had to be, also, sanity. O'Brien had shown them this twice, once on the road, where Jill herself had been concerned, and again here with Córdova. There was a line a man could not cross and remain human. It was better to die than to cross it. O'Brien had shown them he was willing to die.

Jill went back to her corner of the animal shed, to the shelter half that was her mattress, to the thin blanket that was her only cover. She carried her sense of values as one might carry the disassembled parts of an expensive clock—with real fear that she could never make a workable whole of the parts again.

Late in the night Sgt. Julio Peña returned to camp, driving a government jeep. Jill Corby wondered by what feat of bravery this had been accomplished. She wondered still more when she learned that he had returned with penicillin, a material more precious than gold. To her it was an accomplishment remarkable enough to record in history books. But to others it was something else. Angela said, "You were long enough about it."

"No one gives penicillin willingly," the sergeant answered. "And persuasion takes time." Having answered, he fell to the ground and went to sleep.

It was possible the penicillin saved O'Brien's life, though it was not certain, since the seriousness of the infection was not known and since O'Brien's lank body had the durability of good Manila rope. In any event, at dawn the fever was almost gone, and with the help of Jill and Angela, he could take a little food.

Vilar came with first light, dirty and unshaven. His eyes were bloodshot, his face flushed with his hang-over. He stood at O'Brien's feet, looking down at him sullenly, ignoring the women. "You are stubborn, O'Brien," he said. "I gave you a chance to die easily, and you refused."

"Understandably," O'Brien said.

"But you gain nothing," Vilar said. "There will be a court-martial and an execution—as Tomás Vilar, I promise you this before witnesses."

"All right," O'Brien said.

Vilar turned his attention to Angela. "He is under arrest," he told her. "In your custody. The American woman as well. And that one ——" He jerked his head at the sleeping sergeant. "The two old men who came here with you will remain with you. I will go on with the others." He looked at the sky. "The federals will think of this place, and they will send planes. I would not stay here long."

"Nor will I," Angela said. "I must have the jeep."

Vilar shrugged and went away.

Angela held a canteen cup of coffee to O'Brien's lips. She looked once at O'Brien, her lovely dark eyes meeting his sober gray ones, and then would not look at him again. Because only the American woman was near enough to hear—and she could not understand Spanish—Angela felt able to say what was in her mind.

"I do not know what influence you have at headquarters," she said. "Are you very strong there?"

"About as yourself," O'Brien said.

"That is not very strong."

"No."

"Vilar is much stronger."

"Very much."

"He could force a court-martial then, and an execution." Angela was feeding O'Brien rice from a mess kit. "But I think headquarters will not agree to a court-martial until after Boca Rio. They need you now. After Boca Rio, if you still live, they will want to make Vilar content."

"All this is possible," O'Brien agreed.

"But Vilar will not wait until after Boca Rio," Angela said. "His hate is like sickness—he must throw it up, get rid of it, or die. He will not murder you and risk the anger of headquarters himself. He will find another way. If you live until Boca Rio, he will put a bullet through your head there and report you a casualty of the federals."

O'Brien was watching her face steadily. The deepening color of her face was proof that she was much aware of the watching. He spoke to her quietly. "What do you suggest, Angela?"

"That I prevent it," she said.

"You would have to kill him."

She tried to make her small shrug indifferent.

"Why, Angela?"

After a moment she said, "I could say because you have greater value to us—if not today, one day soon. And this would be true. But it is not the only reason—or the main reason." Her color deepened again. "I do not want you to die before me, O'Brien. That is the main reason."

O'Brien put out a hand and lifted her chin. Her eyes still avoided his. "Look at me," he said.

"I cannot."

"You must."

Her eyes came to his then. They were frightened—frightened of what he would think of her now that she had admitted love for him. And they were hopeful—hopeful that he would respond sympathetically. He responded with gentleness. "No, Angela," he said.

"No—to me?"

"To the thing about Vilar."

Angela was silent.

"You and I are not important," O'Brien said. "The revolution is important, and Vilar is most important to the revolution. He is a hero, a flag we hold up to draw the support of the people. If you destroyed the flag, the people would turn against us. Only the federals can kill Vilar. You know this, Angela."

"I know also that I am a woman."

"You feel deeply about me?"

"Yes."

"And I am touched deeply."

"Deeply enough?"

"I feel a great deal about you, Angela. You are a woman of character and heart and courage, and you are beautiful. I cannot allow myself to think more than this amount. But if you care deeply about me, you will do as I ask."

"What do you ask, O'Brien?"

"Do nothing about Vilar."

Angela's eyes fell away from him, her shoulders lifted in a shrug of acceptance—of his will and of his response to her, which neither accepted her nor rejected her.

Jill Corby had watched and listened and understood perfectly. There had been no way to avoid it without exposing her pretense of ignorance. She felt guilt at eavesdropping and embarrassment at hearing something so personal. But most of all she felt wonder. An offer to kill and an expression of love were strange companions. Yet, somehow they had not seemed incompatible as she heard them—and this was the strangest thing of all.

She wondered at herself again when they left the farm of Pedro Redondo a little later. They left the body of Captain Córdova hanging from the branch of the myrtle tree—hanging head-down, naked, a human corpse desecrated. However much he had deserved it, whatever the good it was supposed to accomplish, it was desecration and unforgivable by any standard of human conduct she had ever known. And here was the strange thing: She was unmoved by it, even guiltless.

She wondered if the mind was damaged by the fact of war, if a portion of it was forever destroyed. Or was it only dulled and calloused for the moment? One way or the other, the mind adapted itself. What was beyond believing yesterday became credible today. What could not be endured short of insanity yesterday became acceptable today. All that was needed was a few hours' experience. Thinking of this, Jill Corby was not sure she liked herself—or the human race—very much at all.

The camp of Tomás Vilar was about fifteen miles from the farm of Pedro Redondo. The main rebel camp was an additional sixty-five miles to the north. Vilar's camp was a field headquarters, artfully camouflaged and capable of sheltering a hundred men. But it was temporary. There were few conveniences and no permanent structures.

The men slept in hammocks slung between trees, bathed in the clear stream that ran through the narrow valley, worked and were fed under thatched roofs supported on crude frames. The valley was airless. There was no escape from the humid heat; sweat came on the body of a man lying still at midnight.

The men in camp, fifteen at the moment, carried arms at all times. A woman of forty-odd, Francisca Ortal, and her daughter, Josefina, who worked in the kitchen, did not carry arms. Jill Corby could see no need of it where these two were concerned. The mother was wide and muscular, with a heavy jaw and thick brows, and the daughter was even more formidable. Jill was made the special responsibility of the daughter, and this one carried the duty of guarding to the point of appearing ready to spring.

Had it not been for Angela's son, Carlos, Jill might have got into real trouble in the first few days. He was something of a diversion. She would not accept him in the beginning, but he was persistent. When she finally put a hand on him, his delight went up her arm like electricity, and in a matter of hours they were as mixed up together as two conspirators.

The matter of the court-martial was settled as Angela had predicted. Nothing would be done until after Boca Rio. And Boca Rio was close upon them. They had taken Córdova on the twentieth of September. They had arrived at this camp on the twenty-second. They had five days in which to prepare—five days to increase their forces to over a hundred men, to arm them, to train for the specific task. If they were not prepared, they would fight unprepared—the ship could not be delayed even a few hours.

O'Brien was much aware of the passing time. In the first two days at Vilar's camp he could shave himself and feed himself, but little more. He spent hours on his back, sweating and growing leaner. He was able to be up on the third day, a gaunt stork of a man, bony shoulders showing through his shirt, his beak of a nose supporting a thin, drawn face. But there was still little for him to do. The men, the arms, the equipment came into camp slowly. It was not the nature of these people to hurry.

Jill Corby found reason to be with him quite often. She had to speak English with somebody, she said, or go mad—and the reason was as good as any. But she did not find him changed by his illness. Noth-

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ing seemed to affect him. At first she thought it was because of callousness, but she came to learn that it was self-control. The self-control began to anger her. It made her feel like a bird flying against a windowpane—frustrated, held back, denied for no visible reason.

"I wish you'd break down just once," she said. "I'd like to know what's inside of you. What are you doing here? What are you trying to prove?"

"Do you really want to know?" he asked. "Or are you just curious?"

"I want to know!" she said, a little angrily. "You're an American, and I'm asking you for all the rest of us Americans what business you have sticking that great beak of a nose of yours in these people's affairs."

O'Brien was amused. "You hurt me about the nose."

"It's a beak, and you know it!"

They were sitting on the bank of the stream after dark had come at the end of another hot and muggy day, cooling their feet in the water. Josefina was away, the camp sounds were distant, a slice of moon hung above them, and the boy, Carlos, was swimming naked in the stream close by.

"If you expect wild-eyed oratory," O'Brien said, "a tearful plea for the masses, a denunciation of everybody who has a buck, you'll be disappointed."

"An honest look inside—all right?"

Carlos had found something of interest under the water. O'Brien threw a pebble with accuracy at the exposed rump and drew a heated complaint. A boy's dignity lives close to these surfaces and is easily offended.

"So I'll disappoint you," O'Brien said. "I didn't come down here wearing armor and carrying a lance—I don't have that much character, that much conviction. I was here, I became involved, I stayed."

"How did you become involved?"

"I was a visitor. I tried to prevent the execution of a boy. I failed, but two of the executioners were killed, and I was wanted for murder. The revolutionists protected the boy's family and gave me shelter. I agreed to do a certain thing for the revolutionists by way of payment."

"Fight for them?"

"Yes," O'Brien said. "And something more—something I can do for them that they can't safely do for themselves. You won't want to know what it is."

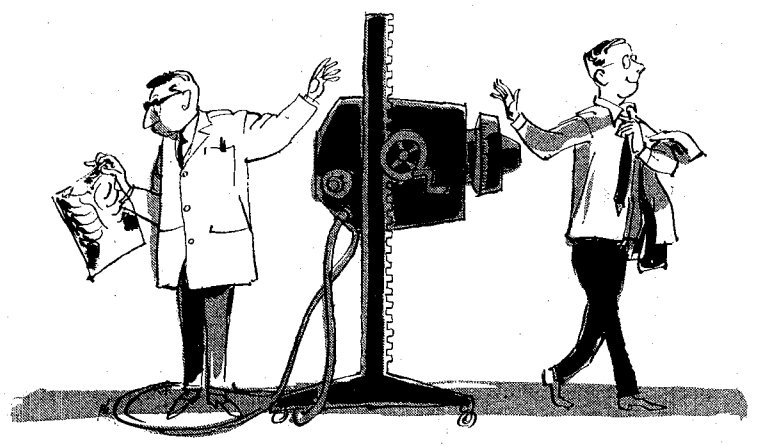
"You could have left the country."

O'Brien nodded. "And I still could." He was silent a moment. "But there is something going on here that concerns me—and it is more than a serious debt that must be paid. I find I have a feeling about the revolution."

"It's not your fight—you're an American!"

"They say a fight anywhere in the world now concerns everyone in the world. I believe this. Of course, I have a special reason to believe it. My full name is Manuel Bernardo Patrick O'Brien y Pedrosa. I was here to visit my grandmother when the boy was murdered. He was another of her grandsons, which makes him a cousin of mine."

Jill Corby was silent, trying to adjust to this fact. He looked so unlike them, so American! And then she realized how many others she'd seen who were natives,



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Alfred's company gave its workers annual medical examinations. For years, his X rays disclosed tuberculosis, but no one informed him of it. After ten years, the tuberculosis left him totally and permanently disabled. He sued the company.

"If I had known about the tuberculosis when it was inactive, I would have taken steps to keep it from growing active," Alfred argued. "As the company neglected to inform me of the danger, it should pay."

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• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Alfred won. The court ruled that his company's failure to warn him that he had tuberculosis was as much "a violation of its duty to exercise ordinary care for his safety" as if the company had failed to inform him of some working hazard in its plant.

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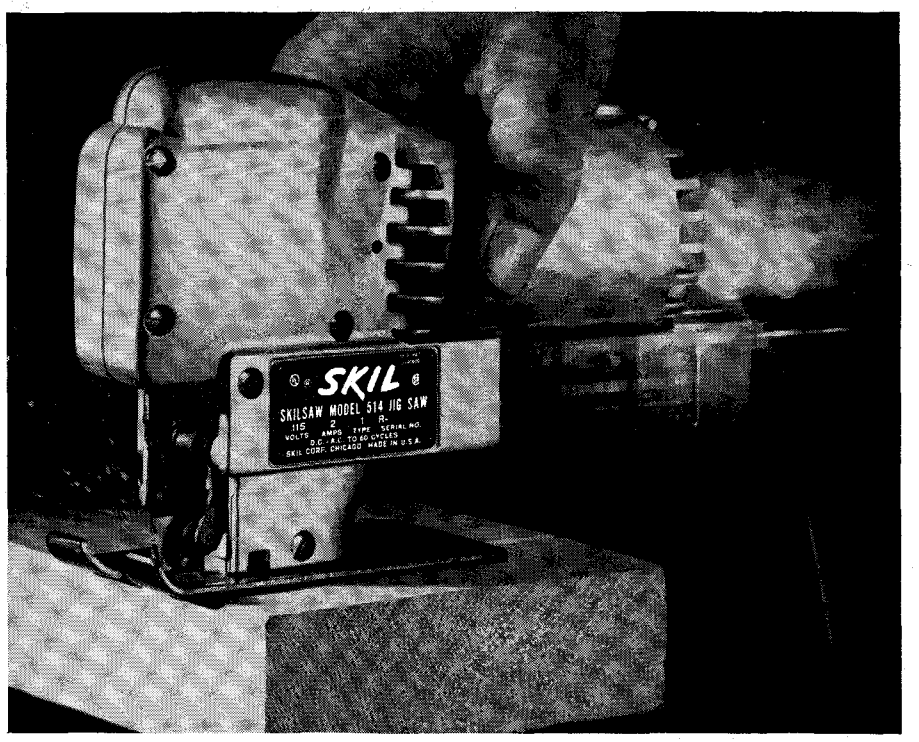

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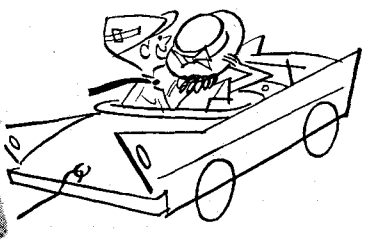

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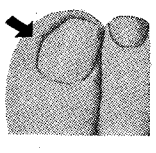


but who looked as if they had come from other races—and, in part, they had. The Spanish, the English, the Americans had been in this country hundreds of years.

"I don't know what to say," she said. "Your father?"

"A New Englander," O'Brien said. "His business is sugar refining. My mother's people were sugar planters, and very important before the present government took over. And when the present government is gone, they'll be important again." He looked at her, smiling through the shadows. "The world is getting smaller all the time, isn't it?"

"We aren't all tied together by blood."

"That could be argued," O'Brien said. "But we are all tied together by mutual responsibility—a threat against any of us is a threat against us all. Won't you buy that?"

Jill thought about it for a time. Carlos became concerned at the silence and spoke to O'Brien in Spanish. "What have you said to her? You have made her sad."

"I have made her think," O'Brien answered in the same tongue. "And in these times there is sadness in thinking. You had best report to your mother now. It is late."

When Carlos had gone, Jill said, "What do you fight for, O'Brien? You and Vilar."

"For the freedom of these people," O'Brien said. "The country's run by a dictator now. A man can be taken from his house at night, put against a wall and shot. All these people want is a Bill of Rights, like the one we've got at home."

Slowly Jill said, "Vilar doesn't care about a Bill of Rights."

"True."

"He'd be a dictator if he could get the power. He'd be the worst kind. And he wants the power."

"Yes."

"Yet you support him."

"He's an implement," O'Brien said. "The people don't know him personally, they know his reputation. By reputation he is a great hero. They fight for him, they support him. If he had not come along, I doubt if a revolution would have been possible. You've got to take the bad with the good."

"He isn't bad," Jill said. "He's evil!"

O'Brien did not answer that.

Then Jill said, "I know a few of the people who are running this country—I've even met the president. You call him a dictator—a dirty word. But he seemed decent to me. They all seem decent. And I know the country has never had it so good—highways, industry, commerce ——"

"Did you see a voting booth?"

"No!" Jill said angrily. "Nor did I see what Captain Córdova did, or your cousin shot. But you can't damn a government for a few things, the acts of a few individuals. Nothing under the sun is perfect. And it's true there should be some changes made. But here is the great evil, O'Brien—you people, you and Vilar, are trying to overthrow a legal and recognized government by force and violence! You can't excuse that—not to me, not in a hundred years! It's pure savagery!"

They were both silent then. The moon went on shining serenely, the insects and the birds made sleepy sounds. Jill Corby did not move away from O'Brien. But a division had been made. They had been put apart, as suddenly, as irrevocably as if by the blade of a sharp ax.

"So be it," O'Brien said finally.

"So be what?"

"You're on one side, I'm on the other."

"That is truer than you know," she said.

O'Brien turned slowly to face her. He could see her face plainly, less than an arm's length away. He looked at her face, each part of it in turn, as a man will who wants to impress something firmly upon his memory. "For kindness," he said, unthinkingly in Spanish.

She did not resist as his hands reached out and took her shoulders. She watched him wide-eyed. He drew her gently toward him and kissed her lips. He did not kiss her with passion, but neither with reverence, and certainly without haste. And she could not prevent herself from responding. Afterward she understood perfectly why she had responded, but she was not so sure about him.

"Was that for me?" she asked with some bitterness, "or was it for all the girls at home you'll never see again?"

"For you," he said. "And for me."

"A good-by kiss?"

"Hello and good-by."

She stared at his gaunt and homely face. Then she whispered with pain, "Damn you, O'Brien."

Vilar sent for O'Brien early the next morning. Vilar's headquarters was a thatched roof supported on poles; the furniture was crudely made benches and tables. There was a radio manned by an operator in one corner; Angela Diaz was occupied with paperwork in another. Vilar was seated at a plank table under the center of the roof. His round, young face was shaved, he had bathed and his uniform was clean. But there was an ugly sullenness about him.

"You said you did not know the American woman before we took her on the road with Córdova," he said.

"It was the truth," O'Brien answered.

"How can this be?" Vilar scowled. "Headquarters tells me your newspapers are making much of the fact we have taken her. She must be a woman of importance."

"She could be," O'Brien said. "But I think it is because American newspapers feel all American women are important."

Vilar finally accepted this reason, though he could not understand it. Then, with anger, he said, "This woman can cut our throats! Do you understand that?"

"I understand nothing about this."

"She is to be released!" Vilar said. "It is an order from headquarters. They have arranged for an American helicopter to come and take her away. This is to be done at once—today! They say we will get good publicity in your papers by releasing her so quickly. They say we will get sympathy, perhaps even help for our cause."

"It is true about the sympathy," O'Brien said. "And it is worth this special effort. We are called bandits and murderers now. This will prove we are not."

"It will also prove we are stupid," Vilar said. "I do not know how much this woman knows about us and what we plan. But if she knows any small thing and reports it to the federals, we will be shooting our own men."

"She knows nothing," O'Brien said.

Vilar stared angrily at O'Brien. Then suddenly he said, "You are going to Boca Rio. Today. There is a jeep waiting. Angela will provide you with papers. Sergeant Peña will go as your driver."

O'Brien was not prepared. His mind had been concerned with Jill Corby and his feeling of relief that she was going to be safe. Going to Boca Rio was a very serious matter. He was a man easily described and easily recognized, and the federals wanted him badly. There would be many government men in Boca Rio.

"For what reason?" he asked slowly.

"Because I order it," Vilar said. "Do you refuse?"

"You must have a reason for sending me."

"I want information."

"I understood our information was complete."

There was a shine, almost an eagerness in Vilar's eyes. Clearly he was sure O'Brien would refuse, and for refusing a hazardous duty, O'Brien could be shot.

"The reports were made by civilians," Vilar said. "I need an estimate by a man of military experience. It will be dangerous, but I say it is necessary. Will you go?"

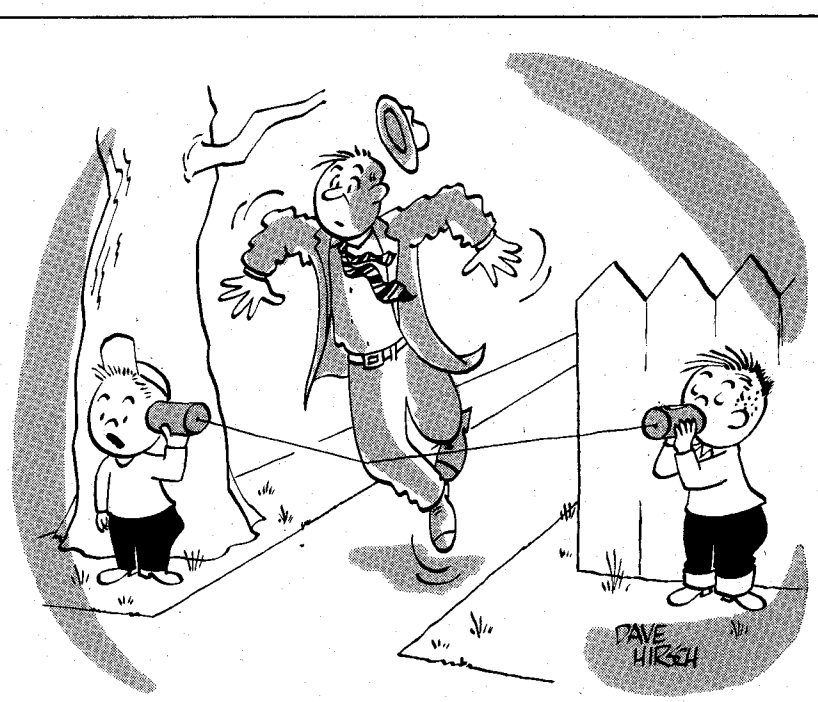
"How much time will I have?"

"One day—this day," Vilar said. "This is the twenty-fifth. We attack Boca Rio at dawn of the twenty-eighth. We have three days to prepare ourselves, and there is much to be done."

"There is everything to be done," O'Brien said.

"Then you understand there will be no time for caution. You must go straight in. The sergeant knows how to find a man named Luis Orezco. He may be of some help. See him, and come straight back. Will you go?"

O'Brien looked a long time at the eagerness in Vilar's face. Then he said, "I will go. But I cannot promise about coming back."



"There seems to be someone on this line."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"You might be lucky," Vilar said. He was not too disappointed. A trip to Boca Rio was only a little less certain than a firing squad. "The jeep was stolen from an American mine. Angela will give you papers to identify you as an American mining engineer. These will get you by the guard post."

Boca Rio was about forty miles from Vilar's camp. It was a small fishing village, lying in a cup of hills on the Caribbean coast at the mouth of a small stream. The village was as old as Spanish armor and as beautiful as a travel poster. The roofs were red-tiled, the buildings were trimmed in blue. There were many green shade trees, and the carpet of sea before the village was the blue of indigo.

The highway dropped out of the mountains to the coast, then followed the coast, narrowing down at the village to the width of its single important street. On either side then, for a distance of a quarter mile, there were open-front shops, restaurants, coffee bars and places where rum and beer were sold. It was a quiet, sleepy village, but because of its harbor and its isolation, it was well guarded.

There were guard posts at either entrance to the village and a military garrison in the center of the village. Above the village, within easy gunshot of the harbor, an old Spanish fortress was being used as a naval training station. New naval guns were mounted here beside old cannon in the parapets.

O'Brien and the sergeant stopped in the hills to look at the village with field glasses. O'Brien made a map, detailing the places of military importance—the guard posts, the approaches to the garrison and to the old fortress, the position of the stone quay where the arms ship would moor. He used a half hour at this, while the sergeant counted men and vehicles.

"They have good communication," the sergeant said. "Radio and telephone at the fortress and at the garrison. And television, but that would be for watching ball games."

O'Brien folded his map and got to his feet. "We will ask Orezco about the television."

The sergeant's face was sober. "We are going in?"

O'Brien nodded.

"I understand bravery," the sergeant said. "But not stupidity. We have all the information we need—the map and the reports of the civilians."

"There may be something more."

"Bullets," the sergeant said. "Bullets for Vilar's mutineers. I do not mind fighting. But I did not agree to help with my execution. That was Vilar's only purpose in sending us here. He had enough information."

O'Brien went to the jeep. "Wait for me then."

The sergeant said, "Orezco will report to Vilar that we talked to him. I can arrange this, because Orezco is my friend. Vilar will believe we went in as ordered."

"Julio," O'Brien said, "I want to go in."

"Will you tell me why?"

"I have experience," O'Brien said. "What I see and hear is better than the reports of civilians—this is a truth, Julio. If I learn anything, it will save lives. You would understand why I did not go in. But I could not explain it to the families of men who might be killed needlessly."

The sergeant stared at O'Brien a long moment. Then, suddenly and angrily, he climbed into the jeep. "That devil, Vilar!" he said. "He is smart! He knew you would have to go in—he has made your conscience work for him!"

"So he has," O'Brien agreed.

He bent forward and took a pair of forty-five automatics from a place of concealment beneath the seat. He loosened two buttons on his shirt, blousing it, and concealed one weapon there. The other he slid under the sergeant's right thigh.

"If you would put that beak of a nose there," the sergeant said, "we would be safer."

There was little activity on the highway at this hour of the day; the sun was high and hot, and the men at the guard post were dull from the monotony of doing nothing. A young private stepped out into the road listlessly, his rifle at port arms, to block the way. Another soldier refused to leave a bench in the shade of the building.

"Relax, Julio," O'Brien said softly. "Smile."

The sergeant was relaxed and smiling when he braked to a stop. He began a conversation with the soldier on the bench while the other examined O'Brien's credentials. The credentials were good forgeries, or the soldier was stupid, or he had been otherwise instructed—whatever the reason, he gave the credentials back, apparently satisfied. The sergeant was still talking to the other soldier as they drove on. But at a distance he lost his smile and swore with relief.

"We are in," he said. "It was easy."

"All traps have one thing in common," O'Brien said. "They are easy to get into."

They went to the center of the village and found the place of Luis Orezco. Orezco was a heavy-set man of fifty-odd, with stiff gray hair and a square, relentless face. He supplied the fishermen with cordage, nets and boat gear and the

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On July 17, 1860, the day after The GUARDIAN opened its first office at 90 Broadway, corner Wall *(the corner building on the left side of the illustration),* Selig Kling, "segar merchant" of 284 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, purchased GUARDIAN Policy No. 1 for $3,000.

In 1863, for an additional premium of $15, Mr. Kling's policy was amended to permit him to take a voyage to Cuba. This was a liberal dispensation for those days, since rigid restrictions banned summer travel to even our own Southland, such was the fear of tropical fever.

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rebels with information. He gave O'Brien careful answers.

The trainees at the naval training station would not fight well, but they would fight. Their officers were capable. They had rifles and side arms and, of course, the cannon, three in number. There were seventy-two soldiers, counting officers, in the garrison. They would fight about as soldiers anywhere. Most important, Orezco wanted O'Brien to understand that at San Miguel, two hours away, there were hundreds more soldiers who would come when called. And at San Miguel there were also tanks.

"We know about the tanks," O'Brien said.

"And you are not afraid?"

"We are afraid. We will try to divert them."

There was more talk which concerned details. O'Brien carefully checked and rechecked every bit of information they had and added enough new information to make O'Brien glad they had come. He said good-by to Orezco then.

"In the hills," he said, "we have room to run and places to hide. Here you have neither. A man needs much courage to fight in this way."

Orezco moved his thick shoulders. "The length of a man's life is prescribed at birth," he said. "He has a choice only in the way he uses it."

There was a difference at the guard post, O'Brien saw as they approached it again. There were three men now, and they were not listless. And it was clear they had been waiting for the jeep. O'Brien thought his entrance to the village had been reported, and that higher authority has asked for a closer examination—only this. If it were more than this, more than three men would be waiting for them.

"We might run through," the sergeant said.

"No, Julio." O'Brien placed the automatics as before. "The road is straight for too long afterward. Their rifles would stop us without fail."

"We are out of luck then," the sergeant said.

"Or they are."

The young soldier who had stopped them before stepped out again to block the road, his rifle across his chest. The jeep came to a stop just short of him. The new man, an officer, came toward O'Brien, a machine pistol hanging from his right hand. The third man, the one from the bench, went behind the jeep to approach the sergeant.

"Your identification, please," the officer said.

"I have it here ——" O'Brien began.

But he did not go on. The officer was looking at him closely, and a sudden widening of the officer's eyes told him his beak of a nose had been recognized. He drew the forty-five and shot the officer in the stomach. The sergeant killed the soldier on his side without difficulty. The young soldier in front of the jeep was able to fire only once, in haste, missing, before he fell to two bullets. The sergeant now drove. He put the jeep in gear quickly, guided it over the body of the young soldier and they were going away. They went very fast, because the sounds of the shooting would bring immediate pursuit.

"This is not fast enough," the sergeant said.

"We will have to turn off," O'Brien agreed.

In a little more than a half mile the highway passed between fields of sugar cane. There was only one turnoff, and this went into a rickyard where four laborers were preparing harvested cane for later loading on trucks. The sergeant went through the yard without stopping, followed a narrow track deep into uncut cane. They were concealed from the highway. And cutting cane with great speed, they concealed the jeep from anything but a very close look.

"Will the laborers support us?" the sergeant asked.

"If not, we will go on foot, separately," O'Brien said. "One of us may get through."

In a few moments they heard the sharp rapping of motorcycle engines on the highway approaching at speed. The sounds passed and faded into the distance. The deeper sound of a larger engine did not pass. Tires screeched, braking. There was a long silence then, long enough for any man to balance the good against the evil in his life and regret the way the scales tipped. The motor came to life again and went away. O'Brien waited another ten minutes, fearing a trap, but no one came.

"We are not alone in this fight," O'Brien said. "And the bravest of us are the little people."

"There is a truth!" the sergeant agreed.

O'Brien found cigarettes and lighted them. "When the motorcycles do not overtake us, they will know we turned off. They may come here again."

The sergeant said, "This place is as good as any." He looked at the sun. "It will be dark in a few hours." Then he added, after a few moment's thinking, "Not that any of it matters."

"What kind of talk is that?" O'Brien asked.

The sergeant met O'Brien's eyes. "I can speak as one man to another? Not as a soldier to an officer?"

"After you saved my life with the penicillin?"

The sergeant frowned. "I do not keep books."

"I do," O'Brien said. "So speak as one man to another."

The sergeant said, "We will fail at Boca Rio."

O'Brien gave his attention to his cigarette.

"Is that treason?" the sergeant asked. "Or cowardice?"

"Neither."

"Is it the truth?"

O'Brien looked at the sergeant. "How can I answer?"

"With words—truthful ones."

"Why not trust Vilar?"

The sergeant spat.

O'Brien said, "I will go where Vilar sends me."

"Equally."

"Leave it there then."

"Remember the penicillin," the sergeant said.

O'Brien looked at him again. "You do keep books."

"Beginning now."

"All right," O'Brien said resignedly. "In my opinion we will be killed at Boca Rio—as individuals, and very likely as a revolutionary force."

"Worse than I thought!"

"It is only my opinion, remember."

"Because of the cannon?"

"Because of a lack of time to prepare fully—that is first," O'Brien said. "We will take the cannon. And we will take the garrison. Gives us two hours for this work. Then we will have Boca Rio for one hour, or less. That is not enough time to unload the ship. But we will have to stay and try, and they will kill us."

"With the tanks?"

"The tanks and a convoy of soldiers. San Miguel will be notified by radio when the first shot is fired. And do not forget the planes—they will come also."

"Why do we attempt such an insanity?"

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"We must have arms, or the revolution dies," O'Brien said. "But that is no reason to commit suicide at Boca Rio. Vilar is the reason. He is sure he will win at Boca Rio. He has convinced headquarters he will win. I am the only one who considers Boca Rio suicide. The others think of it as a victory, even now."

"Have you told headquarters what you think?"

"Yes. And I will try to tell them again. But see it as they see it, and you will understand their position. Vilar has never lost a battle. He says we will be successful. I am an outsider, and I say we will fail. Who would you believe?"

"My best commander," the sergeant said. "But why do we do this at Boca Rio? Jaruco is a good port. Why not meet the ship at Jaruco?"

"The same reason—Vilar. Vilar will not listen to any other plan. And Jaruco offers nothing better." O'Brien ground out his cigarette. "We need time," he said. "Time to prepare our men. And to prepare a diversion."

"But Hernando is going to make a diversion."

"The kind of a diversion I mean," O'Brien said, "would occupy San Miguel fully, so they would not come to Boca Rio at all. Hernando will be no more than a fleabite. A proper diversion would require a hundred men. These do not exist."

Soberly the sergeant said, "And I am so beautiful."

"You may not die," O'Brien said, after thinking. "When Vilar leads a fight, there is a right to hope. All else aside, this man can fight like a beast."

"True."

"Then do not say good-by to the girls yet."

The sergeant grinned. "Thank you, O'Brien—for nothing."

The government soldiers did not find O'Brien and the sergeant. And it was not because of luck or because they were so well hidden. Luis Orezco, the men in the rickyard and others like them became like loyal citizens and helped the federals with the search. They made many false reports and guided the federals in many wrong directions. Darkness came finally, and O'Brien and the sergeant reached camp two hours later.

O'Brien went immediately to Vilar to make his report. Vilar showed some disappointment that O'Brien had returned, but he listened to the report with attention. And when O'Brien gave his estimate of what would happen at Boca Rio—a bitter defeat—he made the expected reaction.

"Your trouble," Vilar said, "is lack of stomach." He said this after spitting. "I have heard that American marines were great fighters. How did this rumor get started?"

O'Brien looked at Vilar steadily. "Will you forward my estimate to headquarters as I have given it?"

"Exactly as you have given it," Vilar said. "So that my success, when I make it, will prove how gutless you are."

"This reason is as good as any," O'Brien said.

Carlos Diaz, the boy, was waiting at a short distance when O'Brien came into the moonlight again. He ran forward, but O'Brien did not look up or greet him. Nevertheless, the boy went at O'Brien's side, skipping to keep up.

Presently he said, "The American woman was taken to a landing field. I saw an American helicopter from a great distance. I do not know, but I think she went in the helicopter."

"You think correctly," O'Brien said.

After a moment the boy said, "You will be lonely now."

O'Brien said nothing.

"My mother does not speak English very well," the boy said. "And I do not speak it at all. But we would try very hard to learn if you would teach us. And when you wanted to speak English with someone, we would be there to understand." He saw O'Brien looking at him, and his courage failed. "My mother and I do not want you to be lonely ——"

O'Brien stopped. He caught the boy by the upper arms and lifted him into the air. The anger in O'Brien's voice was a tormented anger, but the boy could not understand the torment, only the anger.

"This is enough!" O'Brien said. "I am tired of falling over you each step I take. You have a dirty face and the smell of a dead rabbit!" His hands were hurting the boy, and he made them hurt a little more. "Stay away from me!"

The boy could not answer. O'Brien opened his hands and let the boy fall. Then he turned and walked away, furious with himself and the things he was required to do. He did not know where he was going, now or in the days ahead. But he did know the distance would be short and the end of it difficult enough without a small boy somewhere grieving for him.

Maj. Ramón Plá was a tall man in his middle forties. He was well-educated, quiet-spoken and almost excessively polite. But there was no softness in him. He was in the intelligence service of the government. His work was to gather information, usually from people unwilling to give it, and this required firmness and a certain strength of will.

The occasional people who gave him information voluntarily always expected something in return—money, a favor, perhaps the life of a relative. He could not remember anyone coming to him because of a desire to do the right thing. But he was proud of his ability to adapt himself to any new situation, and he was especially proud of his handling of the young American woman, Jill Corby.

The rebels had worked hard to release her quickly, hoping to attract sympathy for their cause in the American press. And she had come directly to him. She believed, she said, that the present government was the recognized legal authority and that such authority could be challenged only by legal means. Further, she felt that it was the obligation of everyone to support this rule actively, because each time the rule was broken the safety of everyone was jeopardized.

But it was clear that she had not reached this conclusion easily and that coming to see him had required a great force of will. Her sunburned face was drawn, her eyes tormented. And it was equally clear that her father, John Corby, a stocky, blue-eyed, sandy-haired man, was not in agreement with her. But she had come. And the information she had brought could not have been torn out of a revolutionary with red-hot tongs.

He spoke to her gently. "All this is not as serious as it seems, Miss Corby. True, there are a few rebels, and we are working to clear them out. And your information will be helpful. Now I suggest you go back to the capital. Relax in the sun, enjoy a few of the many good things we have to offer." He got up from behind his desk. "Forget all this. Years from now it will be just an amusing story to tell your children."

Jill's father got to his feet at once. His face was hard and his eyes were cold, and he had nothing to say to Major Plá. He took his daughter's arm and took her away from there. In a taxi, riding through the narrow, stone-paved streets, he would not look at Jill.

"How do you feel now?" he asked.

Her face was strained. "All torn up," she said. Then she turned to him. "Dad, it was the right thing to do—won't you say that now? As a responsible, law-abiding member of the human race, I had to do it."

"You could have stayed out of it entirely."

"The do-nothing people are the worst," she said. "That's isolationism. You've got to take one side or the other, don't you? You've got to work for the side you take."

"I can't argue that," her father said.

"But why is it always so mixed up?" she asked. "It's so complicated!—the good is half bad, and the bad is half good. How can you be sure you're ever doing the right thing?"

"You're worried about this man O'Brien?"

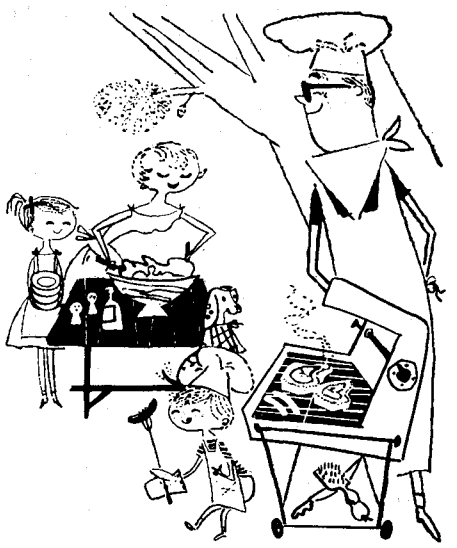
"I can't think of him as a criminal."

"You'd better," her father said quietly. "I think you just signed his death warrant."

TO BE CONCLUDED

"I insist . . . my boss can afford it more than your boss."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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She Knows What Women Will Wear

(Continued from Page 35)

proper auspices. A good example of these criteria is the chemise dress. When Balenciaga introduced it in August, 1957, Tobé advised her clients to prepare for land-office business.

"Fashions run in cycles every seven to ten years, and women were ready for a major change," she explains. "After World War Two, very frilly, form-fitting clothes were a natural reaction to the austerity of a grim period, but they no longer were suited to an entirely different psychological phase. Clothes reflect the lives we lead, and the big shift of populations to the suburbs called for more casual lines.

"Balenciaga, one of the world's great designers, had gone to a classic for the source of his new style. That's always a sure-fire combination. The chemise has been the traditional dress of upper-class Chinese women for hundreds of years, and I had just returned from my first trip to the Far East, where I saw them wearing it with great chic.

"I had some doubts that the chemise could be adapted to the figures of western women, who are bigger in the bust and hips than the Chinese, until I tried on Balenciaga's modification. If I can wear a style, the chances are it will look well on most women, because I'm not exactly a sylph." (Tobé is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs, at a discreet guess, about 145 pounds.) "After I saw myself in the chemise I was convinced it would stampede the market. And it did, despite vicious opposition."

According to Tobé, a conflict between the fall fashion shows in Paris and London touched off a British poison-pen campaign against the chemise. *Couturiers* in both countries usually agree to schedule the openings so that foreign buyers can attend the two exhibits, but in 1957 they were held simultaneously, and the customers by-passed London. British newspapers ridiculed the chemise, the feature of the Paris show, and the sarcasm was amplified in America.

"Men hated the chemise because it didn't look sexy," Tobé comments. "Personally I think it has a subtlety that is sexier than a plunging neckline or a skirt slit above the knee, but that's beside the point. What men thought had no effect on the girls. It never does."

Although leading manufacturers held back on full production of the chemise at the start, it was the huge success Tobé had predicted. The first six months it was on the market the chemise accounted for about 70 per cent of the moderately priced dresses sold—and then it flopped miserably. Tobé believes the turnabout was due to a strike in March, 1958, in New York's garment district, where nearly two thirds of all American dresses are made. The strike disrupted spring deliveries and, as a result, the stores had no new merchandise to offer. Then, to pick up the slack, the field was flooded with cheap copies of the chemise.

"That was the kiss of death," Tobé says. "The chemise looks very simple to make, but it hangs like a rag if it is not perfectly proportioned. I'm still convinced the chemise is a good style basically and that it will make a strong comeback this fall. It will be called 'the relaxed silhouette,' or some such trick name, but women will wear it again."

Tobé's pronouncement brought a startled reaction from two top merchants when I relayed it to them. "I thought the chemise was dead," Adam Gimbel, president of Saks Fifth Avenue, exclaimed. "I'd better review the situation because Tobé's judgment must be respected. She's the Ted Williams of fashion. Nobody's batting average is close to hers in calling the turn on a trend."

Tobé's gross approaches $1,000,000 a year from her various activities. A staff of thirty-five people scouts the domestic and foreign fields for information, but the operation is strictly a one-woman show. Tobé herself edits every word in her weekly Report, a sixty-page analysis of new merchandise, tips on prices and stock requirements, swatches of fabrics, sketches of designs, reproductions of ads and a review of window displays on Fifth Avenue. The Report goes to 250 clients in the United States, Canada, England, France, Italy, Sweden, Finland, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and Cuba. They pay from $750 to $10,000 a year for it, depending on the volume of their business.

Another 1000 stores subscribe, at $87.50 a year, to Tobé's Guide, an eight-page digest of the previous week's Report. A daily column, Tobé Says, is syndicated in thirty newspapers. She is co-owner of a fashion school, which has an enrollment of 150 girls, with Julia Coburn, a former fashion editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. In addition, Tobé gets a fee of $1000 a day for personal consultations with store owners to advise them on inventories and merchandising policies. Her services are in constant demand, but she accepts only twenty such assignments a year. More income merely would complicate her tax problem.

Every Monday morning twenty staff editors meet in a round-table conference to funnel their news and impressions to Tobé. A recent session was attended by about thirty women, including editorial assistants and buyers from stores, who were there by special invitation. Half the women were married; the others wore heavy gold charm bracelets, the identification tag of the career girl. Everyone was outfitted more elaborately than Tobé, who was wearing her "uniform"—a plain black dress, a small hat and a string of pearls—but once the discussion got under way there was no doubt that she was the boss.

An editor who had just returned from Paris gave the first report. "The big houses are playing up the feminine silhouette, but I think they're wrong," she said. "The emphasis will be on tailored lines, with touches of mannish elegance."

"That's a suit story," Tobé cut in. "What about the dresses?"

"The two-piece, semifitted dress is very big. They're also showing a lot of all-over pleating and cocktail dresses with big collars."

"What were the majority of the formal clothes?" Tobé asked.

"Slim lines, with short skirts."

Tobé nodded. "I don't remember when I saw a long dress that looked smart. They all seem dated." She plowed through a pile of newspaper ads on her desk. "Here's one that's interesting because it proves that a dress selling for two hundred and forty dollars can be so dull. Retailers must be out of their minds if they think dogs can be palmed off at those prices. Did any of you notice this?" She held up a Saks Fifth Avenue ad for a two-piece white dress at fifty-nine dollars. "Two hundred were sold last week, and the season isn't here yet. That's good merchandising."

The sportswear editor asked whether a manufacturer who was waiting in the hall could show his summer cotton coats. "All right, he can have three minutes," Tobé said. A model in a hip-length, canary-colored coat came in and walked in front of Tobé's desk. She peered at the material and the workmanship.

"What will it sell for?" she asked. The manufacturer said $19.95. "Very nice," Tobé remarked. The man breathed deeply. "In our next story," Tobé went on, "we should say no one has to look dowdy when coats are available at these volume prices."

The girl who keeps tabs on beauty parlors mentioned that bangs were being shown with upswept and loose hairdos. "That's the Oriental influence," Tobé commented. "It fits into the fashion picture. I think it's good." The hat editor reported that flower wigs were selling well. "Maybe so, but I think they're awful," Tobé said. "I can't see anyone spending more than five dollars for them."

The editor just back from Paris asked for the floor again. "I've found two other items in my notes. One house has a line of costume jewelry, but I think it's ghastly. It's very Greenwich Villagey."

"The French make a lot of mistakes in that area," Tobé said. "Our people turn out much better stuff. Cheaper too."

"This may give you a laugh," the editor continued. "One collection of junior dresses was modeled by beautiful society girls. An English buyer said to me, 'If these *couturiers* only knew what *jeunes filles* really are like, they'd die of frustration. In London you have to push through a mattress of tangled hair to see a fresh, young face. All the kids have that beat-generation look.'"

The shoe expert said elongated vamps and rounded toes were "the incoming thing" for the fall. "What about the big news in your line?" Tobé asked. The woman looked blank. "I mean the shoe departments Macy and Gimbel just opened on their main floors," Tobé said sharply. "It's unusual for stores of that size to put shoes there. I want a full report on how many seats they have and what they're selling."

She looked around the room. "One more thing. Does anyone know the name of this designer?" She held up a dress ad. There was no answer. "Find out who he is. He's worth watching."

Interpreting editors' reports and general business conditions is a confining, exhausting job, but Tobé hardly is a desk-bound executive. She covers the fashion beat more energetically than anyone on her staff. She travels to Europe twice a year, makes the rounds of swank restaurants at home and abroad, attends charity events and Broadway first nights and regularly visits stores and manufacturers. Among her other talents Tobé is a skillful hostess, and she gets a cross-section view of what women are wearing at lavish parties in her New York town house for people prominent in business and the arts.

"My function is to serve as the Seeing Eye dog of fashion," she says. "I sell information and I've got to get it where news is made. I haven't the creative ability to visualize a new style, but I do have a flair for anticipating what women will wear. One compensation for getting old is that nothing scares me. No matter how extreme a style is, I never say women will not accept it. I've learned they always do, sooner or later."

In 1946 Tobé reported the appearance of the Bikini bathing suit on the Riviera, but admits she didn't dream it would be worn in America. "The Bikini is positively indecent," she says indignantly. "I can't understand how a fully-developed woman has the nerve to parade in public practically naked, but the Bikini is selling despite the efforts of good stores to discourage it." (Saks Fifth Avenue refuses to display the Bikini in its windows in deference to St. Patrick's Cathedral across the street.)

"Maybe men like to look at other women in (*Continued on Page 105*)

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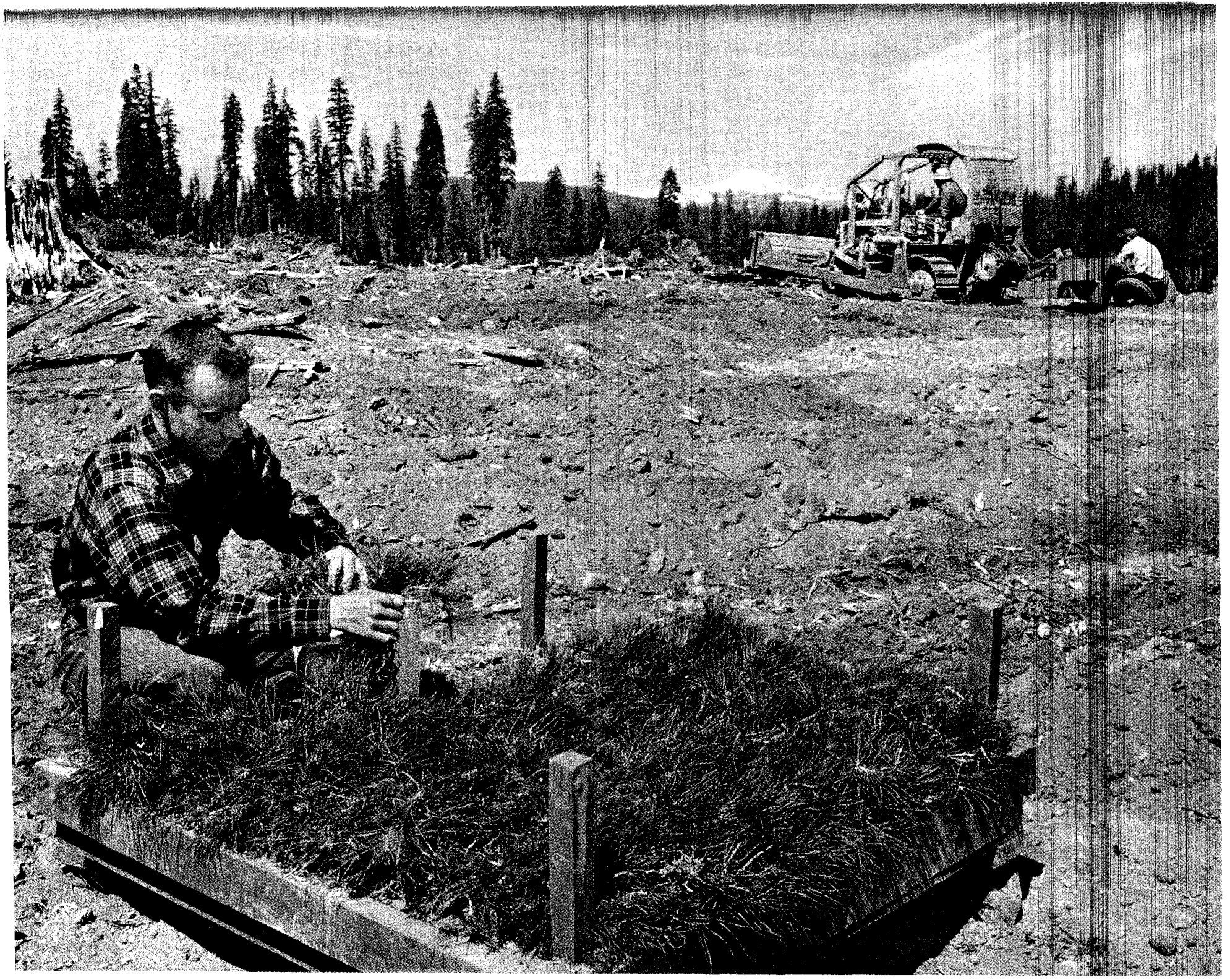

He's planting a home...a book...a school

He is a forester. He plants, cultivates and harvests a huge crop . . . trees for lumber and pulpwood. He is of necessity a man with vision. More than planting and caring for trees, he invests in the future. He helps perpetuate our high standard of living.

By 1975 our population will increase by 60 million. These new Americans will use 60% more lumber and twice as much pulpwood for schools, books, and especially homes. To guarantee them the abundance we enjoy today, 52 million acres of land must be reforested . . . an area the size of Maine, Maryland and Indiana.

Today there are approximately 500 million acres of commercial timberland in the United States. On 13,935 carefully managed tree farms, the lumber industry is building and maintaining access roads and firebreaks. Selective cutting is practiced and land is being cleared for systematic planting. Precautions are being taken against insects and disease. These steps will play the major role in helping us to meet our 1975 goals.

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We thought you'd be interested in some of the facts about Post readers that we've uncovered. Now please don't think we're nosy. You see, advertisers like to know what kind of people read a magazine. And we like advertisers.

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We were happy to hear, too, that you like the things you read in the Post, and talk about them to your friends, neighbors and associates at work. Your opinions are respected.

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P.S. *The new media measure, Ad Page Exposure, proves that this ad page will be exposed to Post readers more than 29 million times... 29 million face-to-face contacts at a cost of less than one-twelfth of a cent each.*

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening
POST

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Bikinis, but they're embarrassed to death when their wives wear it. Men are much more prudish than women, you know. The only way I can explain the Bikini is that it reflects one of those social changes I mentioned earlier. Ten years ago there were only twenty-five hundred private swimming pools in the United States. Today there are eighty-seven thousand. I think—or at least, hope—women are wearing Bikinis for sun-bathing in the privacy of their homes."

A curious thing about fashions is that they pop up and spread as spontaneously as rumors. Last year Tobé saw tailored suède jackets worn all over Europe. Customers in America were asking for the jackets before her Report carried a reference to them. However, it takes about two years for a high fashion to filter down to the mass market, a time lag that enables Tobé to watch its progress before giving the green light to clients.

Balenciaga showed the chemise as far back as 1955 and gradually incorporated its loose lines into his designs before going whole hog two years later. Tobé predicted the popularity of Dior's New Look, which was blasted as unmercifully as the chemise, because it had been given a successful trial run in his evening gowns. The revival of the classic white skirt and blazer at Deauville in 1957 was her cue for calling the turn on the ensemble that is the last word this season. Paris still is the fountainhead of fashion, but new styles are flowing across the Atlantic from the opposite direction with increasing frequency. American designers are particularly outstanding in sportswear and are gaining recognition for their dresses and suits in the higher price levels.

"Keeping up with fashions is much more difficult now than it was in the old days," Tobé remarked. "Until the second World War it was just a matter of going to a few select places and seeing what the so-called smart international set was wearing. Today the entire social group is more important than all the celebrities put together."

Doesn't a device such as the annual list of ten best-dressed women exert any influence?

"That's strictly a press-agent stunt," she snorted. "It's just a roll call of people who spend more than fifty thousand dollars a year on clothes. Anyone could make the list with a budget like that. I think it's sickening the way so many women compete for attention. Last winter a furrier sold a sable coat for forty-eight thousand dollars. Within a week he had eleven orders for similar coats.

"Made-to-order clothes are so terribly expensive that former society leaders don't even try to dress in the height of fashion. They buy understated, conservative clothes they can wear for a few seasons. Before a big charity affair in Paris, prominent women line up in front of every *couturier's* door to borrow evening gowns they can't afford to buy. Many women, including the Duchess of Windsor, sell their clothes to a shop on Madison Avenue in New York after wearing them a few times.

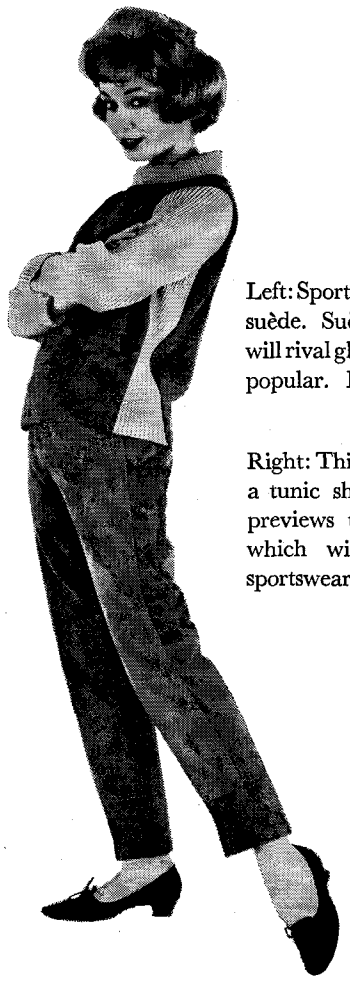
"That reminds me of a story Mainbocher told me two years ago. The duchess, who had paid Mainbocher two thousand dollars for a gold lamé gown, was furious when five women turned up in the identical dress at a ball. 'What do you expect for two thousand dollars?' Mainbocher told her. He wasn't being sarcastic. He simply was saying he had to sell duplicates of the dress to show a profit for his time and labor costs."

Tobé was startled when I asked to see her wardrobe, but she led the way to the two upper floors of her house and began opening closets. In the first there were thirty long evening dresses and negligees in a wide range of colors for entertaining at home. She said one negligee was from 1941. The second closet held four fur coats, six cloth coats, five suits and about twenty small hats. The third closet contained nothing but shoes, some sixty pairs. In the last closet there were twenty short evening and street dresses and fifteen more pairs of shoes. She was appalled by her collection of shoes. "I guess I never throw them away," she murmured. "I really should send all but a dozen pairs to an institution."

Designer Pauline Trigere (center) shows a new creation to Tobé (left), whose opinion as America's leading fashion consultant may affect its chances for success.

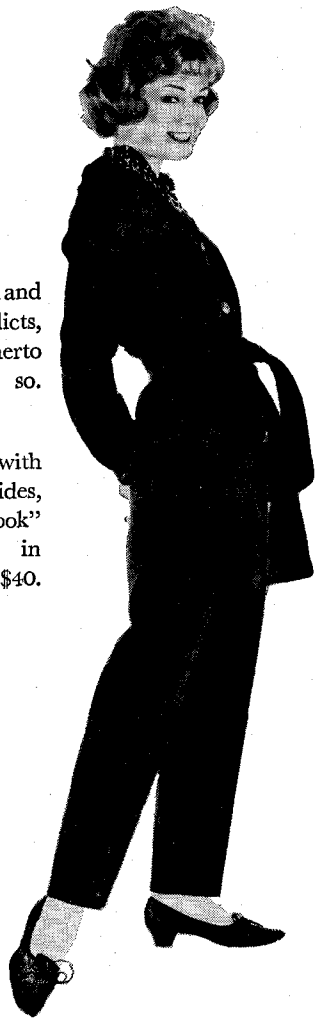
A turban worn with rich silk brocade. They reflect what Tobé calls "the Oriental influence." Dress is about $250.

Fur trim will continue in vogue, she says. The trend in furs is toward black and this collar conforms. May retail for $275.



Left: Sports ensemble. Wool and suède. Suède, Tobé predicts, will rival glazed leather hitherto popular. Price: $180, or so.

Right: This lounging suit, with a tunic shirt slit at the sides, previews the "mannish look" which will predominate in sportswear. Approximately $40.



She laughed when I asked who made her clothes. "They come from the assembly line. I buy mostly from ads or grab something off a rack. I hate to shop for anything but hats. I've always loved them. My hair is so thin I must wear a hat to look well-groomed.

"I really don't dress well for someone who's always under scrutiny. A few weeks ago a client asked whether my stockings were a new item on the market. Until that moment I didn't realize I had put on an old, faded pair. To cover up my embarrassment, I said they were a new, metallic shade a manufacturer was bringing out. I never was crazy about clothes, even as a young girl. I went into the fashion business because it was the only one in which I had some background."

Her professional training began in Milwaukee where her father, Oscar Coller, owned a large men's-clothing store on East Water Street. "My mother died when I was born," Tobé confided, "and I suppose my father was unduly attached to me. He married again, but my stepmother had no interest in his business. My father was hard of hearing and sensitive about it with strangers, so he discussed his business with me constantly. He was a great believer in advertising and promotion and always tried out his ideas on me. Another thing I remember is a quotation from Addison he was fond of repeating: '"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but . . . we'll deserve it."'"

After Tobé was graduated from Milwaukee-Downer College in 1914, her father sold the store, moved the family to New York and invested all his capital in a company that made men's suits. The firm promptly failed, and Tobé, who had been reared in very comfortable circumstances, was confronted with the necessity of earning a living.

"In college I had studied to be a teacher, one of the few white-collar jobs open to a girl in those days," Tobé continued. "I was afraid of flunking the licensing exam in New York, though, so I ducked it and went to work for a feather dealer. That's a roundabout way of getting to Harvard." Since 1956, clients and friends together have been contributing $10,000 annually for the Tobé Lectures in Retail Distribution given by visiting specialists at the Harvard Business School.

Tobé left the feather dealer to sell hats at Altman's and at Macy's, then advanced up the scale as assistant to Richard Hickson, the top designer of women's suits at the time. In 1918 Tobé and Frank Gill, another Hickson employee, opened a dressmaking salon with the financial backing of Tobé's future husband, Herbert Davis, a real-estate broker. Davis died in 1934, and Tobé was widowed again in 1943 after three years of marriage to David Rosenblum, a newspaper executive.

Upon launching the salon, the female partner assumed a new identity. "I changed my given name from Taube, which comes from the Bible, to Tobé because I thought it sounded French and would draw customers. I should have changed my disposition. I didn't know

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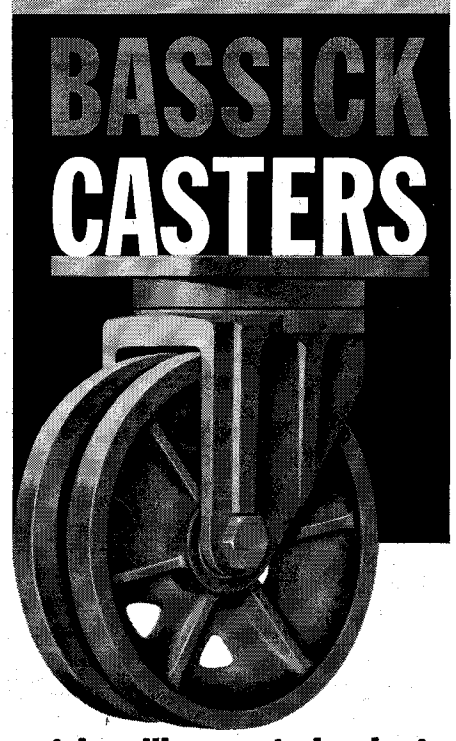

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how to manage a retail business, and we went broke in a year. I was lucky and landed on my feet at Franklin Simon as a fashion co-ordinator."

In that capacity Tobé went to Paris regularly to spot exclusive features for the store. Her big scoop was a creation by Vionnet, a slipover dress cut on the bias and made without hooks or buttons. In 1927 Tobé decided to strike out as a free-lance consultant. Profits were modest for a while, but her service burgeoned during the depression of the 1930's, when customer resistance made merchants desperate for help.

Tobé attributes her success to the application of two basic principles in charting trends: First, clothes reflect the lives we lead; second, world news makes fashion news. The first proposition is self-evident, but the second seemed a bit on the farfetched side. I asked her to give some specific examples of the impact of political events on fashions.

"The Far East has been in the headlines for a dozen years with India's independence, war in Korea, the menace of Communist China, social unrest in Japan and the uprising in Tibet. Books, movies and TV programs about that part of the globe have broadened our view of native cultures. There are four hit shows on Broadway with Oriental backgrounds and costuming. All this helps to give designers fresh ideas.

"Big collars, all the rage now, were introduced by Dior after he studied the cowls on kimonos of Japanese geisha girls. He also sponsored the kimono top for dresses shown in Paris recently. The piled-up hairdo is a Japanese import. I've already mentioned that China was the source of the chemise. We've copied the marvelous colors and fabrics of India and Siam. Africa is on the front page. The limitations—sometimes nonexistence—of native clothes is a tough hurdle, but you'll be seeing a lot of exotic jungle prints, and I wouldn't be surprised if there was a revival of the turban modeled along the lines of primitive headdresses."

Switching to a more familiar area, I wondered if she could draw up a clothing budget for the average American woman with helpful tips for stretching her money to the best advantage.

"That's a good idea," she said briskly. "What group do you want it for?"

Say a family with two children and an income of $7500 a year.

She began to spout statistics which were confirmed by the United States Department of Commerce. Clothing expenditures of middle-class families range from 8 per cent of income in recessions to 11 per cent in boom times. It is 9 per cent now. The wife spends half the money on herself and 35 per cent on the children. Papa gets what is left, as though you didn't know. One figure that has remained constant for forty years shows that the average woman buys four dresses a year.

Tobé was jotting figures on a pad. Half of a $7500-a-year family's clothing budget came to about $340 for a woman. "The big trick in making a limited budget go far is to wear appropriate, not up-to-the-minute clothes," she said. "Buy one good thing a year—a coat, suit or cocktail dress—in an undated style so it will last three seasons. I'd say a minimum of eighty dollars should be spent for it.

"I'll allow for four dresses a year. One of them will run around thirty dollars, but she can save on the others in the year her one good thing is a dress. Sportswear is cutting deeper into budgets all the time, especially in the suburbs. She'll buy three pairs of shoes, and one, for dress wear, should account for half the money spent here. Then we have hats, underapparel—bras, girdles, slips—and stockings. Stockings add up terribly, but nylons at fifty-nine cents a pair are satisfactory.

"The last item is accessories, my major criticism of American women. They don't give enough care to their bags, gloves, belts and smart touches. The secret of a French woman's chic is that her accessories blend with her ensemble. That's how she expresses her individuality."

Tobé's List:

One Good Thing	$80
Four dresses	60
Sportswear	80
Three pairs of shoes	30
Underapparel	40
Stockings	20
Two hats	15
Accessories	40
	$365

She regarded the total bleakly. "She's twenty-five dollars over her budget, and I've cut it to the bone. I haven't allowed for furs or a piece of jewelry. One suit every three years is inadequate, and my allowance for shoes and accessories is too low. The only way she can get by is on presents or scrimping on her household money. The best tip is to wait for end-of-season sales and pick up bargains. That will save her from the mistake of going overboard on styles that die quickly."

I asked Tobé to give a rundown on the salient points of the styles coming in this fall. Following is a digest of her forecast:

Dresses will have loose, relaxed waistlines, big sleeves and a little more emphasis on shoulders. Be careful of the exaggerated, magnum sleeve; it may be worked to death. Ensembles also will be seen a lot. Skirts will continue on the short side, two inches below the knee. The demifitted suit with a slightly longer jacket and touches of fine men's tailoring will get a big play. The mannish influence will predominate in sportswear. Blazers and belted polo coats are coming back. Cloth coats trimmed or lined with fur will be quite the thing. Shoes will have oval toes. Colors will run mostly to subdued tones, burnished brass, dull green, Oxford gray, dark brown and ancient red.

"The most significant thing in women's clothes is that we're approaching a more sophisticated period, and high time, too," Tobé said. "Fashion has been the last of the arts to adopt the *avant-garde* movement, the expression of abstract ideas that has made modern painting, sculpture, literature, music and even architecture so exciting. I hate to harp on the same theme, but women don't dress with enough individual flair. I think that's changing, though, as education raises our cultural level. In the next few years women will break out wearing bolder colors. They'll dress to please themselves instead of following blindly the dictates of a few designers.

"That's the only solution for women who must watch their budgets carefully. The centers of fashion will not be in metropolitan areas in another decade. The trend to the suburbs will bring more branches of good stores, and styles will spread faster than ever.

"I suppose that will be great for the industry, but it's going to be awfully rough on the girls. When a woman lives in a small community and sees the same people all the time, she needs more clothes than someone who lives in a big city. I don't know who deserves more sympathy, the suburban wife or her husband, who foots the bills."

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Girl in Love

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

For all her subtle plans and aims,
The girl in love is poor at games.
She works to seem capricious, chary,
Indifferent, evasive, wary,
But finds her own heart, soon enough,
Already has exposed her bluff!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Untold Story of Little Rock (Continued from Page 24)

humiliating to those rendered helpless by political and economic pressure. The crisis, however, made Faubus a hero of the segregationists all over the South; and under the smoke screen of "keeping the niggers out" of white schools the legislature, with hardly a dissenting vote, conferred extraordinary powers on the governor—and, of course, on his political machine.

Faubus' powers extend beyond school affairs. For example, the very important State Highway Commission, which controls road building and lets huge contracts, was "taken out of politics" some years ago by staggering the terms of members so that a governor serving the customary two terms could appoint only two of its five members, barring a death or resignation. A member did die near the end of Faubus' second term and was replaced by a noncontroversial appointee. But, as the first governor in fifty years to win a third term, Faubus was able to name a fourth member of the commission. "When his appointees . . . became a majority," the Arkansas Gazette said editorially, "their first official act was to force the resignation of Highway Director Herbert Eldridge—against whom no charge was ever brought except that he was independent of importuning politicians. . . . No one can misread that handwriting on the wall."

Perhaps it can be said that Faubus did not immediately use many of his arbitrary powers, which may eventually be declared invalid by the courts. But the point was not what powers he exercised. The fact was that he had the powers. He was backed by an aggressive political machine, led by men who sought influence for personal and business reasons. He was supported by an extremist minority that recklessly used the weapons of propaganda and boycott and economic reprisal.

It did not matter whether this combination constituted a regime that was powerful and ruthless. It was enough that it was feared. The result was the same.

I must go back a bit to explain how this catastrophe came about. A year of Army-enforced integration of Central

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High School ended in May of 1958, with anti-integration sentiment greatly increased because of segregationist propaganda and resentment against use of Federal troops. In this situation, the school board instructed its attorneys, A. F. House and Richard C. Butler, to ask the Federal court to grant a tactical delay—a cooling-off period—of two and one-half years in which to prepare a better local climate for school integration. On June twenty-first Federal District Judge Harry J. Lemley granted the delay, but his ruling was immediately appealed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Arguing before the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis on August fifth, House emphasized that the school board was not "voluntarily" surrendering to segregationist pressure and that it was not abandoning integration plans. But, he said, "a school board cannot enforce integration. They . . . are there to help educate children. They should not have to get into unending, vicious turmoil with all their neighbors. You can't expect them to enforce integration."

Thurgood Marshall, general counsel for the NAACP, replied that "democracy is a tough job and integration in any community not easy." But he said that if the Lemley ruling stood, it would convince segregationists everywhere that they could stop integration "if they commit overt acts like arson or bombing." The appeals court set aside the Lemley ruling on the ground that "the time has not yet come . . . when an order of a Federal court must be whittled away, watered down or shamefully withdrawn in the face of violent and unlawful acts of individual citizens."

The court allowed the board thirty days in which to appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The opening of schools in Little Rock in the fall of 1958 was postponed pending a decision, and Governor Faubus called a special session of the legislature for August twenty-sixth, when he offered a program of six anti-integration acts. They were passed with lightning speed and sent to the governor for signature two days later. They provided, among other things, that the governor could close any school when he alone decided it was necessary to maintain peace or to prevent use of Federal forces to integrate a school, or if he decided merely that integration would prevent maintenance of a suitable school system. The acts also provided for local-option elections in certain circumstances, but these were rigged to favor segregationists strongly because citizens could vote only on complete integration or none at all. In September Little Rock voted 70 per cent in favor of none at all.

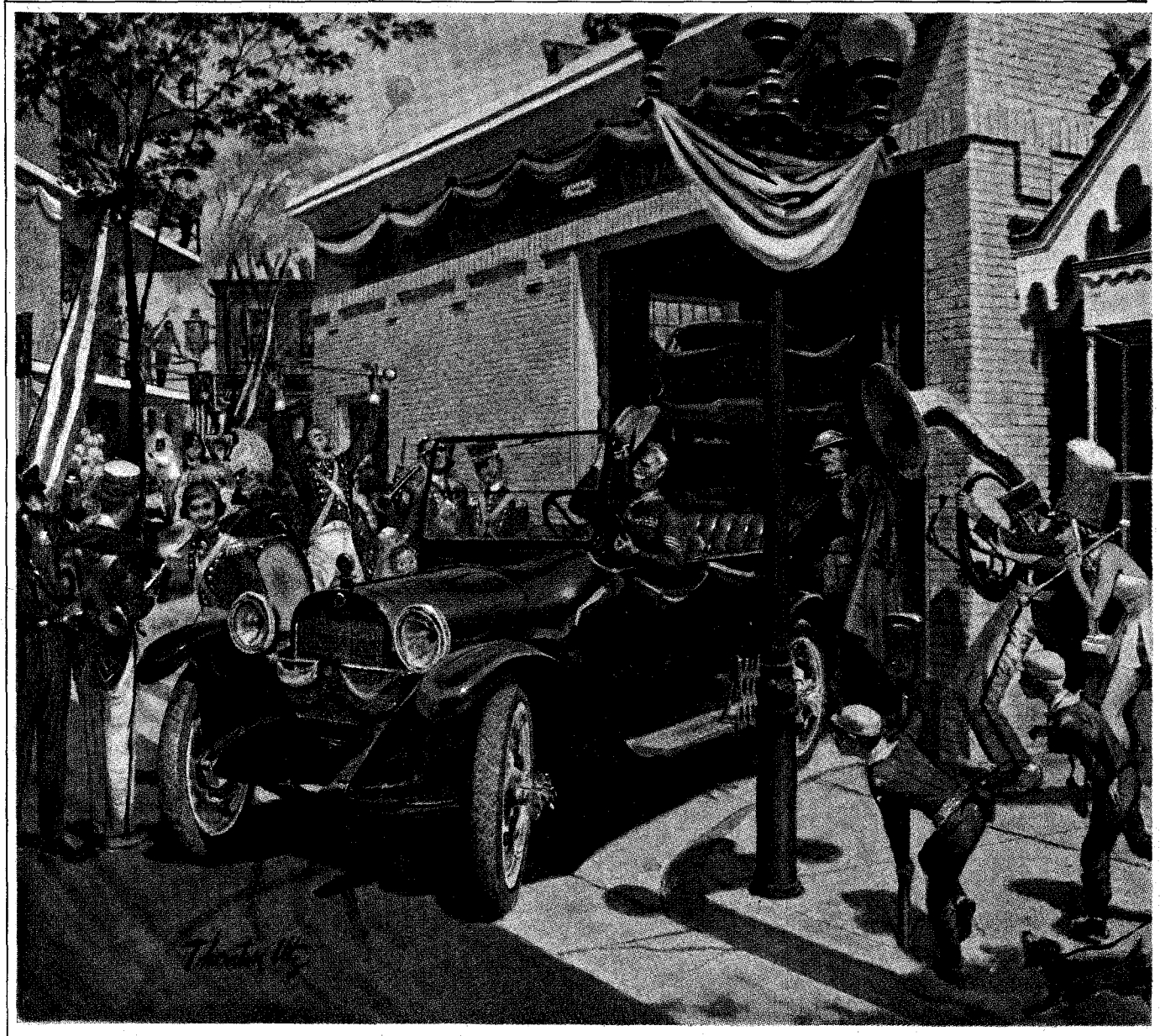
The governor also was given arbitrary power to remove from office immediately any school-board member or any school official who failed to implement an order to close a school. He was given power to withhold state funds from closed schools and to pay such funds to other public or accredited nonprofit private schools to which pupils transferred. The acts provided that students could transfer from integrated to nonintegrated schools, and that classes could be segregated within an integrated school, and that persons interfering with such transfers could be fined or sentenced to jail upon conviction. Other bills passed by the legislature provided for recall of school-board members by a majority vote in local balloting and for measures to curtail activities of such organizations as the NAACP.

The Supreme Court didn't get around to acting on the appeal for a cooling-off period until September twelfth, but it then denied the school board's request and ordered us to proceed with our gradual integration program. I had gone to Washington for the hearing, and that evening I flew back to Little Rock with Attorney Butler. Reporters surrounded us as we got off the plane.

"Did you know the state police are looking for you?" one asked.

I didn't know it, and in fact they didn't find me that night, because they mistakenly followed Butler's automobile from the airport, while I rode with another friend. The state police showed up the next morning early, however. Governor Faubus had signed the acts against integration passed by the legislature, and the police served on me a copy of his proclamation closing all senior high schools in Little Rock.

Some 3700 students were locked out of classes by the proclamation, but the school board sought to prevent disbandment of the staff by continuing to pay teachers for the school year—about $720,000 in all. I certainly don't suggest that athletics came before education, but the most vociferous immediate public outcry against the closure was in connection with cancellation of the football schedule. All three senior high schools had top-notch football teams that drew big crowds of enthusiasts, and cancellation caused a storm of protest. Knowing a popular cause when he saw one, Faubus joined in the outcry and protested that the board was inhuman to call off football—even though he had called off education. The board replied that it would carry out any school activities that the governor would return to it. Only football was returned, and football was all we offered the youth of Little Rock that year.



The day they put Pop on parade

Hadn't missed the Independence Day fun in nearly 40 years!

Right down Elm Street he'd drive, heading up the parade—and always in that same old buggy. Why, it just wouldn't have been the Fourth without him!

Anyway, that's how the boys at Harry's Garage felt. Opened the place that morning just to finish up his car. Why, the way that car had been howling and smoking, it would have drowned out the tubas and suffocated the Cub Scouts.

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Well, you can imagine that getting engine bearings for an old timer might have been quite a problem. But it wasn't. One hurry-up call to the Federal-Mogul jobber, and they had them in nothing flat. After all, Federal-Mogul has been making bearings for nearly every car on the road since long before Pop's first parade . . . and Federal-Mogul jobbers *stock* them!

So anyway, thanks to some good mechanics, Pop led the parade down Elm Street in a car that ran about as smooth as the day it was new. Your "old (or not-so-old) faithful" can run that way, too. *Ask your mechanic!*

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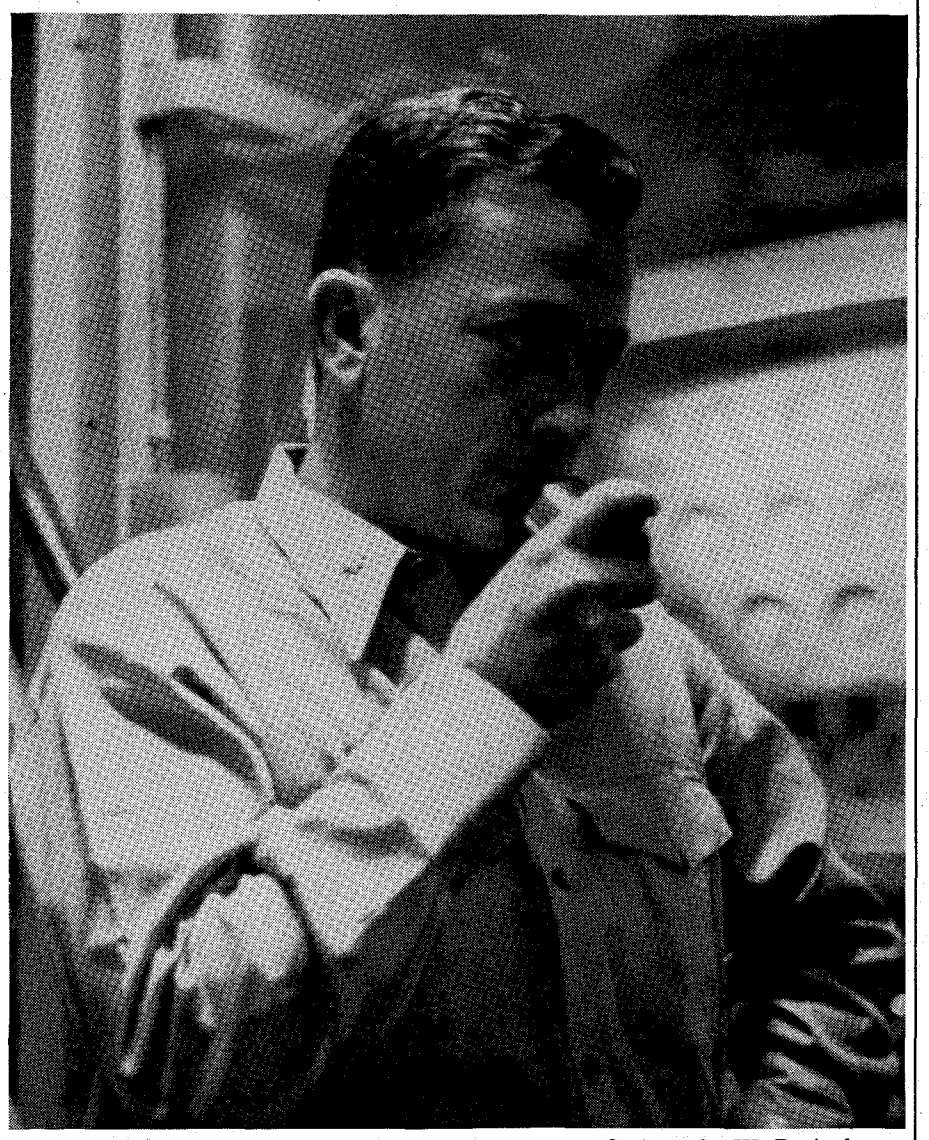

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Commander of the 1st Atomic Submarine

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ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

The Little Rock Private School Corporation was organized September seventeenth, and Faubus announced in a television speech that the corporation could lease public-school facilities. The NAACP, supported by the Justice Department, quickly secured a Federal court injunction against such a lease and the plan collapsed. The corporation then purchased, with the aid of a businessman, the former University of Arkansas Graduate Center, raised donations to hire teachers and selected Dr. T. J. Raney as president. The corporation vainly attempted to hire teachers from the public-school system, and apparently in the hope of getting some of them Doctor Raney finally asked me if I would become superintendent of the private school. I declined, and he had to hire his teachers from outside the public schools.

The private school opened late in October and eventually had around 900 students in sophomore, junior and senior classes. A newspaper survey then showed that approximately 2200 of the city's 3700 senior-high-school students were enrolled in some kind of private school, had transferred to public school elsewhere or were taking correspondence courses.

Thus our plan for gradual integration collapsed, and Little Rock's public-education system was dealt a potentially mortal blow. The greatest damage, of course, was to the youth of the community. The mere fact that they had gone through the integration crisis was bad enough, but in addition some of them had been thoroughly indoctrinated with segregationist hate slogans. Some of them quit school for good and got jobs, with no intention of returning to complete their education. Many others came from families that could not afford to pay for private education comparable to what their children had received in the public high school, or for any private education at all.

With few exceptions Little Rock's school children suffered a damaging lesson in citizenship, a general loss of direction and a downgrading of educational opportunity. Nor does the prospect appear any brighter for others coming up through the public-school system.

Early in 1959, when enrollment at the private high school was about 700, it was authoritatively estimated that 675 children of senior-high-school age were not getting schooling of any kind. Of these, approximately 440 were Negroes out of a total of 670 Negroes at the senior-high-school level.

Last January a visitor who was familiar with Little Rock remarked to me that he was amazed to see so few children on the streets on a Friday evening. Others had frequently remarked on the same thing. The absence of children was partly due to the fact that not a few were attending school in other cities, but the principal cause was the change in the character of the city. Because of the growth of racial tension, parents have greatly restricted the movements of their children in the evening just to be sure they keep out of trouble. The police force also has stiffened its attitude toward the activities of youngsters, and one result has been to curb juvenile delinquency, despite the fact that so many children were deprived of the discipline of school activities.

Even if the school-integration problem were solved tomorrow, it would take a long time to repair the damage done to the children and to the public-school system. Although the school board continued to pay the idle teachers on the senior-high-school staff, they and many other members of all the school staff have become restless and concerned about the future. Prior to my detachment from the staff, many of the teachers came to me to ask what would happen in regard to their retirement pay or whether the school board could continue to pay them for not teaching. I could only do my best to keep up their morale and assure them that, for the moment, nothing was changed. But, of course, it is impossible to have any clear idea of developments.

"I've always been so proud of our school system," one veteran teacher told me. "But now the legislature doesn't care what happens. The people don't seem to care. And, frankly, I'm not proud any longer. It will take years to repair the damage."

Only one senior-high-school teacher resigned while I was still superintendent, but later at least half a dozen quit, and eight others in lower grades also turned in their resignations. Up until the time this is written, however, none of them had accepted offers to go to work for the Little Rock Private School Corporation, and I was told that virtually all of the staff would stay on the job if the schools were reopened.

I would not venture a guess as to when the senior high schools closed by the governor's proclamation might be reopened. A Women's Emergency Committee to Open Our Schools has vainly tried to do something, and the legislature has considered various proposals. Faubus also has proposed a bill under which tuition would be paid for students wishing to transfer from integrated schools for one reason or another. None of these efforts have given any indication of a solution. On the contrary, one bill introduced would permit school boards to conduct official meetings and business in jail—presumably if put there by Federal court order. Faubus has been quoted as saying there will be "no surrender," and the private-school corporation plans to continue next year.

The damage to the schools was only part of the loss in the integration crisis. In 1955 Little Rock was a booming, growing city, and the chamber of commerce proudly listed nineteen new industries that had been established in the area. In the next couple of years fifteen other companies built or contracted for new plants. Then the school crisis began. Three plants previously arranged for were built late in 1957, but from September of 1957 until the time this was written—almost twenty months later—not a single new company decided to move to the Little Rock industrial district. In January, 1959, the manager of the chamber of commerce pinpointed this situation by telling the chamber that any large industry establishing a new plant in Little Rock had to consider whether there were suitable facilities for key personnel and their families who would be moved in from Detroit or some other city. He asked the chamber itself to decide whether such an industry would build in Little Rock.

An article in the Arkansas Recorder, a digest of state-government news but with no official connections, said that in 1958 bonds issued by local industrial-development organizations to attract new industry to all parts of Arkansas dropped to less than half of the total sold in 1957. The article was based on a compilation by the secretary of the State Board of Finance. In January, 1959, the Little Rock Branch of the American Association of University Women released a survey in which eighty-five businessmen were asked if the school situation had affected their business. Forty-four replied that their business had been hurt. Only six reported improved business. One of these was a cleaning plant, three were service stations and two were moving

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companies, at least one of which earlier had said its heaviest business was moving families out of Little Rock.

Even more damaging to the city was the loss in human values. Little Rock had formerly been known throughout the South as a city with excellent race relations, a community in which problems were discussed openly and co-operatively by whites and Negroes. But by 1958 this essential ability to communicate with each other had virtually disappeared and had been replaced by bitterness and suspicion. There were no more biracial efforts to solve problems because the school-integration issue was too explosive; the lines on each side had become too hard.

Not only was interracial communication ended but the hope for some kind of constructive agreement among the white community steadily dwindled. There had been so many hot-tempered arguments, so many splits in families or differences of opinion between partners in business that most people reached a point where they were determined to avoid even a discussion of integration problems. They could keep the peace only by keeping quiet. Only the extremists continued to speak out. The moderate was buffeted unmercifully by both sides.

One of the segregationists' most potent weapons was the boycott, which they used or threatened to use freely. A large company serving several states suffered severe damage because one of its employees was a member of the school board and advocated, not integration, but observance of the law. The Arkansas Gazette, which won two Pulitzer prizes in 1958—one for civic leadership and the other for the "forcefulness, dispassionate analysis and clarity" of editorials written by Harry S. Ashmore—was a main target of segregationist boycott.

Cards circulated throughout the city urged anti-integrationists to harass the newspaper by telephone and to put on the envelopes of letters they wrote a sticker saying: "I do not trade with those who advertise in the Gazette." The cards also listed the telephone numbers of the newspaper and its executive editor. For weeks segregationists made a regular practice of ringing the newspaper on a pay telephone, leaving the receiver off the hook and walking away, thus tying up the office lines. The boycott temporarily reduced the Gazette's circulation sufficiently to cause an estimated $250,000 loss in advertising revenues.

The threat of boycott was far greater, reaching almost everywhere and causing countless citizens to remain silent or knuckle under to the extremist minority. Time after time men and women told me they were in complete sympathy with the position of the school board, but they added, "Don't mention my name—I can't afford it."

Let me illustrate this. After Faubus' proclamation closed the senior high schools, five members of the school board decided the situation would have to get worse before it improved. "We're tired of being the governor's whipping boy," one explained. "Let's force Faubus to get a new whipping boy. That will show the people this crisis is not due to a blundering school board, but that integration is a problem that must be faced no matter who is on the board."

When the decision of the five to resign—the sixth member, Dale Alford, did not resign—became known, a meeting of about thirty-five of the city's business and civic leaders was called to urge them to reconsider. The five members declined. The meeting then considered a proposal that can be summarized thus:

"The threat of boycott has paralyzed efforts toward constructive leadership. Now, there are six positions on the school board. It so happens that there are six banks in Little Rock. The presidents or the chairmen of the boards of these banks are all prominent citizens. If all six will run for the school board they certainly will all be elected. Then they will be free to present a reasonable program to solve the school-integration problem, because all of the banks will be in the same position and none will be endangered by the threat of boycott."

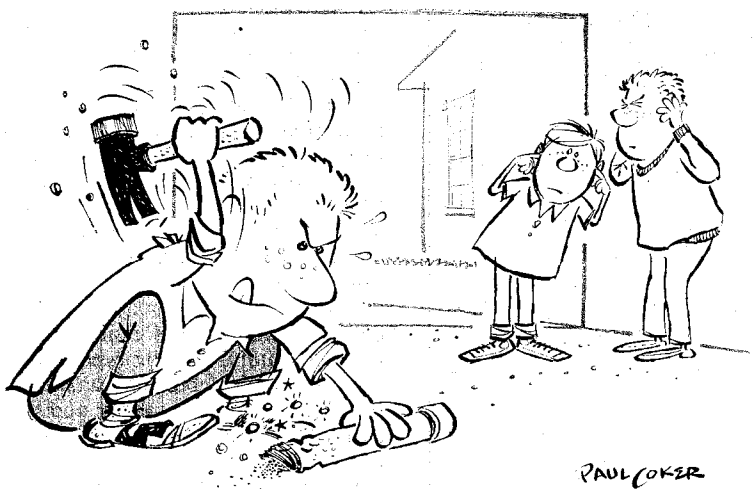
This seemed an ingenious idea to everybody except the bankers. "Our banks would not be protected at all," one of them told the meeting. "For example, we depend heavily on the subsidiary deposits of banks in Eastern Arkansas, where segregationist sentiment is strongest. If they withdrew their deposits and transferred them to banks in Memphis—as they doubtless would—we would immediately be in serious trouble."

The bankers agreed to consider the proposal. Some of them wanted to try it, but the attitude of the meeting generally was pessimistic. It was at this meeting that a prominent businessman declared that "you had all just as well recognize we are living in a police state." And another added, "I never understood how Hitler and Mussolini were able to exercise dictatorial powers over so many people. Now I know from experience."

Later the bankers as a group rejected the proposal to seek election. I do not, however, wish to point a finger at bankers. Almost everybody else was in the same boat and, so far as I know, not a single educator in Arkansas endangered his institution's standing with the legislature or risked loss of his job by speaking up boldly against a situation that, in the long run, could only destroy the state's system of free public education.

This is about the end of my story of the Little Rock school crisis, because just before a solidly segregationist school board took office in December of 1958, my supporters on the retiring board terminated my contract without cause and without prejudice. This was not approved by those who had opposed me, and a suit was brought to restrain the treasurer of the school district from paying me for the remainder of my contract. It is still in the courts, and I have not been paid as this is written.

I did not object to the action of the retiring school board in ending my contract, although I don't give up easily. I firmly believe that our phase plan of gradual integration was the best that could have been formulated for Little Rock, and I deeply regret that I was not permitted to see it through to the end. It was tailored specifically for our school



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Fourth-of-July firecrackers seemed like small stuff in an age of rockets, so Roy, Gary and Bill, all past the age of fourteen, pooled their resources. Removing the gunpowder from their firecrackers, they made one big bomb by cramming the powder into a piece of capped pipe. To close the open end of the pipe, Roy laid it on the concrete floor of Gary's father's garage and hammered away. Gary's father saw him, but did not stop him. Suddenly the bomb exploded, severely injuring Roy's hand. He later sued Gary's father.

"It was the duty of the father to have prevented this misfortune," Roy's lawyer argued. "He should have taken away the bomb or have ordered Roy from the premises."

"Roy was injured by his own act," replied the lawyer for Gary's father. "He is past the age of fourteen, and anyone past fourteen is presumed to be capable of exercising judgment and discretion in his general behavior. His chum's father did not have to stop him."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Roy?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No. The court said the law does not require a person to protect another person or property from injury. Duties which are dictated merely by good morals or humanitarianism are not within the domain of the law.

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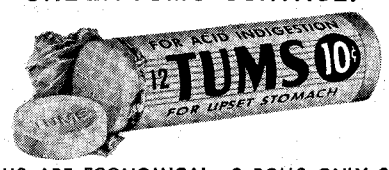

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district, as any successful plan must be in the South.

Why, then, did our plan fail? Looking back, I suppose an objective observer would see where we had to improvise to meet unexpected developments and we made mistakes. But I believe the basic reasons for failure must be found in the vacillation of political leaders at state and Federal levels and in a deliberate plot by extreme segregationists all over the South to force a finish fight in Little Rock to delay or prevent a showdown on their own home grounds.

The Supreme Court's order for integration with "all deliberate speed" seemed to recognize that compliance would take longer in some areas than in others. This gave the extremists a legal opportunity to delay and to make a test fight in our schools, using the persuasive argument to local people that they did not have to accept integration because other areas in the South had no integration plan. The argument fell on fertile ground.

"We won't comply with the Supreme Court decisions," a Mississippi orator summed up for a cheering Little Rock audience. "We will resist as long as we can. Then we will defy the court and secede from the Union. And then we will apply to Washington for foreign aid!"

Even so, politics was the most important single factor in our defeat. The Supreme Court decisions put politicians at all levels on "the hot seat," and most of them were busier trying to get off the seat than trying to inspire respect for law obedience. The fate of a few officials who sought to observe the law or find a compromise solution was enough to convince many others that moderation was political suicide. Gov. Frank Clement of Tennessee, who stood firm against segregationist threats, did not even run for re-election. Congressman Brooks Hays of Little Rock, who sought a sensible solution, was defeated in 1958 by Dale Alford, the school board's outspoken segregationist.

By 1958 moderation had become a liability, and cleverness at evading the law a key to political survival. "You have to be an extremist to survive in Arkansas," a veteran politician remarked to me. "You have to out-Faubus Faubus to get the votes."

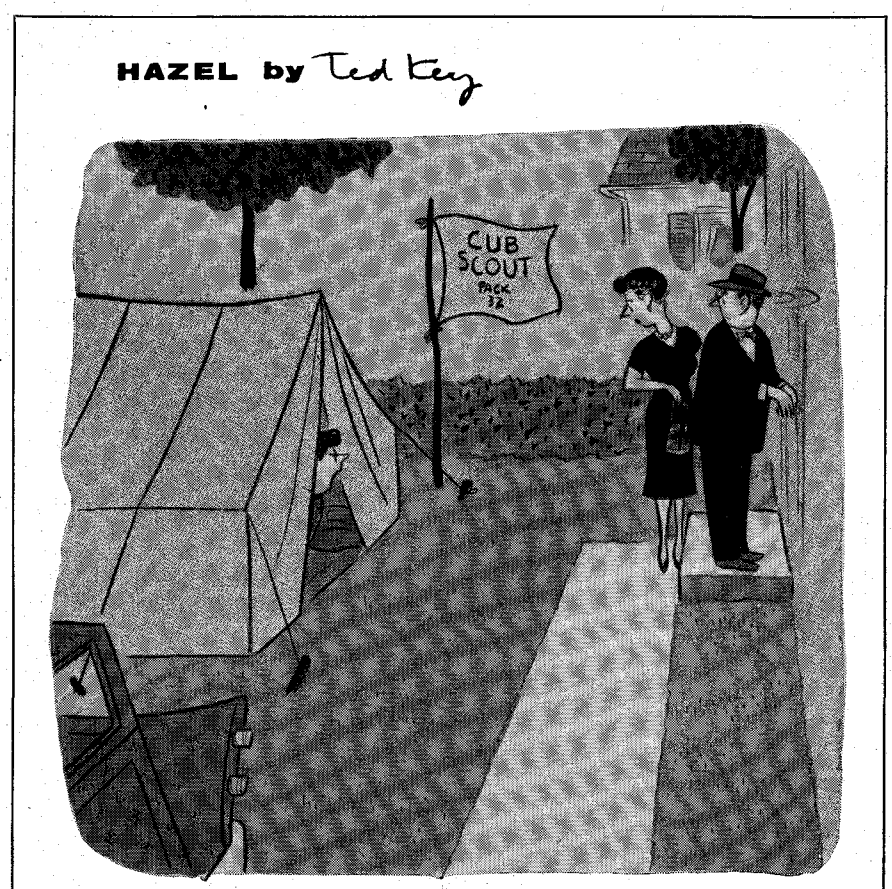
On the Federal level, the Department of Justice presented no plan for supporting local attempts to carry out integration, and a Federal judge refused to supply United States marshals to protect Central High School at a time when, I am confident, any show of action by the Federal Government would have been more than welcome to Faubus. "What are the Federals going to do?" he asked me repeatedly before throwing himself into the arms of the segregationists. I could only assume he hoped the "Federals" would take vigorous enforcement action, thus rescuing him from the hot seat and enabling him to evade responsibility for enforcement or nonenforcement.

After disorders occurred the Justice Department did not release the FBI report on responsibility for the demonstrations, nor did it take action against a single known participant, although even in Little Rock Municipal Court six of them were fined.

Attorney General Brownell resigned in October, 1957, and dispatches from Washington said that "settling" of Federal policy in the Little Rock crisis—whatever that meant—had freed him to return to private law practice. In December, when extremists were trying vigorously to close Central High School, dispatches quoted William P. Rogers, who succeeded Brownell, as saying that "we ought to give the Little Rock matter a chance to rest a while."

Finally, the Little Rock integration program suffered severely from lack of positive leadership in the city government. Mayor Mann spoke out for law and order, but we were in the middle of a change to a city-manager form of government, and Mann was a lame-duck mayor without real political power or prestige. He feuded with the city council and with the governor, and political bickering further weakened local leadership in a crisis.

All of these things combined to contribute to the success—however temporary—of the extremists. Even the fact that the majority of the people of Little Rock originally were ready to accept our integration plan worked against us in the end because we did not expect real trouble and were surprised and unprepared when, as I have related, trouble was thrust upon us by extremists in the community and from the outside.



"SSSHHH. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Where do we go from here?

I can speak only as a school administrator who believes in the dignity of the individual as a fundamental part of our American heritage. I believe that, first, we must face the existing facts. The Supreme Court's school-integration decisions are here to stay, as demonstrated by its findings in the Little Rock appeal. At the same time, the court's approval of the Alabama pupil-placement law, permitting school boards to transfer students for reasons other than race, means that a high degree of segregation can sometimes be maintained to preserve educational standards. Thus, the way is open to accept the inevitable in a lawful manner with intelligence instead of emotion. And one thing is obvious—if the South does not plan the future of its system of public education in line with the main stream of progress, then the Federal Government will step in to do it for us.

To make the most of our opportunity to progress, any vacuums in leadership at national and state levels must be filled. There must be leadership to convince the people that compliance is essential to their own welfare as well as to our national security in a troubled world. It must be leadership for vigorous enforcement through civil, not military, processes.

The present Federal Civil Rights Commission should be continued to study, analyze and recommend strengthened legislation to aid minorities. I believe, too, that we need a national community-relations commission, which would foster strong local leadership in favor of preservation of free public education and in favor of respect for the law. Such a commission would not be concerned with moral or sociological arguments but, by taking a positive approach and drawing on the experience of such cities as Little Rock, it could help local leaders prepare in advance to prevent integration crises.

I do not believe that any private school system can be organized to meet the needs of all of the children of the South, and I believe any weakening of free public education endangers our nation's future. But to avoid that danger, there must be leadership that will open the countless minds now closed to any argument for any kind of integration. This leadership must face the difficult task of separating civil rights from social rights—that is, make clear that school integration has no relation to the social problem of interracial marriage.

This problem is of great and sincere concern to the South, and social affairs will certainly be drastically curtailed or eliminated in integrated schools. I can only say, in this connection, that no community can afford to be without public education and that many present schools would be better with less emphasis on social affairs and more emphasis on education.

It has been suggested that the social problem also might be met by segregation of the sexes within integrated schools, but I cannot agree. In the first place, I believe proper training in the home and in the churches will obviate most social problems. But, beyond that, the purpose of education is not to protect children from the problems of life. It is to train them so they will know how to handle the situations they must face if they are to live full and successful lives. Segregation by sexes could be only a deterrent to the development of white pupils.

To assure successful integration of southern schools, I believe there should be stronger Federal civil-rights legislation designed to crack down hard against bombing or destruction of school property, against scurrilous propaganda attacks on the courts and on school authorities, and against abuse of the right of peaceable assembly near school grounds. The Department of Justice should be given power to initiate injunctive proceedings against those who interfere with law enforcement instead of leaving it to school officials to assume the untenable position of seeking court restraint of their neighbors. Illegal acts must be punished if the law is to be respected, but moderate and able citizens will refuse to assume positions of civic leadership if they, rather than duly chosen public officials, must act to enforce the law. Many prominent persons did refuse to serve on the Little Rock School Board for that reason, and the segregationists took control.

But most important of all, perhaps, the people of the South must come to realize that, with desegregation the law of the land, every school district will be better off if it complies intelligently by planning its own program instead of delaying until the Federal Government steps in to enforce school integration. There cannot be any single, standardized program for all. Each community is different and each plan should be unique. Some may find it best to start in the primary grades, as was done at Nashville. Others may prefer to start at college levels and work down through secondary and elementary grades, as was done in St. Louis. Or complete immediate integration—as at Louisville—may be the best solution. However it may be done, I am confident that local planning in line with local conditions will be essential to preserve standards of education, to protect the rights of the community and the state and to maintain the dignity of Americans.

I do not want to leave any impression that school integration in the South will be easy or rapid. Far from it. Progress is seldom easy; the transformation of a traditional way of life in which millions of persons sincerely believe is impossible without pain and anguish. There will be resistance, sometimes bitter resistance. In some areas today the people will not consider any kind of integration. They won't even talk about compliance with the law. But the law is still there, and it won't disappear no matter how tightly they close their eyes or their minds.

Little Rock was a classic example of what a community should not let extremists do to it. I did not believe it could happen. It did happen, despite the untiring efforts of members of the school board, members of the school staff and many others with whom I am proud to have been associated. It can happen again, somewhere, someway.

But I don't believe it will happen again in the same way. It is no longer possible to escape the realization that the future of our system of public education is at stake, that the future of thousands upon thousands of our young people depends on respect for the law. I hold a fundamental conviction that the South will intelligently and ably face, not to the illusory past, but to the high promise of our nation's future.

This is the last of six articles by Mr. Blossom.
—THE EDITORS

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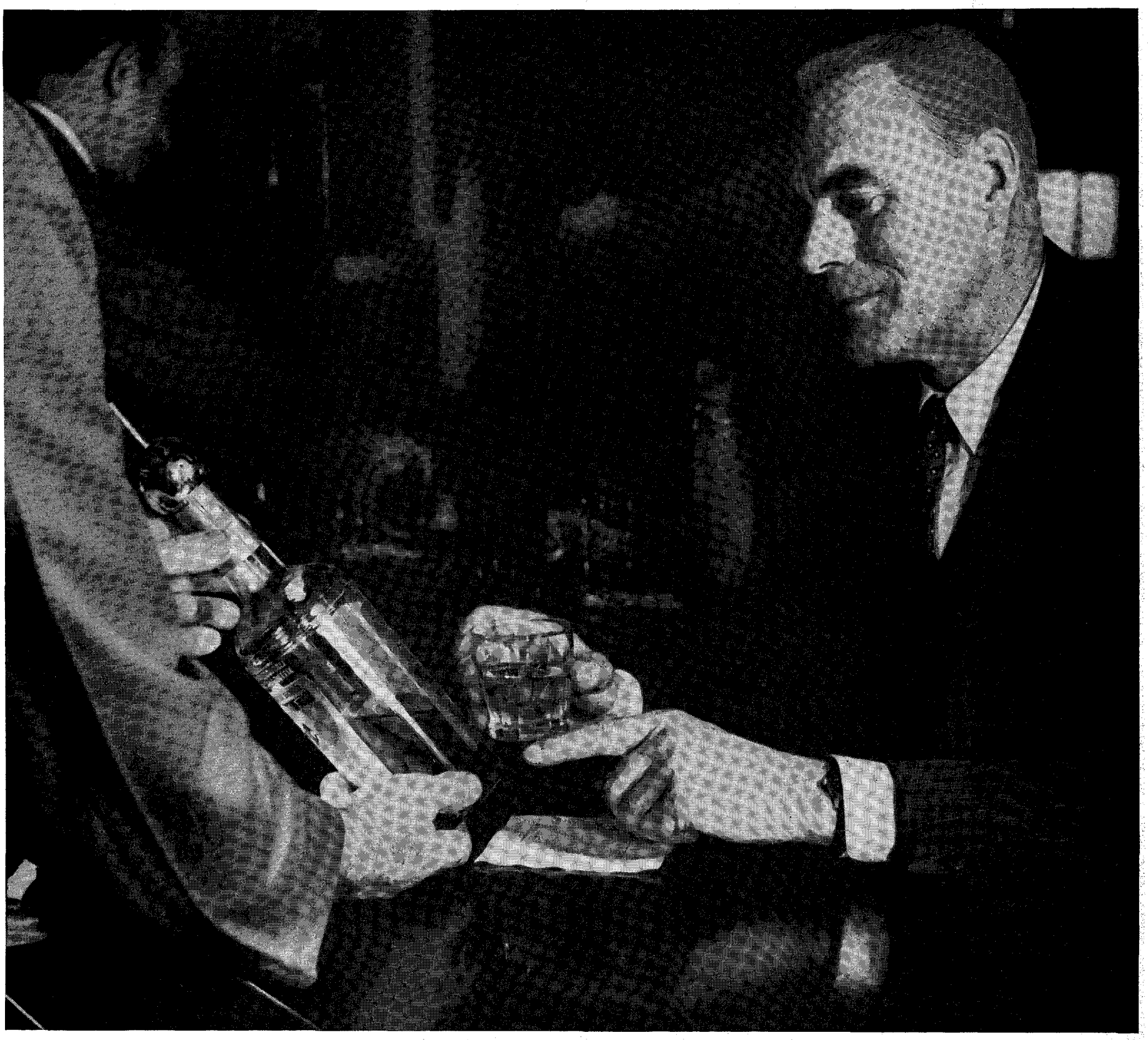

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How One Reporter Works

John Bartlow Martin, the master reporter whose Post contributions have won many literary awards, tackled a very tough job in the Jimmy Hoffa story which opens on page 19. First he had to persuade the famous Teamsters Union boss to talk to him, but the Senate labor-rackets probe, led by Senator McClellan and chief counsel Bob Kennedy, had been giving Hoffa a battering, and he just wasn't talking to reporters at that time. Martin was eager to explain that what he had in mind was neither a whitewash nor a hatchet job, but the plain, documented truth, told at necessary length, about the Hoffa-Kennedy clash and about the normal, everyday operations of the Teamsters Union. When Hoffa finally agreed to a half-hour talk, they talked for two hours, and then Martin was "in." Thereafter Hoffa co-operated freely, took the reporter along on trips, arranged for him to visit organizers and locals, and introduced him to the executive-board members of the Teamsters Union so that he could have talks with them.

John Bartlow Martin.

Martin labored eight months on this project—"from Labor Day to May Day." The assiduous reporter has spent long periods on Post assignments, but this was a record; he also set a mileage record, racking up 17,000 miles in round-the-country travel. His interviews included weekends with "very co-operative" Bob Kennedy and his wife in their lovely McLean, Virginia, home. Martin filled twenty 150-page notebooks (he has a tape recorder, but doesn't use it); and one of his incidental chores was to read—and index—the 20,000-page, fine-print McClellan-committee transcript. Then Martin merely had to organize his sprawling material and dash off a seven-installment series. His first draft, another record, ran 1500 pages, 336,000 words. This, with consummate skill, he distilled to the required 40,000 words.

Did the bedraggled Martin then launch a grandiose vacation? He rested two days and began researching another project. When he finishes this leg work, and before writing it up, he will vacation, allowing the material to simmer painlessly in his subconscious. That is the work system he prefers.

Tales of the Authors

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fontaine; daughters Mary Jo, left, and Brenda.

Malcolm Boylan and his lady.

Robert Fontaine is an old hand at publishing fiction and articles, but it happens that his first Post story is on page 32. He is no stranger, though; for years readers of the Post Scripts page enjoyed his warm and humorous comments on family life, based partly on the doings of his two small daughters. The family theme evolved into a book, then into the Broadway comedy hit of a few years back, The Happy Time. Incidentally, Margaret Truman is scheduled to tour summer stock this season with Happy Time, and it is also headed for TV presentation. Meanwhile, the small daughters have evolved into the young ladies in the photo. At the moment Fontaine is working on a book of questions that people ask authors—with his answers. Sample: *Q.* Can a person live on what he might earn writing poetry? *A.* A person can live on bark.

Will Grimsley of the Associated Press spent three months with the American Davis Cup tennis team in Australia last winter. Being the lone American newsman on hand, he was adopted as one of the boys, lived with the players, and in this pleasant fashion stored up the wherewithal for his page 22 portrait of the new court star, Alex Olmedo. Grimsley kept in shape, believe it or not, by playing tennis.

Malcolm Boylan's parents were both successful writers, so it's not remarkable that he has successfully written novels, motion-picture and TV plays, and Post fiction—see his latest contribution on page 43. His wife, La Dessa Gibson Boylan, is a writer, too, and they have costarred in radio plays. In 1934 Mike Boylan proposed and helped found the United States Coast Guard Reserve; this later became known as the Coast Guard Auxiliary, in which Boylan served during World War II, commanding 4000 small craft in the Eleventh (San Diego) Naval District. Regarding his political leanings, Boylan reports, "Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is still my candidate."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Hospital of Famous Patients"

The story of remarkable Walter Reed Army Hospital, where statesmen and G.I.'s receive the same medical care.

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